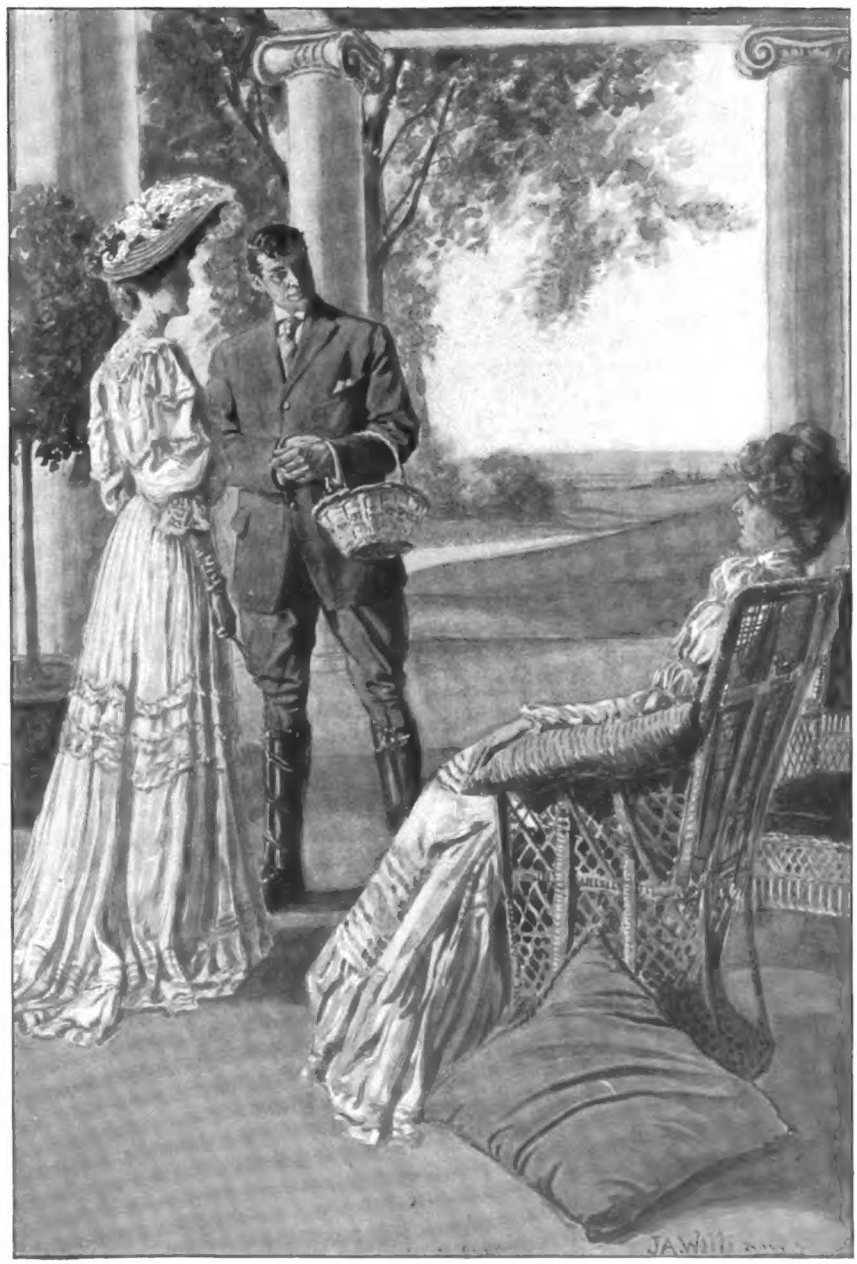
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

SEPTEMBER

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME NOW, MISS BARNARD, I ALWAYS HOLD THIS THING FOR MISS EMMY WHEN SHE CUTS FLOWERS."

—"*The Saving Sense*," *page 333.*

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ASSOCIATION

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. SEPTEMBER 1907. No. 3.

The Crusade Against War

Second Conference of the Peace at The Hague

By VANCE THOMPSON

IN the corner of the railway carriage a tall mulatto, with a diamond in his necktie, slumbered peacefully. Next to him sat a little Japanese in a frock coat; gradually he, too, began to nod; then his head fell over on the mulatto's shoulder, and together they slept.

The other passengers smiled, but not unkindly; for even so the delegates of peace should journey to The Hague.

"It is in the tone of the time," an Englishman said.

The train ran on through the flat meadows of Holland and we talked of the congress of peace. There was a pale young Russian who smoked cigarettes and spoke with authority—for he was the third or perhaps the fourth secretary of some embassy. He said: "The meeting of forty-five sovereign states—it would be hard to find in history a diplomatic assembly of such importance. There was the congress of Vienna, which remade the map of Europe after the downfall of the Napoleonic empire, to be sure; but only a few governments took part. The pacification of humanity!" he said, lighting a fresh cigarette. "I am proud that this noble idea is Russian. We owe it to the celebrated Prince Gortschakoff. He was the first statesman who brought about a peace conference. It was at Brussels in 1874. Ah, in that day they did not dare to ask for very much! Disarmament was undreamed of. They aimed at little more than stripping war of its worst savagery—explosive bullets and the poisoning of wells. But that day began the movement for peace—and the growth of the idea has gone on and on——"

The extremely young diplomat waved his cigarette and showed us how three mighty forces were making for universal peace. He called them science, democracy, and the new spirit of international brotherhood, and he said: "The universal conscience of mankind has risen against the barbarism of war."

No one said him nay; it seemed very true

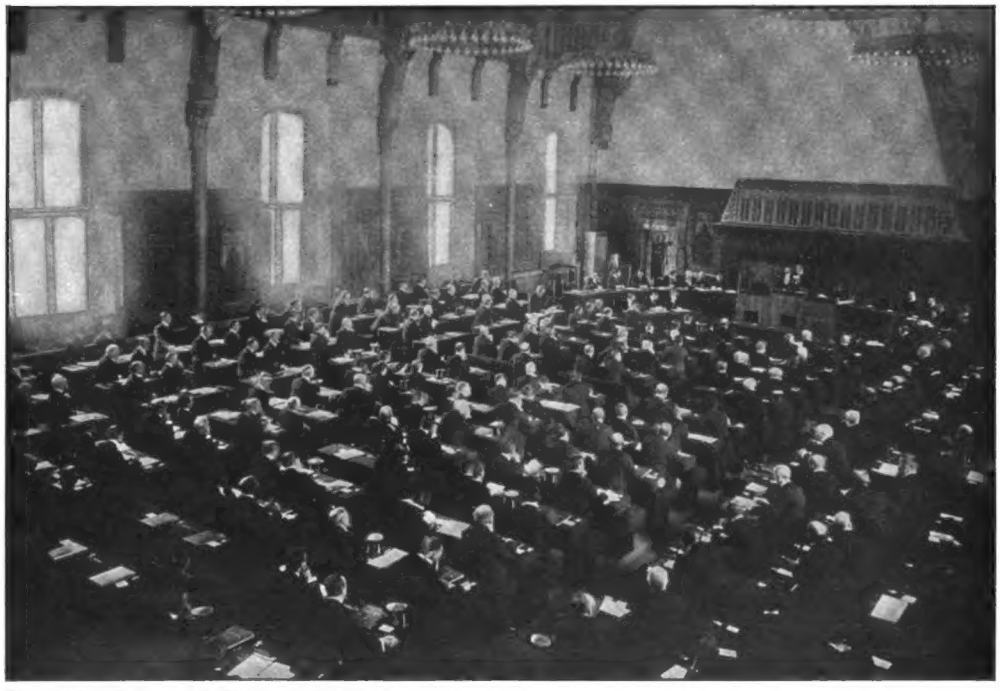
Copyright, 1907, by The Ridgway Company. All rights reserved.
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and very beautiful. In one corner of the carriage sat an old German, smoking a bad cigar in a long amber holder decorated with garnets. He told us, in bad French, a legend of Walhalla. It was something like this: The gods sat in council and the debate was grave and long, for on earth men were slaughtering one another and would not keep the peace. At last one of the wise old gods cried out: "Eisen, throw your sword into the world that men may learn where peace is to be found!" And old Eisen hurled earthward his mighty sword.

The old man had put in a nutshell the German theory of peace; and no one answered him. We looked out into the quiet fields and thought of the last time we had journeyed to The Hague for the sake of peace—with hopes as high. That was in 1899. A few weeks after the peacemakers had separated—October of the same year—the Anglo-Boer war began; a few years later came the signal for the battles in the Far East. After all, the cynics and the ironists have much on their side.

Then the little Japanese woke up in confusion and apologized to the man from Ecuador—or Bolivia—who had been his pillow; and the train stopped at The Hague.

Perhaps you know the little royal city of Holland. Its boulevards, its avenues of ancient trees, its venerable lawns lend it a far-off likeness to Versailles — but a very Dutch Versailles, with angular roofs and shining house-fronts. A city of flowers and of lazy canals. Small yellow trams wind through the shady streets and out through the forest and on to Scheveningen with its wooden pavilions and the sea. A quiet little city. Kindly faces look from the windows. Under the trees swarms of children play at some queer game of tag—sturdy youngsters with fat legs and butter-colored hair. Now and then a gentleman of the court passes; he has a blue coat and a sword with a mother-of-pearl handle. Or the blonde queen rides about in a landau drawn by black horses, and her subjects take off their hats and smile in a friendly way. For life at The Hague is like a page from a story-book.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION.

Then that morning in June the quiet of the little city was shattered by the coming of the peacemakers. They filled the serene hotels

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HAARLEM GATE, THE HAGUE.

and the pavilions by the sea. Their motor-cars and victorias wheeled through the shady streets. Delegates, secretaries, attachés, upper and under servants, journalists, dark-going members of the secret police of all nations—it was the cosmopolis. And the afternoon of June 15th this alien throng went toward the Hall of the Knights, which stands in the Binnenhof. Do you know this old court of somber brick and gray stone? For six centuries the history of Holland has been written there. This day—dull and cold under

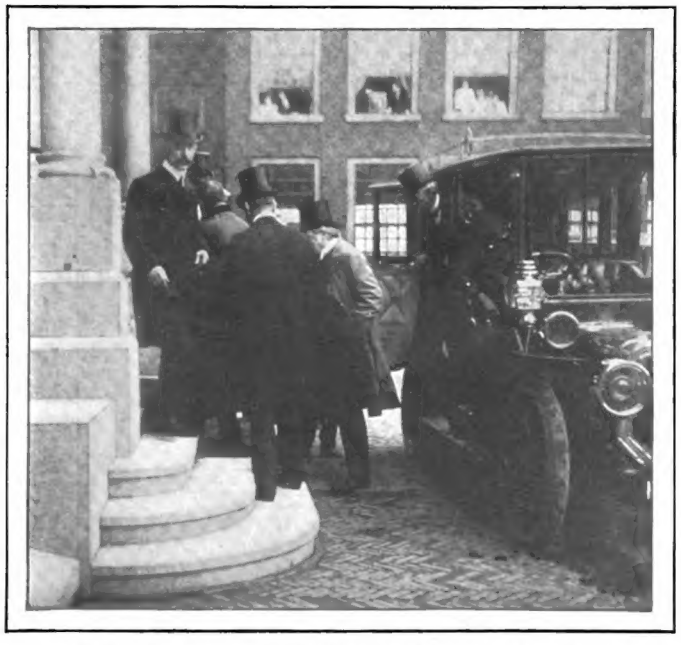
MAJOR YOSHIFURU AKUJAMA.
The Japanese Military Delegate.

HON. JOHN W. FOSTER.
One of China's delegates at the Conference.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE HAGUE "A CITY OF FLOWERS AND OF LAZY CANALS."

a northern sky—it had a little air of gala. Dutch flags floated in the wind and a great red banner swayed to and fro. Without, the cavalrymen—little and blond and gentle—sat on their great horses. There were not many spectators—a few citizens smoking their pipes, and women, and groups of barelegged children. (Perhaps after all it was not for you and me, but for these barelegged youngsters that the nations of the world gathered in the Second Conference of the Peace—for them, or, it may be, for their far-off children.) A dozen police sergeants held the gates of the Binnenhof. They scanned your card of admission and let you pass; and you came to the Ridderzaal, tall and red and grim, an ancient castle with pointed towers. On the broad stone steps stood the ushers in dress coats and gilt chains, and the attendants in brass-buttoned liveries. They stood to right and left as the delegates—old men in frock coats and silk hats—went slowly up the steps into the hall. It was not impressive. The low old palaces had looked



ARRIVAL OF JOSEPH H. CHOATE AND SOME OF HIS COLLEAGUES.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

out upon more splendid scenes — when the golden coaches of the Stadthouder and the Duke of Alba rolled under the archway with a *cortège* of princes and knights, in the old days of banners and halberds. These great ambassadors of peace had discarded their uniforms braided with gold, their crosses and ribbons and orders; they were humble and democratic in their black coats. They might have been so many old insurance agents—so many old commercial travelers—going up to an annual meeting. No, this was not impressive.

ARRIVAL OF COUNT NELIDOFF, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

And within the Hall of the Knights—you entered to the left of the tower and found yourself in a space railed off from the conference hall—there was the same impression of cold simplicity. For the Ridderzaal with its naked walls and lofty roof, crossed with rafters of massive wood, was dim and cold. Only a little light came through the ten windows, for the panes were darkened with the escutcheons of the cities of Holland. At the far end rose an enormous chimney of

BARON MARCHELL VON BIEBERSTEIN AND OTHER GERMAN DELEGATES.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE CONVENED.

white and green, its hood projecting far into the hall. And this was all that broke the austere monotony of oak and plaster. To the left of the chimney was a little door, so inconspicuous that you could hardly make it out. It was closed but not locked; the only fastening was a band of tape drawn across it and sealed at either end with red wax—so that it would open to the touch of a hand. Behind that door waited the men of the secret police—French and Spanish, Russian and German—for fear of the anarchist was upon all those old, wise men who had gathered to give peace to humanity. And that was curious. A tall chair with armorial bearings stood in front of the old chimney; from it radiated the long lines of baize-covered desks and green chairs at which the delegates took their places.

I leaned on the railing and watched them enter, by one and two. There came the little Japanese, absurd and melancholy in his European clothes, and his friend from Ecuador—or Bolivia—wearing a white waistcoat and many diamonds. This old, old man, white-bearded, wearing a red fez, is Turkhan Pasha; and with him is a little smiling Turk whom I do not know, but in that dark face is infinite possibility of warfare and trouble—perhaps it is Mohammed Said Bey, whose reputation is made. Mandarins in blue silk, in amaranthine silk, a half dozen of them, lend the only note of color to the gloomy assembly.

THE JAPANESE AND THE CHINESE DELEGATES.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Their seats are far to the rear, next to the railing. And always the old men file in —Austrians with drooping white whiskers, Germans with full-blooded faces and uptwisted mustaches, timid, down-looking Siamese in ill-fitting frock coats; they go softly to their seats. Here pass the slim, dark-hued men from South America; that Spanish-looking man of forty is Drago, who has a doctrine of his own. He is one of the celebrities of the moment. Then the American delegation goes down to its seats near the dais—Mr. Choate has many friends in the conference and he smiles to right and left. What is curious is the way that his good Aryan head—the face made fine by the habit of thought—stands out in this assembly of all the races, white and yellow and brown. The delegates are seated in alphabetical order, and this brings "America" well down to the front, second only to Germany ("Allemagne"). There are 250 accredited delegates, but secretaries and technical delegates bring the number up to 500. The United States, for example, has sent ten; for with Mr. Choate are General Horace Porter, General George B. Davis, Admiral Sperry, Mr. Uriah Rose, Mr. David Jayne Hill, Mr. Buchanan, and the secretaries and attachés.

It is not yet three o'clock and the somber hall is filled from end to end; what you see are the gray heads, or bald, and row after row of black-coated shoulders; here and there the red of a fez or the coiled cue of a mandarin; only one military uniform—it is worn by a Dutch officer, Lieutenant Surie. It is a dim and agitated world, humming with hopes and intentions. Suddenly there is a silence. The Dutch Secretary of Foreign Affairs takes his place in front of the monumental chimney. His Excellency the Jonkheer van Tets van Goudriaan is a robust old man, buttoned up in a frock coat, white-bearded, imposing. He waves a quadrangular sheet of paper and reads aloud Holland's welcome. It is in French, the language of the conference. The phrases ring out clear and metallic: First it is Queen Wilhelmina's welcome and then a reference to the work accomplished by the first conference and the progress that the cause of peace has made since then; and—"At this hour I cannot omit to offer the tribute of our gratitude to the eminent statesman who presides over the destinies of the United States of America, the President Roosevelt." Whereupon an odd thing happened in this decorous assembly. A ripple of applause started in the French seats; it spread to the English section and the Russian; in a moment the whole hall was humming with well-bred acclamation. A compliment to the Czar of all the Russias, a reference to the historical Hall of the Knights, and the Jonkheer was done. In his place rose the president of the conference, Monsieur Nelidoff, the Russian ambassador. He, too, was old and white, with flowing whiskers and drooping mustache. Rapidly he read a long, long address. Sometimes he faced his audience; then he turned sidewise to get the light from the dim windows; but always he read on—and it was like the drone of an old *moujik* sitting under the shade of a tree, telling his village of far-off unhappy things. A severe old man, with his shining scalp and the tufts of gray hair above his ears and the long beard; a tone of ironic pessimism ran through his speech. It is the habit to praise America. Monsieur Nelidoff praised Mr. Carnegie for his "gift of fortune to erect at The Hague a sumptuous palace" for peace. But this dream of universal peace? The lean and haughty old diplomat shook his head. It is a pretty ideal. "*Excelsior*" is the motto of progress. And so we may as well pursue the dream of world-wide peace and fraternity—"the luminous star of universal peace and justice which we shall never attain — but which will always guide us for the good of humanity."

That was all. It was the last word. And it was perhaps the ironic summing up of all this mighty conference of sage and aged men. Peace? It is luminous as a star—luminous as red Antares yonder, clinging to the neck of the Scorpion—but quite as far away; beautiful and unattainable. And we went out into the Binnenhof, the melancholy words ringing in our ears—*nous n'arriverons jamais!* In front of the steps two lines of Dutch policemen in black coats and silvered helmets were drawn up. They looked like mutes, ready to follow the coffin wherein old Nelidoff had laid away the dead Ideal of Universal Peace. Then the carriages rolled up for the diplomats; and the lackeys shouted; and a few troopers rode wildly round the edges of the disorder. On the steps of the Ridderzaal, between the two towers, the ambassadors waited. They were many, but they did not impress themselves. Great Britain's delegate, Sir Edward Fry, was lifted into his carriage—a very ancient man, eighty years of age, it may be ninety. Monsieur Bourgeois, obese and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

brilliant and French; the Italian Count Tornielli with his high-domed head; the quaint little Japanese Baron Tsudzuki, with a mustache that seemed pasted on; and many a vague figure of diplomacy besides. Then a huge man bulked out among them; a giant of a man; his enormous shoulders were squared in an ample overcoat, which was thrown back so that you could see the silk-faced frock coat, swollen by the big chest. For he was big of chest, of shoulder, of abdomen. A low, turned-down collar left room for the massive neck. Before he put on his hat you saw the gray hair, thick and parted in the middle and combed out over the temples. And you studied the cold, heavy, intelligent face and the steady, cynical eyes. So colossal and calm he was that he seemed to be less a man than an edifice; and he was the ambassador and the symbol of the German Empire. A tiny cigarette between his lips, a silver-headed cane in his hand, he went down the steps of the Hall of Peace. He seemed to see neither the photographers who sighted their lenses on him, nor the policemen in black and silver who made a way for him—

Way for the Baron Marchell von Bieberstein—

A huge man; bearing about him mysteriously the burden of peace—or war.

The result of the first peace conference was rather formless and hazy. It drew up an agreement for the pacific regulation of international conflicts. Now this agreement was full of good intentions, but unfortunately there was no way of enforcing it. In the second place, thanks to Monsieur Léon Bourgeois, it declared for the desirability of limiting military expenditures—a resolution equally platonic.

What may be hoped for from this second conference? It was Mr. Roosevelt who took the initiative of calling it together. England approved, and Russia drew up the program that has been submitted to the delegates for discussion. The second plenary meeting was held on the 19th of May, and upon that day the diplomatic forces were divided into four commissions. If you glance at the work allotted to each of these divisions you have before you—as on a chart—the scope and purpose of the conference. And that is worth while; indeed clarity is always worth while.

The first commission was that of arbitration and the presidency went to Monsieur Bourgeois. That was an honor fitly bestowed, for it was he who prevented hostilities between England and Russia at the time of the Hull incident—when Russian cruisers fired wildly into a fleet of fishing-smacks. The ambassadors of Great Britain, Austria, and Brazil were chosen as honorary presidents; as vice-presidents the commission had representatives of Germany, Italy, and Mexico. Upon this question of the settlement of disputes by arbitration all the nations were agreed. The creation of a practical and authoritative court rested with the jurists—Renault of France and Zorn of Bonn—and the patient diplomats. It was immediately after this commission was instituted that the United States first intervened. General Horace Porter informed the conference that America desired to submit the question of the non-employment of force for the collection of debts. With unanimous courtesy the matter was referred to the first commission. It was the entering wedge of the Drago doctrine—the first notable satisfaction given to the United States and South America.

The second commission had to do with questions affecting war by land; the Belgian delegate presided and General Horace Porter was made one of the honorary presidents. Of more importance was the third commission, upon which Mr. Choate found an honorary place, dealing with maritime warfare and all the complex problems of bombardments of open ports, contraband, capture of private property, and the status of neutrals. As I have said, I wish only to outline—as on a map—the scope of the conference; but it is significant that the proposal for the creation of an international prize-court—to decide upon the fate of captured vessels—was made by the Baron von Bieberstein, of Germany, and supported by Sir Edward Fry and Mr. Choate.

The fourth commission was occupied with the changes to be made in the Geneva convention for the care of the wounded in war.

This was, then, the groundwork of the conference.

It was noteworthy that the four great powers, Germany, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, were given only honorary representation on the commissions. This was not due to their imperfect command of French, as unkind critics averred. General Porter, who speaks the language extremely well, was offered a presidency; he refused it as he wished to stand without, where he could fight his country's fight unhampered. As

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

though there could be fighting in a conference of peace, you say? Ah, this wedding-ring of nations has to be forged out of multiple antagonistic metals. And each nation has its own peculiar needs, economics, or dynastics; for instance, when General Porter urged the acceptance of the Drago doctrine—that corollary of the doctrine of Monroe—he found aligned against him the money-lending nations of the Old World. And the broaching of that splendid ideal of disarmament? The declaration of the Chancellor von Bülow in the Reichstag of Germany left no doubt as to the intentions of Germany; and the French minister of foreign affairs pronounced it Utopia come again. With cautious curiosity, as hares approach a trap, the old experienced diplomats went round that question. No one, I think, expressed this universal state of mind better than Monsieur Bourgeois. It was when he came back from that first international Diet of a score of nations.

"I have no illusions," he said; "you see I belong to a generation which accepted Darwin and sees in the struggle of nations, as of men, the fatalism of a law of equilibrium."

They are still with Darwin, these delegates of peace; it seems to them a far-off ideal that nations should cease to brawl with knives—as civilized men have ceased—and should carry their quarrels to juries and judges. And they are not idealists. But everything comes to pass—even Utopia. Only, it is difficult for a generation of statesmen, bred in the creed that the fittest survives by reason of his fighting power to plot the curves of a saner and milder law.

I spoke with old diplomats in the serene hotels and the rococo palace by the sea. And some were friends of British preponderance and some of German rule. And each had a theory whereby peace might be made to the advantage of his own land; nor did he view his neighbor without suspicion.

"It is upon the rights of neutrals, on private property in naval warfare that the conference can most usefully expend its activity—and its sagacity," said the Baron von Bieberstein. And I heard the same thing from Baron Tsudzuki, of Japan.

"The inviolability of private property in case of naval warfare," said my Latin friend, as we came away from the hotel where the French and German flags were flying side by side, " seems to be about the only question that really interests the conference—notably you Americans and Japanese. In fact we poor Latin folk have come to the conclusion that this conference was called for the purpose of regulating in advance the conditions of a naval war in the Pacific."

I shall not name the delegate who said that; I write it merely that you may understand the ironic attitude of many of these peacemakers—who were without hope and without zeal. They saw in the conference only a battle of the diplomats, each of them fighting subtly and patiently for his own. More than any others the technical delegates were fond of saying these things; perhaps they knew.

Had you wished to know the full sweep and trend of the pacific movement, you had gone, as I did, among the unofficial delegates. They were many. Mr. W. T. Stead presided over a club in the Princessengracht. The Baroness von Suttner, who wrote that epoch-making book, "Lay Down Your Arms!" had her pacific circle. The peace associations were represented by men and women from every land. Among them you met neither irony nor disillusion. As you listened to them you realized that the Great Ideal has made its way into the remotest parts of the earth, that it has become part of the intellectual life of mankind. The most potent delegates were those unaccredited members of the Peace Leagues and Associations, who represented the hopes of far-off Java, of far-off Kansas, of Norway, of England. They were not worrying about Darwinian laws of equilibrium. It may be that they are not practical. But they are preaching a crusade—in all languages—against war. They are stripping it of its glory; they are demonstrating its absurdity in an age when men know one another—and may freely discuss their differences; and they are familiarizing the peoples and above all the governments with the theory of peace. There was something very charming about these little gatherings—with their enthusiasms and lawless idealism. You see, they discussed only how peace might be made permanent and universal; not upon them was laid the diplomatic duty of seeing how peace might be made—profitable.

Some day there will be a pathology of nations; then we shall understand many things that are now dark. Centuries ago the Chinese discovered the absurdity of prowess and the futility of war. They disdained to fight. They preferred to yield to the uncivilized invader, knowing that the influence

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of a higher race would in the end perfect him and make him like themselves. And that is understandable. But I spent a Sunday afternoon at The Hague with two thousand pacificators whose logic was hard to follow. So desperately they loved peace that they were ready to dynamite humanity into a state of eternal tranquillity; for they were the anarchists. They met on the Vaillant-plein, a green meadow out beyond the southern suburb of the town. There was a stand for the speakers; high above it rose a pike with a Phrygian cap—that old symbol of revolution; and a score of scarlet banners flapped in the air, displaying inscriptions: "Militarism is a crime," "*Geen Vaderland!*" A huge cartoon showed the sovereigns of Europe, offering palms to one another, while behind their backs they held drawn swords; beneath it was written: "People beware! They present the palm of peace in order to hide more successfully the swords they hold ready."

It is a peculiarity of the anarchists that they are extremely mild-mannered. This crowd was made up of young mothers with babies, of clean working men, of gentle old men. While the band played the young folk danced two by two on the soft turf. The children romped. The gentle old men drank lemonade. Were it not for the scarlet banners and the hawkers selling pamphlets advising "Direct Action" and "the sowing of picric-acid seeds" it might have been a picnic of *bourgeois* citizens. Or a camp-meeting of the old sort. Twenty voices took up a hymn—a grave liturgic song to the new strange Deity of anarchy. It was not a parody; it was intense—a passionate hymn as of a new religion. The women sang it; and the children lifted their shrill voices, while they paused in their games and stood with folded hands and serious eyes. Then orator succeeded orator on the speaker's stand—yonder where the Phrygian cap and the pike were. One of them told us that a hundred international organizations were represented there — Belgian, German, French, Scandinavian. Another cried: "If you want peace, make war on capitalism. Can you imagine the Russian delegation in any convention where it would not leave traces of blood?" Then a slender old man took the platform. It was Domela Nieuwenhuis, who had just come from a German prison. He had the air of an old aristocrat, of a Nelidoff, with his haughty face and white and silky beard. He said: "If the working men go on strike one and all when war is threatened, why, there will be no war. That is the only solution. War is made by the classes. Mr. Carnegie has given a million in order to build here a Palace of Peace; but if any one should offer his steel trust five millions, or a hundred, for casting cannons, do you think he would refuse? No—well, that's the way the capitalists understand peace." Again they began to sing a hymn to the Deity of a new creed; and as they sang I talked to Domela Nieuwenhuis; or rather I listened:

"The conference over yonder—'tis a huge comedy," he said, "a huge hypocrisy. That is why we protest. There will never be peace, until the present society is destroyed—utterly destroyed."

He had the strange pale eyes of Upton Sinclair and when he spoke of destruction they filmed over in a way at once unexpected and menacing. A dingy, stout man took me by the arm; there were tears on his cheeks.

"We must destroy war," he said; he was a captain who had had thirty years' service in the Dutch colonies; he had killed a great many negroes and he wept again as he thought of it; and "You are too cruel to them in the United States—you burn them at the stake," he said.

A little blonde girl came up to him and plucked his sleeve. He wiped the tears out of his eyes, and smiled at her.

"I want some milk," she said.

We went over to a long wooden bar, where, under an awning, the milk was sold. Except the lemonade there was nothing else to be had, for these enemies of society are enemies, too, of alcohol. The milk was sold at two cents a glass. I bought a handful of tickets and gave them to the little blonde girl. With great industry she collected her friends—forty youngsters, fifty of them. Solemnly they held up their glasses, waiting for the toast. The stout captain, who had taken to anarchy — as heart-broken girls enter a convent—by way of penance for his thirty years of negrophobia, proposed the toast. He took off his hat, he raised his glass, and said: "*Vive le Président Roosevelt,*" and the children piped: "*Vive le Président Roosevelt,*" and drank their milk.

It was a charming compliment, but I do not pretend to understand the logic of it.

So then there were three ideals of peace at The Hague. The gentle-mannered "internationalists" saw it rising, white-winged and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

beneficent, out of a chaos of picric-acid, wherein thrones and governments and capital should have been dissolved, and only the natural man be left.

Another ideal was that of the unaccredited delegates, for whom peace—a thing beautiful and splendid as a flag—was to be won by a kindly crusade of spoken and printed words; and they foresaw, after the reign of force, the reign of feudality, the reign of commerce, the new reign of intellectuality, which will be also that of peace. And yonder in the Hall of the Knights (whence a crusade set out to conquer the Holy Land) the sage old statesmen sat in a peace conference where was debated the subject:

"How may war be made less unpleasant for every one concerned?"

Three ideals.

Down which path, think you, will peace come? After all, that is not of supreme importance. What is evident is that the nations are thinking peace—that it has become a part of the world's thought.

Hearts' Seasons

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

WHEN the Earth was flushed and the trees were young
And the bluebirds called from an April sky,
Beyond where the moon's slim cradle swung
Life's long, long vistas before us hung
Half-veiled in tears, though we knew not why;
For hearts were yearning—but on the tongue
The slow words faltered, and lips were shy.

When the Earth was green and the trees were strong
And the river sang to the warm, white sun,
The hours were blithe and the days were long,
For life was working, and work was song—
No wailing minor of things undone
And no black discord of hopes gone wrong;
Life's sands were many, and slow to run.

When the Earth is bleak and the trees are pale
And the east wind cries through the falling rain,
Draw close, dear heart, from the rising gale;
We'll measure bravely our meager tale
Of wide, poor stubble and scanty grain.
But, dear, we have tried; if the harvest fail
The Lord of the Harvest will count our pain.

When the trees are gray and the Earth is white
And the north wind sings in the chimney stone,
Then, hand in hand, we will wait the night;
With quiet hearts, we will say good night.
Dear heart, was not all the year our own?
There is no darkness Love cannot light—
We'll face, together, the great Unknown!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sangre de Cristo

By EDFRID BINGHAM

Illustrations by Dan Smith

WHEN your luck drops you down in Salt Lick overnight, and there's no stage till morning, you have just three ways to pass the time until you're sleepy: you can watch old Hegenbeck and "Doc" Breen play cribbage in the hot and stuffy office of the "hotel," or listen to cattle-talk at Snyder's saloon, or buy chips at Greaser Joe's. There's music at Joe's, too, and that takes some of the wail out of the wind, which is insolent and mad across Lost Wagon Flats.

So I wandered into Joe's, and was idly placing two whites on the Double O (that's a folly of mine) when my eyes fell on the musicians against the wall on the other side of the room. Two were the regulation snaky, black-haired Mexicans in their tawdry plumage of black velvet and spangled brass. The third was a straw-colored fellow in the garb of a cowboy. A guitar was supported on one of his legs, crossed over the other; he was crouched low in his chair; and his faded sombrero was so far down over his forehead that only the lower part of his blond stubble-bearded face was visible. But I knew him.

"Playin' fur fun, I surmise!" I heard the roulette man say, with rough sarcasm.

"Let them stay where they are," I replied, quite uninterested in the stack of whites on top of my two. The next whirl very properly took them, and two more plays finished my outlay. I rose and leaned against the bar to watch my cowboy in his astonishing company.

The last time I'd seen Thad Brinker he was breaking a red-eyed bronco in front of ten thousand gaping people at the Denver Carnival. About two-thirds of the crowd thought he should have had the belt, and said so at the top of their voices, but the judges declared that Brinker was too rough, and gave the championship to a quiet, slippery fellow from Wyoming.

"Come and take a drink, Brinker," said I, when they'd finished some fandango thing.

He untwisted himself slowly, and rose like a man caught in a petty crime. There was a sheepish grin on his handsome, if now unkempt, face as he walked over to the bar and reached out a hand to me.

"What's *this* monkey business, Brinker?" asked I reproachfully.

"Doin' time!" he answered, with frank, almost defiant disgust.

"Pretty bad time, too, what I heard of it," was my flippant rejoinder. He merely grinned again. "What does it mean?"

"Same as if I'd hired a greaser to lay about two hundred strokes of a quirt on my bare back," he replied, as he tossed into his mouth a slug of Joe's awful whisky. "I'd 'a' done that, only this is worse."

He turned and looked with a shudder at his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

companions, who were eying us with that curious Mexican stare that is half malevolence and half something indeterminate.

"What was it, Brinker? A woman?" I questioned strategically, knowing it wasn't.

"No. A sunset."

"What!"

"A red sunset."

I stared at him in rude unbelief, and to my complete befuddlement his face was swept by a flush that was nothing else but shame. And I stood there feeling the most astounding pity for the man.

One of the velvet fellows twanged his mandolin viciously, and Brinker started.

"After the music?" I said, with assurance.

Brinker nodded, and returned to his penance. Not to embarrass him needlessly, I went back to the "hotel" and had an hour's enlightenment on the belligerencies of cribbage. Two hours later Brinker and I found a table in a corner at Snyder's.

"Ever been in the San Luis?" he began. "Ever seen one of them red sunsets that's called 'Blood of Christ'? Then you ain't never seen anything red. Them pious old Spaniards, ridin' up from Mexico huntin' more lands for the King of Spain—can't you see 'em, that evenin' in September, at sundown, crossin' their hands on their breasts, an' cryin' out, 'Sangre de Cristo! Sangre de Cristo!' I'm much bedoubt if any cowboy'd 'a' thought of that if *he'd* seen the big mountains first.

"There's days an' days when the Sangre de Cristo range is only white an' cold, an' days when it's black with storms, an' days when it's dismal gray. An' then there'll come an evenin' with the sun goin' down red behind old San Juan an' makin' the snows on Sangre de Cristo run like blood. You're all alone, maybe, in the chaparral, but you know there's brakemen settin' the brakes on squealin' ore-trains on Marshall Pass who're lookin', too, an' miners comin' out of the tunnels above Creede who stop to look, an' Mexican sheep-herders in Conejos crossin' themselves, an' ranchmen by their lonesome corrals up an' down the San Luis, an' cowpunchers in the saddle on the open range, all got it as bad as you, an' havin' queer feelings while they see the blood run an' flow till night comes an' puts soft wrappin's over it, like a wound.

"That's what done me," he went on slowly, after a pause, wrinkling his forehead and biting his lips impatiently. It was almost pain, that look of tense incomprehension breaking now and then into a short, nervous laugh of acute chagrin. "I don't know how, nor why, but it's made a good cowpuncher into a two-bit guitar picker, an'— Well, listen!"

He got into that crouching position again as if he wanted to make himself very small in accordance with his own recently formed and abiding opinion of himself.

"I'm comin' up from Chama, after the round-up on the K. S. T., headin' for Alamosa, where I'm goin' to sell Bony Part an' take a train for Denver to spend my summer wages findin' out new things 'bout faro. I've been ridin' in a deep arroyo, not payin' attention to much of anything, an' I come out sudden into the heart of one of them sunsets. There's a cold gush of air down the valley, an' it's red. In the south is purple patches, but the dunes is red, an' the peaks—there's no tellin' you the color of them peaks. The air's shiverin' cold an' it's blood warm, too. There's a kind of sweat on my forehead, an' I take my hat off, an' it seems proper to pull up Bony Part, an' sit very still, murmurin', like them Spaniards, 'Sangre de Cristo! Sangre de Cristo!'

"But I'm wantin' to make the Bar Two Spot for eatin' an' sleepin' that night, so I throw off that unnecessary feelin' and put Bony Part to the lope again. You've never been in the San Luis, so you don't know there's a green strip along the river, an' then on both sides sage-brush flats, an' then, as far as the mountains, the sand dunes, where nothin' grows but cactus an' mesquite an' sage, an' maybe some thin, tough grass after the spring rains. In summer the dunes is a parchin', blisterin' torment an' in October they're raw, gray desolation; I ain't never had any business there in winter, an' want none. The wind never stops blowin' there, an' it builds the dunes into new hills every day, an' the sage-brush is always bent an' lopsided an' torn. But when the sunset's on the dunes the' ain't anything so wild an' passionate nor so beautiful—that is, if you ain't been brought up among lily ponds an' rose gardens in the ee-fete East.

"You mustn't mind my goin' on like this—you wouldn't understand if I didn't. You won't anyhow, but then—well, I'm gazin' across them dunes as dopy as any Spaniard, an' sudden something hits me in the eye. It's a flash, an' gone. You've had the sun in a window miles away flashed into your eyes? Like that, only unnatural an' odd. I jerk

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

up Bony Part, an' shade my eyes against the red, an' there's nothin' but the dull red dunes reachin' north an' south, an' the wind kickin' up long curlicues of sand.

"'That's funny!' says I, ridin' on. My eyes 's pasted to that spot, an' purty soon I get it again, like before, very sharp, an' gone. I give Bony Part the steel, an' it must 'a' been a mile before I see it again. You've seen an antelope shiny in the sun? Well, it's yellower than an antelope, not red-yellow like fire, but like gold, or maybe the bottom of a brass kettle when the cook's been busy on the job. It comes an' goes, so I make up my mind it's an animal, an' I'm diggin' Bony Part in the flanks till he wonders what in the dickens's up.

"Well, I lope up to the top of a sand dune, an' there, not more'n half a mile away, on another little hill, stands a horse. C'n you imagine a horse with a hide made of hammered gold? It ain't the kind of gold you see mostly in jewelry, but pale gold, California gold. There's plenty of buckskins an' plenty horses of a dirty yellow, with the color streakin' through into their measly souls. But this'n is clean an' bright an' yellow; the yellowest thing 't ever made a man's heart ache. He's standin' on the dune, like a golden statue of a horse, an' me there gapin' and quiverin'. There's horses all around him, all colors an' sizes, nibblin' at whatever there is to nibble in that God-forsaken place, an' feelin' proper safe with *him* up there on guard. An' right, too. For I ain't no more'n clapped eyes on him before there's a flash an' some dust, an' he's gone with the rest of 'em after him, out of sight among the dunes.

"I stand starin' after 'em, an' just then the red fades from the dunes, an' when I turn to look at 'Blood of Christ' there's only a pink tinge on the snow, an' that turns white, an' the wind down the valley's bitter cold. So Bony Part an' I make for the Bar Two Spot, thinkin' our own thoughts.

"Well, I sell Bony Part at Alamosa for thirty plunks, which is givin' him away, but I'm loco on learnin' new things about faro. So I'm in Denver a week—just eight days, if you want to know. Then I hain't nothin' left but gun an' blankets an' a lot of new ideas about faro, so I go out to the stockyards, an' get a job up in Middle Park. But that's a baled-hay country, an' I'm no farmer, so, soon's I get a horse, I jump the barb-wire an' hike north where there's cattle. I'm at Sheridan, Wyoming, when things begin to happen.

"D' I ever tell you about Marvin—Jake Marvin? No? Well, we had a triflin' difference of opinion in a poker game at Laramie onct, an' while they was holdin' us we crossed our hearts an' promised each other some nice target practise next time we meet. That's two years ago, an' I'm not thinkin' of Marvin, an' he comes out of Baxter's saloon an' wings me. What d'you think of that now? Marvin wings me! You'd think I'm pullin' a tooth 'stead of a gun. He puts my right arm out of business, an' while I'm swingin' the gun to the other hand he's pumpin' lead at me, an' keepin' his promise the best he can. It's a good thing for me 't Marvin shoots like old Mis' Jermin throwin' rocks at her hens. He drops me, an' don't take time to see what kind of a job he's done, but hits the trail.

"I'm on somebody's blankets in the back room at Baxter's when I come to, an' I've got a promisin' lead mine in my shoulder, an' the's a beautiful irrigatin' ditch along the side of my head—there. Looks highly ornymental, don't it? But that's nothin' to the hurt inside. I'm sick an' morterfied. I turn my face to Baxter's dirty plank wall, an' don't say a word, hopin' they'll go away an' let me die. Me! Marvin!"

Brinker's face was crimson again, so I ministered to him as best I could with Snyder's unsympathetic whisky, and waited with averted face for his resuscitation.

"Next I'm lettin' two Christian sheepherders dig me out of a snow-drift on the Red Desert. That's what I get for foolin' round in a sheep country, anyhow. Ever been snow-blind? It's blackness with fire in it, an' you get crazy an' ride around in a circle an' die unless somebody finds you. I'm near frozen stiff when they get me an' carry me to their wagon, an' I lay there till a storm takes the shine out of the snow an' I c'n look at it again. Then I finish my job, which is takin' word to a fellow at the Sunset Mine that his wife's sick in Lander, an' I don't go back to Lander but make for Casper an' the railroad, an' it's me for the Black Hills, which I've been aimin' for more or less all the time.

"It's easy ropin' a job with the big Star K outfit, an' the's a bunch of sassy debytanties to be broke that spring. I'm showin' off to beat time before a fash'nable aujence of the smartest bronco-busters there is between the Red River an' the Rio Grande. An' I let a nice little mouse of a cayuse 't looks as if it'd been born in a stable dump me like an

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

amachoor. My left elbow hits a stone, an' the bone's split into about forty joyous, singin' slivers. Bud Sparks, my old partner, leans over me an' says, more in sorrow'n anger, 'What in hell's the matter'th you!'

"That's what I'm askin', layin' on my bunk an' reflectin' on my busted reputation. Me, Thad Brinker, 't ought t' had that belt at Denver, an 't had busted broncos from the Brazos to Bear Paw Mountains an' back again, an' let a snide yearlin' do this to me! An' then sudden it comes to me what ails me. It's that horse! It's that yellow devil in the San Luis. I ain't never forgot him, an' when I ain't thinkin' of him he's dancin' around somewhere in the back part of my head, like a fire. If it hadn't been for him d'you suppose I'd 'a' let Marvin plug me in Sheridan? An' 'twasn't the snow 't blinded me in the Red Desert, though that helped. It was him. An' 'twas *him* I was tryin' to ride when that little rat throwed me on the Star K ranch.

"It's all plain now as I lay there thinkin', an' after a spell of dull wonder at bein' so took with a horse I just give up to him an' he fills the room with his golden shine till my eyes hurt an' the back of my head aches as if he'd torn a big hole there gettin' out. An' the grand circus performance he gives to keep me entertained while I'm done up like that! Leapin' through hoops as silver as the moon, an' ridin' round suns that ain't as bright as him, an' rompin' through the sky tramplin' the stars, an' comin' up out of black pits like flame—pale flame that's hot an' cold together. So it goes for days an' days, an' then he goes away very swift, like a flash, an' Bud Sparks is settin' by the bunk holdin' my hand, an' sayin' "you're all right, old man." Everything seems queer an' light an' trembly, an' I find out I've been sick with fever, an' near done for.

"'Have I been talkin'?' I ask Bud.

"'Some,' says Bud with a grin.

"'About a horse?'

A STRAW-COLORED FELLOW IN THE GARB OF A COWBOY.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"'If you'd ever seen such a horse,' says Bud, 'I reckon you wouldn't been foolin' round with these ornery broncos.'

"'But I *have* seen him,' says I, gettin' excited, an' raisin' up on my well elbow. 'An' I'm goin' to——'

"Bud grabs me, an' lays me back, an' says with a scart look, 'No, you don't! You're goin' to lay still an' not talk, or I'll just about beat your fool face in.'

"Then he leaves me, an' the yellow horse comes prancin' around, very dim an' pale, an' then I sleep. An' sleepin' or wakin' I can't think of anything but that horse, an' I see it ain't any use procrastinatin'. He owns me or I own him, an' the sooner it's settled the better. I'm layin' there plannin' it all out when somethin' happens that almost brings back the fever.

"Mr. Larabee, owner o' the Star K, comes in, an' sets on the edge of my bunk, an' says, 'Brinker, don't you think it's time you settled down?'

"'What kind of settlin' down is the' for a cowpuncher?' I ask him.

"'I've a mind to make you foreman of this ranch,' he says.

"That makes me set up an' stare at him. 'What kind of a joke's this?' I ask, feelin' my face turn red.

"'I'm waitin' for an answer,' Mr. Larabee says, very quiet, an' I'm dazed. It means more money'n I ever had before, or expected to have, an' a chance to get some cattle

"IT SEEMS PROPER TO SIT VERY STILL, MURMURIN', 'SANGRE DE CRISTO! SANGRE DE CRISTO!'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of my own, maybe, an' lots of things 't a fellow likes. Then I laugh, disgusted.

"'You didn't see me get dumped t'other day by that measly yearlin'?' I ask him. 'I can't even ride!'

"'Never mind that,' he says. 'I know what you c'n do. I've no objection to your puttin' your savin's into cows, an' gettin' a good start for yourself right here.'

"Well, I'm feelin' extraordinary proud for a minute. Then I lay too hard on my rotten elbow, an' a pain jerks me back like a frisky horse on his haunches. I ask Mr. Larabee if I can think it over till to-morrow, an' he's a shade huffy at that, an' goes out sayin' to take all the time I want, as it's certainly more important to me'n 'tis to him. An' that's the truth. Mr. Larabee's a man t' hitch up to if you've got any sense, which I hain't, an' I'm a coward besides. I don't want to tell him *why* I'm not takin' that job, so I write a letter an' leave it on my bunk, an' that night, when all's quiet, I saddle Jack Pot, an' that's an hour's job, I'm so weak—an' ride away, hangin' on to the horn with both hands like a woman.

"That's in May, an' in July I'm five hundred miles south, ridin' up to the Bar Two Spot an' askin' for a job. The foreman remembers me, an' I go to work, sayin' nothin' about what I'm thinkin', an' whenever I get a chance I ride into the sand dunes. They're fifty miles north an' south, an' crossways twenty, an' all cut up by arroyos, an' in July the scattered mesquite's curled up by the heat an' the sage-brush runs under your eyes like quicksilver, an' the lizards are lyin' dead-like in the sand.

"THERE'S A FLASH AN' SOME DUST, AN' HE'S GONE."

"It's the toughest kind of work, but I ride an' ride, an' don't see any wild horses. It's the last of August before I catch sight of 'em, an' then it's only a glitter of gold against the dull red of the dunes, an' gone. But that's enough to burn me, an' I spend a good many more days, such as I may, studyin' the country.

"'There's a horse down there in the dunes 't I reckon I need,' I announce, casual-like, to Carney, the foreman, one night. He looks at me a minute, an' grins.

"'So that's what you've been up to, is it?' he says. Then he turns to the cowpunchers hangin' round the corrals, an' says, with a lot of unnecessary sarcasm, 'Hi, men, Brinker's goin' to saddle Sunny Sides!'

"The's a laugh all around, an' that learns me several things, one of them bein' that Carney's too familiar to be much of a foreman.

"'Always glad to be entertainin',' I say, very soft. 'Has any of you got any money? —Beggin' your pardon for askin' personal questions on short acquaintance.'

"The's not much doin' for a minute, but the bunch comes sidlin' up to me an' Carney, an' Carney's lookin' me over right critical, scentin' a game.

"'Not havin' been specially industrious lately,' says I, 'an' bein' a kind of prodigal son of a gun anyhow, I ain't got as much money's I ought to have to talk business to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

such a distinguished company of sports, but I'll mention what I've got. The's $147 in money, an' a gun, an' two horses 't you c'n put your own price on, an' a saddle, an'——'

"'An' that belt you won at Denver?' chips in Pulver, like the flea-bitten little pup he is. An' that makes another laugh.

"'No,' I answer, slow an' quiet, though things is workin' inside. 'That went to a better man, but I've got——'

"Then I stop, not wishin' to brag. Besides, the notion of chancin' them spurs ain't sweet.

"'You've got them gold spurs you won at Cheyenne, with di'monds in 'em,' says Weatherby. He's a new man, only been on the Bar Two Spot a few days, an' he lands a jolt all around. Carney looks queer, an' the' ain't nary a laugh.

"'Wasn't that black one a cyclone!' says I, forgettin' the bunch in sudden rememberin' o' that day, an' smilin' at Weatherby. 'But I didn't know you was there.'

"'I was an' I wasn't,' says he. 'I thought I was a bronco-buster, an' I turned out to be only one of the aujence. That was bronco-bustin' 't made the Denver show look like a dance at Mother Smedley's.'

"'I was hesitatin' about them spurs,' says I, 'for reasons, but I reckon it'd be a gen'rous an' Christian act t' give this bunch of sports a safe an' easy chance to win a prize without bustin' anything. The spurs's in the pot.'

"'We'll cover it,' says Carney. 'I'll take all 't's left after you men have bit off yours.'

"'Count me out,' says Weatherby. 'I'll put my horse an' saddle an' holster with Brinker's, if you don't object.'

"'Help yourself!' says Carney. 'But you ain't seen Sunny Sides.'

"'I've seen Brinker,' says Weatherby.

"Then we begin puttin' up the cash an' the goods, an' puttin' prices on things.

"'Of course there ain't no man c'n rope a wild horse alone,' says I, when it's near done. 'Do I get the usual help here, or do I go down to the K. S. T. for some of my friends?'

"Carney figures a minute, then he says: 'We'll play fair. You get this whole outfit to round 'em up an' to cut Sunny Sides out from the bunch. If you rope him you get the same help you'd get right here bustin' a bronco, no more'n no less. An' you're to saddle an' ride him. Is that square?'

"'Fair an' square,' says I, shovin' the gold spurs into the heap.

"'I don't mind tellin' you, son,' says Carney, his eyes glistenin', 'that I've hunted that Sunny Sides some myself, an' the rope ain't made yet 't's long enough to catch him.'

"'Mine reaches from the Black Hills,' says I, an' we all grin at one another very formal, an' go lookin' after our horses. The' ain't much conversation around the Bar Two Spot for some days, an' the' never was so much ice-cream politeness on a Colorado ranch since Lord What's-his-name had a bunch of knights an' squires an' younger sons for his cowpunchers on the Coronet.

"It's three weeks before I get so much as a flash in my eyes again, an' I give the word to Carney immejit. Three hours before daylight we start. We're 'leven men an' a dozen extra horses, which little Pulver's to keep close up for fresh mounts. Carney an' four men ride away out to come up from the south, drivin' the herd on to us. Weatherby an' 'Slim' Baker I send out toward the valley to come in from the west, an' the other two men's near me. So we're drawin' a net around the herd 't's somewhere down there in the dark among the dunes.

"By 'n' by the's the queer little shiver in the air that comes before the dawn, an' then a big black peak of the San Juan blooms pink like a wild rose away off in the west. It's a long wait yet in the dark before the sand hills raise out of the blackness, red-gray an' cold an' still. There's dim figures right an' left where my men are waitin', an' nothin' else but empty-lookin' sand heaps rollin' away into the shadows.

"We move south as slow as the horses c'n walk, searchin' the dunes as the light finds 'em one after another. The sun's a long time climbin' the Sangre de Cristo range, an' the first thing he does, I reckon, is to say good mornin' to Sunny Sides. Anyhow, the's a flash out of a dull red spot maybe two miles south of us, an' I hear a yell from Caley off to my left, an' next minute the sun's in our faces.

"We ride another mile very slow, an' then sudden ahead of us is a cloud of dust, an' the herd comes stormin' up out of a hollow to the top of a sand hill, an' stops at sight of us. An' the blood's tearin' through my veins again, for there's my horse, at the head of the bunch, shinin' an' bright as ever he was in my fever-dreams. It's only a minute, an' then they're chargin' away to the west, that gold thing trailin' blacks an' browns an' bays an' grays behind him, an' the colts havin' an awful hard time keepin' up with the procession. But

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"TEN TOUGH COWPUNCHERS PUTTIN' THEIR MUSCLES AN' NERVES AN' BRAINS AN' MACHINERY AGAINST HIM!"

Weatherby an' Baker head 'em, an' they wheel toward the mountains again.

"We keep closin' in very watchful, but twice they almost break through. The's only one thing the matter with Sunny Sides. He don't know how grand he is, or he'd 'a' charged right over us, an' left us bleedin' in the sand. But he don't. He's got the fears of his forefathers in his blood, an' he has to be cornered before he fights.

"So we're closin' in, an' he's leadin' the scart herd in smaller'n smaller circles as we're workin' 'em in toward the mountain. Carney comes ridin' round an' up to me, an' says, 'Reckon you want us to run him till he's tired out, an' then you'll take him.' He was tryin' to be smilin' nasty.

"'D'you ever see a wild horse 't was any good after you'd caught him that way?' says I. 'It kills 'em.'

"'You'll find enough fight left in him any time, son,' says Carney. 'What glitterin' idee've *you* got?'

"'I'm illuminatin' you now,' says I, with one eye always on Sunny Sides, as he's whirlin' this way an' that, with the crazy band behind him. 'See that red rock yander standin' out against the granite? Well, there's a little gulch there, an 't ends in a sandy park as tight as a corral. Him an' me'll fight it out right there.'

"Carney looks most onhappy for a minute, an' says, 'Goin' to give him a written *in*vite, I s'pose!'

"'If the Bar Two Spot ain't eq'al to the job, I c'n get some real busters down at the K. S. T.,' I answer, an' we grin at each other some more.

"'If you're as eq'al as the Bar Two Spot, the'll be some sport,' says Carney, an' he rides around the line givin' orders, which he c'n do well enough when he makes up his contrary mind.

"Well, it's the devil's own time for five hours, an' the sand's in our eyes, an' our own horses's actin' loco, some of 'em, an' Baker's got a busted shoulder rollin' into an arroyo. But the chase's got into every man's blood, an' the's no more grinnin' sarcasm an' no thinkin' about them bets. So it's done, an' Sunny Sides an' about half the rest of the band 't we couldn't get shet of is penned up in the hot little park. Then we fling ourselves down in the neck of the bottle an' rest, an' Sunny Sides stands at the other end watchin' us, an' his head's high, an' he lifts one fore foot an' paws the air. We stand still a long time lookin' at him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"THE ROPE SETTLES AROUND HIS NECK AN' SINGS TIGHT, AN' THEN THE REAL FIGHT BEGINS."

"'Gee! That's a horse!' pipes little Pulver, an' the' ain't nothin' more said till I get up an' begin tightenin' my saddle girths an' coilin' my rope more careful. The rest of 'em get ready, too, except Baker, who's propped against a rock swearin' outrageous. I put Weatherby an' five others to hold the openin', an' Carney an' Smith's with me after the yellow fellow.

"There never was such another fight. You've seen some bustin', an' you know what a lively bronco c'n do with a bunch of cowpunchers, eh? F'r instance, that job at Haley's. Don't ever tell about it again! It was a shame to treat gentle stock that way. But this devil in the San Luis—this warwhoop thing we got penned up in a nice little park, on a soft sandy floor, an' ten tough cowpunchers puttin' their muscles an' nerves an' brains an' machinery against him! . . . What's the matter 'th this whisky? It don't bite.

"Well, Carney an' Smith run him around to me, an' I throw, an' miss him about fifty feet. He's chargin' the gate, an' six cowboys wavin' their hats an' firin' their six-shooters don't no more'n stop him. Then he's drivin' at the rock sides of his pen, an' my heart flops around for a minute, thinkin', by Hannah! he's goin' to climb the mountain.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But he circles around an' I try the rope again. It's disgraceful to throw like that! I see a small grin on Carney's face, an' so I click my teeth together an' settle down to real work.

"In about an hour my arm's achin', an' the rope ain't even touched his shiny side. So I take a rest, an' go at it again. An' that's the way it is, hour followin' hour. He's chain lightnin' an' creamery butter mixed. Once he steps into my noose, an' kicks it off his toe like a show-dancer, so dainty. Another time it's over his head an' tightenin' as I jerk my horse back on his haunches, but he does an acrobatic turn 't draws a yell of downright admiration from the cowpunchers lined up at the gate. Such tricks's he shows us with that rope! Smooth? He's got 'leven cowpunchers eatin' their hearts out wantin' him, an' wonderin' where in heaven an' earth an' hell he come from, leadin' a bunch of Indian ponies an' outlaw mustangs an' fuzzy runaways like that. His coat's like silk, pale yellow, an' his mane an' tail's pure white, an' he's built like one of them thoroughbreds at Overland Park, an' he's the proudest thing 't ever danced outside a governor's reception.

"But I land him. The rope settles around his neck an' sings tight, an' then the real fight begins. It's all over the park, an' I think the rope's goin' to break every minute till Carney, in about an hour, gets his rope on his front feet, an' then we down him. He's up again an' he's down, he's on his hind feet scrapin' at the sky, he's chargin' at me like a mad steer, he's draggin' me an' Carney an' our horses half-way across the little park, he's givin' us a fight 't they'll be talkin' about in the San Luis for years an' years.

"Then he's down on the sand, with so many ropes on him t' even he can't fight any more, an' we're lyin' back breathin' an' watchin' him. The's a long silence, an' I seem to hear Carney sayin' very far away, 'I'll give you five hundred for him.' I don't answer, an' soon I hear him say, farther off than before, 'I've got twenty dollars less'n a thousand in bank at Alamosa. Will that buy him?' An' yet I don't answer him. An' why?

"The's come a red—*queer* red color on everything. I'm lookin' out through the gate of our little park, an' I see a great white peak turnin' the color of blood. Sangre de Cristo! Sangre de Cristo! It's over us an' around us an' under us—rocks an' sand an' sky an' air. An' through the gap I see the big white peak gettin' redder 'n' redder, like a white bandage stained with blood. . . . I turn an' look at my horse—at Sunny Sides. The's *real* blood in his nostrils an' his golden coat is torn in spots an' dusty, an' he lifts his head an' looks me straight in the eye. I don't know what we say to each other, but I stand up.

"'Weatherby,' says I, 'loose them hind feet.'

"He does it, an' the horse's still, watchin' me.

"'Carney,' I say again, 'take the ropes off his fore feet.'

"'You've got nerve,' says Carney, thinkin' I'm goin' to try saddlin' him with all feet free.

"Caley's still got the rope that's around his neck, an' for a minute, lookin' at Sunny Sides, I'm all shot to pieces—I'm weak in the knees, an' trembly like a woman. I don't know why, but I turn an' look through the gap again, an' out a little way on the dunes the bunch of wild horses's standin' still, their heads all this way, an' their manes tossin' red in the wind. An' beyond is—Sangre de Cristo!

"I draw my knife, take the rope out of Caley's hands, an' cut it at Sunny Sides's throat. The's nothin' but dust in our eyes an' a flash of yellow in the red, an' some shrill whinnying, an' they're gone."

Brinker spread both hands out on the pine table, flat and helpless, and leaned over toward me, with flushed face and troubled eyes.

"Say, what's ailin' me?" he asked.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Department Store at Close Range

By HARTLEY DAVIS

RESOLUTELY the Shopper from the Suburbs turned her eyes away from the enticing displays in the windows of the big department store as she made for the main entrance with the briskness of set purpose. But inside, temptation was inescapable, for one may not walk through a department store with one's eyes fixed on the floor nor turned toward the ceiling, unless one wishes to be made a shuttlecock. And straightway the Shopper was checked by certain dainty articles seductively displayed at the jewelry counter. For ever so long she had craved one of those fan-chains and here they were offered at the bargain she had been waiting for—a ridiculously low price, just half what——

Hardening her lips and her resolution, the Shopper from the Suburbs passed on—with a gratulatory sense of virtue mingled with regret, a not unusual concomitant of temptation resisted. . . . But really she must have one of those belts. . . . And that aigrette was just what she needed to wear with her new gown at the dinner on Thursday. She paused guiltily for a second and then hurried on. The material in that shirt-waist must have cost more than the price asked, and it was stunning. Really, it would be saving money to buy it—just like putting it in the bank. One never can have too many shirt-waists. And those stockings— The Shopper from the Suburbs felt her determination oozing from her at the sight of each bargain table, and in self-defense she hurried toward the rear.

She bought the paper of hooks and eyes for which she had come to the store, paid five cents for it, and asked to have it delivered at her home in Orange, New Jersey. The saleswoman diplomatically asked if the lady couldn't take the little package with her—they didn't like to deliver parcels so easily portable. But the Shopper from the Suburbs really couldn't think of carrying the package, because her purse was full and she was going to make some calls. Besides, she couldn't see that it made any difference to the store; their delivery wagon passed her house every day. So the saleswoman said that the hooks and eyes would be delivered, and the Shopper from the Suburbs, bound to live up to her resolution, fled by a side door.

The hooks and eyes were sold to her at a price perhaps a little less than the store actually paid the manufacturer for them—nearly all the staples at the notion counter are sold at cost, or below. The cost of selling them was at least two cents and the cost of suburban delivery was twenty-five cents, so the net loss to the store on the transaction was twenty-seven cents.

How can department stores afford to make this sort of sale?

They couldn't if all shoppers resisted the alluring displays in the windows, on the counters and tables. Like the lady in Herrick's poem, the department store shows everywhere

> An enchantment and a snare
> For to catch the lookers-on.

And this is an effect that great pains are taken to produce. Indeed, the arrangement of departments is of such importance that it may mean the difference between success and failure. Henry Siegel, who has started and developed some of the biggest department stores of the country, has devoted years of thought and experiment to this matter, and he always decides personally where the departments shall be placed and what space they shall occupy. In other stores the arrangement of departments is determined by many conferences. The general rule is simple, though each store of course has its difficult individual problems. Articles that come under the head of luxuries, like jewelry, are always pushed to the fore, where they will be the first things to attract attention when people enter the store and the last things

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to catch their eyes when leaving. Departments like those devoted to cloaks and suits and millinery are on the upper floors, where they can have plenty of space and customers can be served comfortably, without crowding.

Now the notion counter can sell articles at or below cost because it feeds the more attractive departments. No other department draws such a steady stream of people into the store, without advertising. This is because it sells the particular articles that women continuously need, day in and day out, and a good notion section, cleverly placed at the rear, will thus keep busy several departments that might otherwise struggle for existence. The under-cost prices, it should be said, apply only to the staples; by adding to the department, novelties, on which there is a very considerable profit, the whole can be made to show a fair return on the business done.

THE "L" ENTRANCE TO "THE BIG STORE," NEW YORK.

The popular idea is that a department store is merely the grouping together of a large number of separate businesses under one roof. But the experiment of assembling businesses in one store to minimize the cost of rent and other fixed charges has been tried and discontinued as a failure. The success of the department store rests upon an entirely different principle—upon standardization. The departments are not independent, but highly specialized activities conforming to certain fixed laws that govern the whole establishment.

The old way of doing business was simple and the methods were highly elastic. The proprietor bought as cheaply as he could, usually in quantities

A CONSERVATORY IN THE SIEGEL-COOPER COMPANY'S NEW YORK STORE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that were measured only by his capacity to sell and by his credit. He marked the goods in cipher, sometimes giving the actual cost and the minimum selling price, sometimes only the latter, and left it to his clerk to get as large a profit as could be wheedled from the customer. The proprietor was therefore absolutely dependent upon the cleverness of his clerks for his profit; the clerk who imposed most upon the customer was the best salesman and commanded a relatively high salary. The percentage of selling cost was thus enormous. Relying considerably on his own personality to win business, the proprietor usually stationed himself at the entrance of the store to greet customers and to settle disputes.

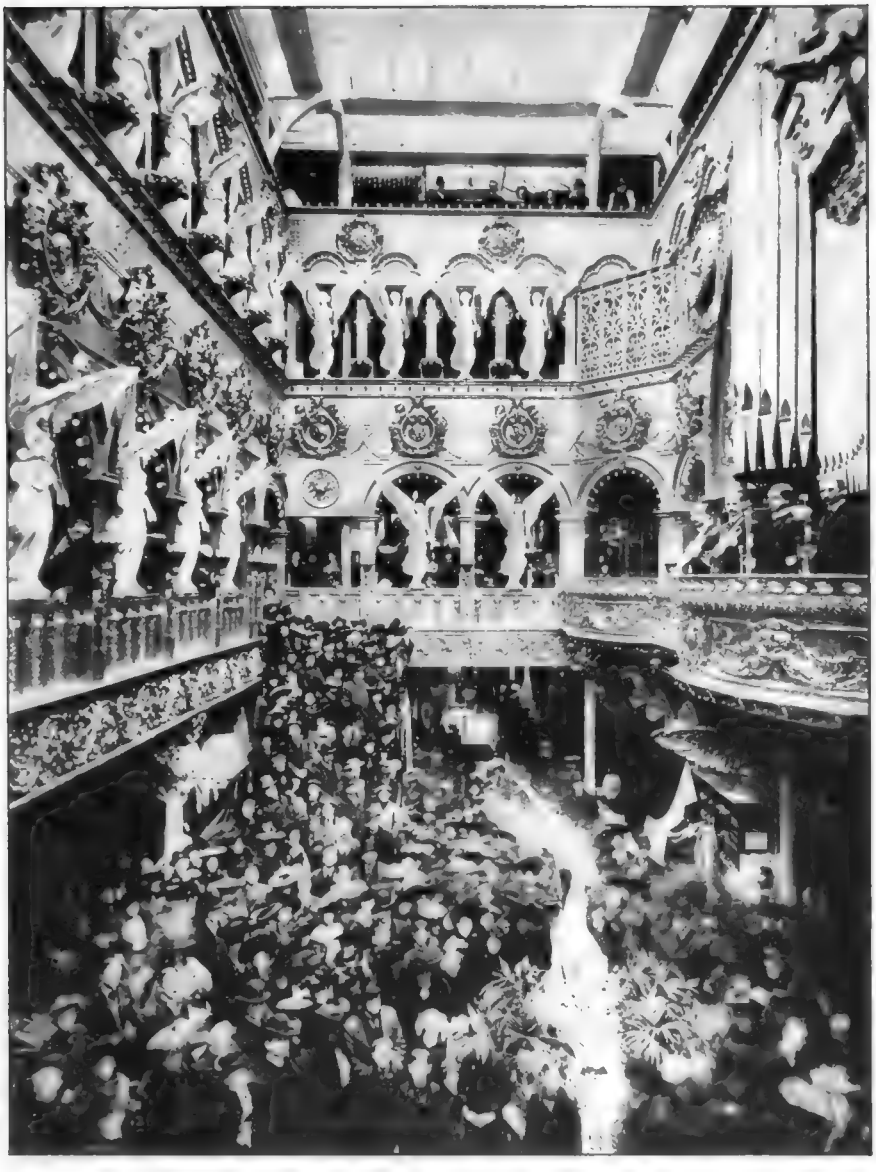
IN THE SHOE SHOP IN WANAMAKER'S PHILADELPHIA STORE.

Now the difference between the old way and the new is the difference between the old-time workshop, where everything was made by hand, and the factory, where machinery does the work. The machine makes articles exactly alike in standard sizes and the cost of production is enormously reduced, as every one knows. The modern methods of conducting a department store represent the introduction into mercantile life of this factory idea, in so far as it stands for uniformity, automatism, and cheapened production. Like the factory, the department store is itself a huge, extremely complicated machine, and the store that most nearly approaches automatic perfection in its operation is the most successful.

Probably the most important factor in the development of the department-store machine is the idea of "one-price articles marked in plain figures." This makes it possible for the goods practically to sell themselves. The element of bargaining, the most important feature of the old system, is almost wholly eliminated. The chief function of the clerk is to see that the machine works properly. He has no more to do with fixing the selling price than has the purchaser. I do not know who originated this idea. There is a story that a glovemaker in Paris first put it into execution and grew rich thereby. The first of the great department stores—the Bon Marché in Paris, which does more than double the business of any other store in the world—adopted the plan when it first opened its doors. A. T. Stewart introduced it into this country before the Civil War, and

A DISPLAY IN THE MARSHALL FIELD COMPANY'S STORE, CHICAGO.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A MUSICALE IN WANAMAKER'S PHILADELPHIA STORE.

John Wanamaker was swift to realize its value.

Another important principle of the system of standardization in the department store is that all departments shall make practically the same percentage of profit.

Manufacturers who sell to department stores are often puzzled by the operation of this principle. I know of one of these who sought the merchandise manager of a big New York store with a novelty that made a direct appeal.

"It looks promising," said the cautious merchandise manager. "How much?"

"We can supply you in quantities at six cents apiece," said the manufacturer. "The selling price is twenty-five cents."

"Very good," said the manager; "I'll give you an order. But we will sell it at fifteen cents."

"No, the selling price must be twenty-five cents," insisted the manufacturer. "We have taken large orders with that stipulation."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"We can't handle it at that price," said the manager.

A little later the same manufacturer sought the same merchandise manager with another article that also pleased, and the manager was ready to buy until the question of the selling price came up. The manufacturer gave the figures, explaining that they meant a profit of forty per cent. to the store.

"Can't handle it," said the manager; "there's not enough profit in it."

The manufacturer went away persuaded that each department in that store did business according to its own notions. As a matter of fact, it was standardization that fixed the percentage of profit.

The first article would have been placed in a department that turns over its capital many times in a year; the second, in a department that turns over its capital very slowly. Now it is obvious that a department that does a business of, say, $100,000 a year on a capital of $10,000, can sell each article for a much smaller margin of profit than a department that does a business of $40,000 on the same capital. And the manager's apparent inconsistency is perfectly reasonable when one remembers that standardization requires that all departments shall in a year make practically the same percentage of profit.

It is then the volume of business and not the individual profits of departments that make the great prosperity of a department store. Many owners of big stores maintain that the fundamental principle is to reduce the whole selling machinery to the smallest possible cost and to fix prices so that there will be no actual profit on the goods. That is to say, these stores try to sell goods at exactly the price at which they are billed to them, plus the cost of selling. For their profit they depend upon their discounts, the five, six, or seven per cent. allowed for cash payment. If they followed the custom that prevails in practically every other commercial activity of letting accounts run from ten to thirty days, they would not make a profit at the prices at which they sell goods.

The actual figures as to the volume of business of the big stores are rather closely guarded, and, except in one instance, those here presented are estimates. They are reasonably near the truth, however. Marshall Field & Company of Chicago lead the department stores of the United States. The death of the head of the firm resulted in the publication of the total for 1906, which

VIEW OF THE SHOPPING DISTRICT ON SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

reached $26,500,000. This is the retail business, it should be remembered, the wholesale business being twice as much more, and bringing the total up to about $70,000,000.

John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store comes next, with a volume of business that approximates $20,000,000, while the New York Wanamaker store ranks third in this country, with something like $17,000,000. The Siegel Cooper Company and R. H. Macy & Company are close rivals, with very little difference between them, while the Simpson Crawford Company, B. Altman & Company, James McCreery & Company, and Stern Brothers of New York, rank high.

TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD IN THE MARSHALL FIELD COMPANY'S STORE.

If one knows the volume of business of a department store, one can estimate the net profits pretty accurately. They range from five to seven per cent. of the total sales. The profits of the two Wanamaker stores are about $2,500,000 a year, while the Macy and Siegel Cooper stores each make between $800,000 and $1,000,000 a year.

The ownership of these great businesses is mostly in the hands of a few men. Since the retirement of Robert C. Ogden, who was the head of the New York store, John Wanamaker and his sons own all of the two big establishments. The Siegel Cooper store is controlled by B. Greenhut and his son, B. J. Greenhut, who is the active head of the business, and by four members of the Cooper family, although a considerable part of the $10,000,000 worth of stock is divided among small shareholders. Two brothers, Isidore and Nathan Straus, own the Macy store, but the latter's sons, Jesse, Percy, and Harry, have an interest. Henry Siegel is president of the company owning the Siegel Cooper store in Chicago, the Simpson Crawford store and the Fourteenth Street Store in New York, and the Henry Siegel Company store in Boston. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank in New York, is heavily interested with him. The two big McCreery stores and the Adams-O'Neill stores, the latter formerly separate businesses each having its own great building, the Hahne store in Newark, and the McCreery store in Pittsburg are owned by H. B. Claflin & Company, the great wholesale dry goods house that entered the retail trade chiefly to protect its wholesale business.

Because it is volume of business that counts, every department store of course tries to keep its stock as low as possible. Everything must be kept moving. Under the old system a store would buy a whole year's supply of staples and a season's supply of other goods. But it is not so now; and the modern method throws upon the shoulders of manufacturer and wholesaler the risks that formerly were assumed by the retail store, to the grave disorganization of the businesses of those who supply the big stores.

Most women know that as a rule the things offered in bargain sales are sold below the actual cost of manufacture. Now the bargain sale is popularly supposed to serve a double purpose—to attract people to the store and to get rid of old goods. The first proposition is always true, while the latter applies to only about one-tenth of the bargain sales. The manufacturer stands the loss, for there is a very considerable loss, of the other nine-tenths.

It is axiomatic among department store owners that there is always a manufacturer

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MACY'S CORNER AT BROADWAY AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

who is willing to sell some of his output at a great sacrifice. It may be because he finds himself stocked with goods for which there is no demand at the prices for which they were made to sell; oftener, he is hard pressed for ready money. But whatever the cause, the result is a bargain sale in a department store. And in all cases, except the one bargain sale in ten by which the store is getting rid of its own goods that haven't sold, the establishment makes its regular standard profit.

The buying for a department store has been as carefully standardized as the selling, although the process has been slower. In the old days the owners of the store did all the buying. Then, as departments increased, this part of the work was turned over to the heads of departments, who were called buyers and who were responsible to the general manager or to one of the proprietors—a method that still prevails in many of the biggest stores. Something like half a dozen years ago the astute John Wanamaker saw that there was a weakness in this system and he further standardized the buying by introducing the merchandise manager. Other establishments have followed his example.

To the merchandise manager is deputed the supervision of both the buying and the selling, and he can make or break a great establishment. He takes over a part of the duties that formerly fell on the general manager, the advertising manager, and, frequently, one of the members of the firm. Primarily, his business is to see that goods are bought to the best advantage and sold as quickly as possible.

The work of the merchandise manager is extremely varied, his knowledge extraordinarily wide. The price of raw silk in Italy, the weather at home, an advance in furs in London, the efficiency of a $12-a-week clerk in his store are matters of daily concern to him. In the course of a morning that I spent with a merchandise manager in New York, he authorized, after five minutes' talk, the purchase of $35,000 worth of goods beyond the buying limit allowed a department. A few minutes later he refused to sanction the purchase of $100 worth of goods for another department. And then he devoted nearly an hour to investigating a complaint made by a customer that a silver purse for which she had paid $10.50 could be bought in another store for $7.50. He knew offhand what this particular article had cost in Vienna and the duty on it.

It is the ambition of the merchandise mana-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MACY'S HAS THE LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK.

ger to keep stocks down and to increase sales; that is, the volume of business. He is therefore continually between the Scylla of running out of stock altogether and the Charybdis of being overstocked. He has his eye on every department, and each morning at nine o'clock there is handed him a statement of exactly what was sold on the previous day and what stock is on hand. Every article in the store is marked with a tag showing when it was received and when it was put on sale. If certain goods are not moving, he sends for the buyer in charge of the department to explain. When the explanation is unsatisfactory, the merchandise manager directs two or three of his own particular staff of experienced salesmen, employed exclusively in this sort of work, to go into that department and find out what is the trouble. If the prices are too high, they are lowered. If the salespeople are inefficient, they are replaced. If the styles or colors are not popular, there is pretty sure to be a bargain sale of those goods. For it is better business to sell articles for next to nothing than to carry them indefinitely.

The merchandise manager also governs the advertising, deciding which department shall be exploited and what space the others shall have; he also determines the window displays. In both cases the weather is a very important factor. The amount of money that shall be expended in advertising is decided by the heads of the concern—in these days the proprietors are almost wholly occupied with the finances and with determining questions of policy that give each store its particular character. The advertising is the largest single item of expense of a department store, apart from the money spent for goods. Last year the daily newspapers in New York were paid $500,000 by the Siegel Cooper Company; $480,000 by John Wanamaker; $400,000 by R. H. Macy & Company; $300,000 by the Simpson Crawford Company; Altman & Company spent the least of the great establishments—under $100,000. But Altman & Company have other expenditures that might legitimately be charged up to advertising, one of which is the enormous sum spent on the delivery system. All of their wagons and automobiles are as fine as money can buy and the horses used for the wagons cost about $1,200 a pair.

A DEPARTMENT IN WANAMAKER'S PHILADELPHIA STORE.

In establishments without a merchandise manager, the advertising manager has much authority. His chief business is to make sure that every five cents spent on advertising shall bring in a dollar's worth of business. One of his hardest duties is the distribution of charities. Some of the big stores appropriate $10,000 every year for charities, in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

addition to giving away many articles. The advertising manager is paid anywhere from $4,000 to $10,000 a year and he earns more than he gets. The salary of the merchandise manager is a variable quantity, ranging from $15,000 a year up to $50,000, the maximum being paid in the store known as The Fair in Chicago. Frequently the merchandise chief gets a salary and a percentage of the total business. Next to him are the buyers, the actual heads of departments, whose relative standing depends upon the importance of the department in a particular store, for each has its features. Most buyers receive from $5,000 to $10,000 a year, but the range is from $2,500 to $35,000, the latter sum being paid the linen buyer of the Marshall Field store in Chicago. Siegel Cooper Company paid its former grocery buyer $20,000 a year. He began as a clerk at $10 a week.

THE FAMOUS FOUNTAIN IN THE SIEGEL COOPER COMPANY'S STORE, NEW YORK.

Subject to the rules that standardize the whole establishment, the buyer has much leeway. He is apportioned a certain part of the store and a proper proportion of the rent is charged against him. This is based upon the cost of the building, when the concern owns it, or upon what the concern pays, when it leases the property. He is also assigned a share of the general expense of heat, light, delivery, bookkeeping, advertising, and other things. He is given a certain amount of capital with which to do business and his purchases each month are regulated by the sales of the preceding months. Within certain limits he can determine the number of salespeople and the salaries that shall be paid in his department.

Like the merchandise manager, the buyer makes every effort to keep stocks low, in order that the capital invested in the department may be kept working. For illustration, take the business in books. If the buyer is reasonably sure that he can sell 200 copies of a certain novel, he doesn't buy that number at once. The publisher usually gets seventy-five cents for a book that is listed at $1.50, retail. The department store buyer orders ten books, for which he pays $7.50. He sells these books at $1.08 each—the selling price is as carefully standardized as everything else in a department store, as I shall presently explain. When the first ten books are sold, the buyer orders ten more, paying for them out of the sales of the first ten, and so on until the demand for the novel is exhausted. If he sells the whole 200, he has done a business of $216 on a capital of $7.50, and he has the profits made on each ten to apply to buying other books if he wishes.

Of course most of the articles sold in department stores are not to be had in the open market. Certain things have to be ordered a long time in advance; before they are made, in fact. The buyer arranges to have deliveries made every month or at shorter intervals, paying spot cash on each delivery, and thus avoids tying up capital in the whole order.

The manner in which the selling price is fixed varies in different stores, but the principle is the same. The merchandise manager, where there is one, always fixes the selling price. Oftener, this is the duty of the buyer of the department. Everything is determined on a percentage basis. To the price at which the goods are billed to the store are added the fixed charges, which include rent, delivery, bookkeeping, selling expense, etc., the range being from eighteen to thirty per cent., and the average about twenty-five per cent. The most variable of these items is the rent charged. Manifestly, de-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

partments like furniture, pianos, and household utensils, which require a vast amount of space, must pay a high rent in consequence. To these fixed charges is added the net profit, which in most stores varies greatly in different departments. It is not based upon the highest price that the public can be persuaded to pay, as in the old way, but on the number of times that the stock—that is to say, the working capital—can be turned over in the course of a year. In some departments the profit placed on particular articles may be only two or three per cent. In others it may run as high as forty per cent. Yet at the end of the year the two departments will show about the same percentage of net profit. An article that sells for seventy cents in one department may be shifted to another and sold for fifty cents, without making the slightest difference in the net profit of the store at the end of a year.

Most people think that the custom of fixing prices in odd cents is to make goods appear cheaper, but that isn't the reason for it. When one deals in percentages there are bound to be odd figures. Take the books as an illustration again. The store pays seventy-five cents for each volume. It adds twenty-five cents for the fixed general expenses and eight cents for the profit. If the department were not compelled to carry thousands of dollars' worth of standard works, which sell slowly, the percentage of profit charged would be lower; if it were not for the enormous holiday trade, the percentage of profit charged would be higher. Standardization again.

This charge that I have called net profit isn't all net by a good deal. It must cover the loss of breakage and general destruction, the failure of goods to sell, and theft. The cheaper stores suffer more seriously from thieving than the higher-priced ones, because their employees are less trustworthy. For years the proprietors estimated that their theft losses were due half to their dishonest employees and half to outsiders, but not one of them would venture to estimate the total. There is a curious standard of ethics among some of the employees. They do not regard taking articles for their own use as theft, whereas to take them for some one else, even a member of the family, is plain robbery. Almost never are these guilty ones prosecuted even if they are detected and the proof is conclusive. They are discharged, of course, and notices are posted in the dressing-rooms explaining the reason. But when an employee steals goods to sell and is caught, arrest follows.

Professional shoplifters have been largely eliminated, owing to systematic prosecution. By far the greatest number of thefts committed by outsiders are traced to women, usually reputable, who yield to a sudden temptation. A curious thing is that they seldom take articles of any value. They keep on stealing until they are caught—each store employs from five to fifteen detectives, of whom about half are women—and then the guilty ones are invited to the manager's office, where they are searched, and closely questioned. They are detained until investigation is made, but if their stories are proved and it is shown that they are not professional thieves, they are allowed to go. They seldom offend a second time. Incidentally, the newspapers never name a store in which a person is arrested for shoplifting, for the simple reason that it would frighten away customers. A retail store on Broadway that did a large business was actually ruined by the publication of the details of several arrests within its doors.

At least a hundred kleptomaniacs are known to New York department stores. Most of the managers admit that kleptomania is a disease, to be dealt with as such. There is a certain grim humor, affording food for thought, in the fact that two of the worst offenders belong to the families of high insurance officials and another is the wife of a bank cashier! There is one pitiful case of a woman whose daughter, a child of ten, always accompanies her and promptly informs some one in authority when her mother enters a store.

Let me return to the employees of the big stores. Under the buyer is the assistant buyer, whose salary is sometimes very large, depending on that paid his chief, and next to him is the stock clerk, who gets anywhere from $25 to $60 a week. Then come the salespeople. Among the men the best paid are in the furniture and piano departments, where they usually receive a drawing account, that is, a minimum fixed weekly salary, and a commission, computed at regular intervals; and in the clothing department, where the best salesmen get $25 a week. For women the millinery department is the best, the salaries ranging from $15 to $35 a week, but there are two long seasons of idleness. Saleswomen in the cloak and suit department get from $15 to $30 a week.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The wages paid the senior salespeople in the general departments of the best stores are from $9 to $18 a week. The juniors range from $6 to $8. Below these are the cashiers, wrappers, checkers, cash girls. and errand boys. In Macy's and Wanamaker's beginners are started at $3 and $3.50 a week; in Siegel Cooper's no employee receives under $4 a week and those whose wages are under $7 have luncheon free, a luncheon so good that even heads of departments take advantage of it when they want to save time.

The demand for really good salespeople is greater than the supply and the chances of promotion are excellent. The head cashier of Macy's, who now gets $6,000 a year, began as a cash girl in that establishment at $3 a week.

The employees in any one of the big stores would make a fair-sized town. The present Wanamaker store in Philadelphia has more than 7,000 employees and the new store will have 10,000, distributed over forty-two acres of floor space. The Wanamaker store in New York employs about five thousand people. It has ten acres of floor space in the old A. T. Stewart building and twenty-two acres in the new Wanamaker building, the two being connected by subways. Macy's is still the largest store under one roof, with twenty-six acres of floor space. On the day when I saw the actual figures—it was in a quiet season and the weather made it the dullest month known in years—there were 4,625 employees in the store. The general public does not come in contact with half of the employees of a big store; for example, the salespeople, floor-walkers, and such employees in the Macy store number only about two thousand. The non-productive staff, as it is called, is in round numbers thus divided: delivery, 600; manufacturing, 350; wrappers and checkers, 300; office force, 250; porters, cleaners, elevator men, etc., 200; cashiers, 160; receivers, 150; packers, 150; engineering force, 60. The general manager looks after them all with the assistance of the general superintendent and his subordinates, including the floor-walkers—or aisle managers, as they prefer to be called—who are a sort of police officer. Incidentally, if the employees would make a town, the number of people who enter one of these big stores daily would make a city. It seldom falls below 150,000, and during the holiday season it reaches 250,000.

When a customer in a department store directs the clerk to deliver her purchases, she has little notion of the highly organized machine that carries them to her home. Let us take the Macy store, which claims to have the most perfect delivery system in the country. The whole basement, two acres in extent, is given over to the packing and delivery departments, with a small space for the complaint bureau, which employs sixty persons who investigate about 350 complaints a day, written, telephoned, or verbal. About nine-tenths of them are due to errors made by customers themselves, or to the non-delivery of goods ordered but not in stock. If the complaint bureau is given the date of a purchase and the name of the purchaser, in five minutes it can trace the package through all the persons who handled it. The actual mistakes made by the delivery department of Macy's is about one-half of one per cent. Superintendent Price, who has been in charge of the department for thirty years, is extremely proud of that record. It is very remarkable considering that Macy's deliver, on an average, 35,000 packages a day under ordinary conditions and 70,000 in the holiday season.

In this Macy store, when the parcels are wrapped they are tossed into a chute, where they are picked up by a conveyor, working on the principle of an endless belt, one belt leading to another, from floor to floor and across the great spaces. Delicate glass is carried as safely as a roll of muslin. When they reach the basement, the articles are discharged upon four great endless belts arranged in the form of a rectangle, which bring them to the sorters. These in turn toss the packages into other conveyors, which carry them to the tables for the different parts of the city and the suburbs. Here they are again sorted into particular routes, each having its own bin where a clerk makes an entry of every package. Either the superintendent or his assistant unlocks the bin, and the drivers and their helpers carry the packages to the wagons.

The C.O.D. system, which is such a convenience to customers, entails a vast amount of trouble and expense upon the department store. In the first place, it necessitates special cashiers; each driver is bonded, the firm paying the premium, and he is required to settle up after every trip. Then, the percentage of people who order goods sent home C.O.D. and change their minds when the goods arrive is dismayingly large. Besides, ever so many people with a curiously per-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

verted sense of humor think it a fine joke to order a quantity of goods sent to some one who knows nothing about them, and this of course results in endless bother. Sometimes there is a different motive. One store had a particularly flagrant case of a woman who ordered thousands of dollars' worth of goods sent to different addresses before she was finally caught. Her explanation took away the breath of the general manager. She was teaching her daughter how to shop!

The Macy store can deliver packages in Manhattan for less than five cents. It costs other stores from five to ten cents. Each Macy driver is supposed to make a certain number of trips a day, and he is paid if he makes additional ones. The drivers' uniforms are furnished them and it is the custom of Nathan Straus personally to present each driver with $25 and each helper with $15 after the holiday season, when the wagons are going from seven in the morning until midnight. Also they get a week's vacation with pay every year.

There is a growing disposition on the part of department stores to look after the welfare of their employees. The question of wages, always a source of grave concern, is being adjusted on the basis of accomplishment—that is, in many of the stores salaries are fixed by the quantity of goods that each clerk can sell—and the plan is likely to be universally adopted. Filene's in Boston has a nearly complete system of what is practically profit-sharing. In New York the plan of paying salespeople on a percentage basis is called paying them what they earn for the store. If a clerk is paid $7.50 a week, and the selling-expense in the department is three per cent., she is supposed to be selling $250 worth of goods a week. Now if she sells an average of $300 worth, she is worth $9 a week, so the firm can afford to raise her salary to $8 or $8.50 and can still reduce the selling-expense so far as she is concerned. It is worked out differently by each store, but that is the principle. In Saks & Company nearly all of the clerks receive a commission.

Most of the stores have a mutual benefit association with a sick fund, which the firm finds it a great economy to support liberally simply because it practically eliminates shamming. That of the Siegel Cooper store in New York is very prosperous, with a large surplus. In addition Mr. Greenhut maintains a large hotel at Long Branch, New Jersey, where every woman and girl employed in the store may have two weeks' vacation with full pay and without a penny of expense to herself. In the store is an emergency hospital, with a physician and trained nurses always in attendance, and medicines are furnished free.

The curse of all department stores is tuberculosis and the physician at Siegel Cooper's watches the great army closely. When an employee's symptoms indicate the dread disease, the sufferer is given the privilege of going to a sanitarium that Mr. Greenhut maintains at Summit, New Jersey, to remain until cured, or, if the disease is too far advanced for cure, until the end. It is one of the finest benefactions I know of, and one of its finest points is Mr. Greenhut's reticence about it.

Also in this big store is a social secretary, who is becoming an important personage. The employees call her "the welfare woman," and I like that better. Certainly it is more descriptive of her infinite activities. None in the great beehive is busier than she, none more beloved. She is everywhere preaching the gospel of clean living and cheerfulness. She mothers the whole establishment.

The Wanamaker stores have clubs in which the benefit idea is worked out in the form of education and social activities. These clubs go in for languages, literature, and other things that make for culture, and the firm contributes liberally to them. Most of the fines that are imposed in department stores are turned over to these organizations of employees.

It is the claim of department stores that they have more eleemosynary features than any other big business. This isn't exactly true, but it is true that they give the public greater service for less cost than any other institution. Witness the rest- and writing-rooms, the restaurants that are usually conducted at a loss, the arrangements that are made in most stores to care for babies. The Wanamaker store is strong on these features. In the new building in New York there is one of the finest auditoriums in the country. It seats 1,500 people and two concerts are given each week-day during most of the year. It has its own singers and instrumentalists and in addition employs some of the great masters. Richard Strauss was paid $3,000 for three concerts. It costs about $50,000 a year to give these concerts and admission is free. Of course it pays—remember, the Wanamaker stores lead in the volume of business in New York—but the public profits, nevertheless.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ALEXANDER

By BEN BLOW

Illustrations
By MARTIN JUSTICE

ALEXANDER sat out in the road, deserted, whooping in desolation, as he watched a crowd of barefoot urchins trudge down the distance in a haze of dust. His ears, low drooped, pictured the misery that possessed him, and every one in hearing distance knew that he was torn with sorrow. With agonized thumpings of his tail he beat up the dust behind him in tiny spurts, and when the boys turned noisily into a little by-lane—one of them lingering a moment to cast back an imaginary rock of ponderous weight—he gave himself anew to desolation and threw yet more pathos into the whoops that already wrenched his overburdened soul.

"If he ain't the durndest fool I ever seen," observed the urchin who had devoted a brief moment of his valuable time to delivering a farewell threat, "he's clost kin. He kin chaw off more trouble an' howl over it louder than any pup I ever had, an' that ain't been no few. Pap says he kind o' thinks, sometimes, that the pup wuz born noodle-headed an' it keeps gettin' worse, hey?"

The inquiry was addressed to a freckle-faced youngster who lacked two upper front teeth.

"Yep," was the reply. "You called the turn, Fatty. That ain't no lie."

"You bet it ain't no lie," said Fatty. "S'pose we took him 'n' what then? While we're a-scrapin' our pants buttons off belly-whackin' up to where the melons is, nine chances to one he's goin' to skyte out an' whoop aroun' till every guinea on the place squalls, 'Water-melon-patch, water-melon-patch,' an' then——"

Johnny Simmons cut in glibly, "An' then that blame waggle-legged hired man o' old Harkinses'll come a-runnin' out an' shoot us full o' salt."

Meantime, while his former friends were congratulating themselves on his absence, Alexander still sat out in the road bewailing his blighted life. Hoarse from much vocalizing, he emitted the long-drawn, excruciating whoops with which he was accustomed to reproach the moon for being full. His eyes half closed in ecstasy of misery, his ears filled with melodious outpourings from his harassed soul, he was absorbed, and did not notice an approaching vehicle until the soft thudding of horses' feet drew very close, and then, turning a mournful face over his shoulder, he was galvanized into frenzied terror, and departed down the road in vast, spraddle-legged leaps. The glance had shown him Deacon Simmons in his buggy, coming home from Warsaw, while close at hand, with evil in his eyes, his neck scruffed up, was Deacon Simmons's Boze, Boze the redoubtable, Boze who had licked every dog in Macedon.

Terror lent wings to Alexander's somewhat gawky paws. The dust he kicked up made him resemble a whizzing comet, leading

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a nebulous yellow tail. His wails ceased. He needed all his breath for purposes of locomotion. He fled silently, with fear palpitating in his heart. Reaching the lane, he bolted madly in, gathering yet more speed from hope that sprung anew. Close behind he heard deep breathing and the snick of awful jaws that snapped in lustful hungering for his blood.

Around the corner swept Boze, almost nipping the frantic pup on the turn; then, knowing that Deacon Simmons would not go that way, he slowed up, stopped, and sneezed away the dust that had settled on him from the cloud stirred up by Alexander. And then he laughed. His tongue hung out, his ribs heaved. Far up the lane he saw the pup, his legs spread in wide disorder, departing at a rate of speed that would have made a jackrabbit envious. Boze straightened up, kicked out his hind legs, scratching up and casting far behind him little bits of turf, looked longingly again at his escaped prey, and said, "Woof! Woof-woof!" with great contempt.

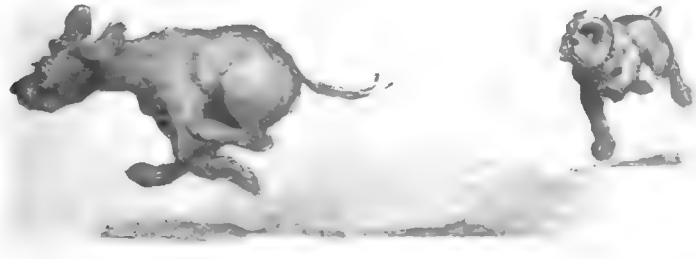
"'Most got him that time, didn't you, old boy?" said Deacon Simmons, coming up. His face was humorous, and his tone caressing, for he knew that a thorough rolling in the dust was all that Alexander had escaped. Then, smiling happily, he drove on home, in blissful ignorance that close at hand, hid in a concealing elderberry thicket, was his son and heir, ringleader of a predatory band whose mouths watered and whose stomachs ached with hungering for the melons of his friend and neighbor, Peter Harkins, and that Alexander, in his flight, had traced their footsteps up the lane.

Beset behind, abandoned by his friends before, nothing was left for Alexander but to howl some more. Seating himself, he glanced around, settled into comfort, pointed his nose skyward, and tuned again a wail of desolation from his dusty vocal chords. "Ur-roo, ur-roo, ar-roo!" A rock, dropped from the clear sky, lit between his paws, raising a puff of dust, and bounded against his stomach, drum-taut to give a better volume to his voice. The howl terminated in a frightened "Oof!" as his muscles, contracting involuntarily, catapulted him straight up until he cleared the ground. His ears, soaring under the impetus of his sudden leap, flapped skyward, setting off his frightened face, while with wild paws he clawed desperately at the intangible air. From the deep of the elderberry thicket, across the fence, the boys emerged. Checked in his impulse for flight by the memory of Boze, the pup assumed a mournfully apologetic air, and wagged his tail.

"Dog rat his skin, d'you ever see sech a pup?" asked Fatty, with undisguised disgust. "'S a lucky thing we seen your daddy comin' in time to duck into the elderberries, hey?"

This remark was directed to Johnny Simmons, who gave it unqualified assent, and then observed, "Ought to 'a' tied him in the first place."

"That's what," said Fatty, blazing into wrath. "I've a durn good notion to climb over the fence an' lambast the stuffin' out o' him, right now. Did your durndest to git us noticed, didn't yuh!" He was speaking now to Alexander, who settled meekly into the dust and wagged a sad, apologetic tail. Johnny Simmons, with meditative mien, bent a stout elderberry, and when it popped, breaking, the pup cowered yet lower, shivered a trifle, bethought himself of flight, and then remembered again that back of him was Boze, Boze the relentless, who even now might be sneaking on him unaware. He cast a hasty look around, then dropped his lean head to his dust-smeared paws, and hopelessly resigned himself to torture with appealing, mournful eyes.

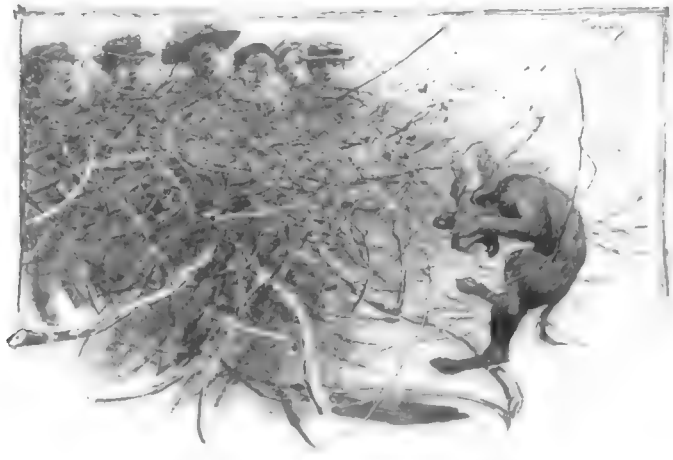


TERROR LENT WINGS TO ALEXANDER'S SOMEWHAT GAWKY PAWS.

"Beatin' don't do no good," said Fatty, softened at this sight of utter woe. "He'd

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

howl so everybody in a mile an' a half'd think we wuz prying his back teeth out with a rat-tail file, an' he wouldn't go home; naw, you c'd beat him into pulp, an' all he'd do'd be to waller an' howl. We got to take him, sought his champion, and with hot tongue licked his dusty, brier-scratched bare feet. A kindly little hand patted the pup's muzzle, then closed firmly on one ear, while the other hand emerged from concealment, bearing the



HE CLAWED DESPERATELY AT THE INTANGIBLE AIR.

that's all they is to it. We jist got to, that's all."

Then there arose before Alexander's apprehensive eyes a champion in the person of "Whitey Wilkins," a tow-headed youngster whose blue overalls, supported by a single gallus, hung farther down one leg than the other, making him seem to limp as he walked. "Aw, don't beat him, Johnny," he begged, "aw, don't. How'd you like to be left behind if you wuz the pup? I'll take care o' him, honest injun, if some o' you fellers'll lift me a melon."

"I'll git you a melon, Whitey," Johnny Simmons responded promptly, much relieved, "but you got to swing on to the pup awful tight."

Sliding his hand far into the depths of the half-masted pants leg, Whitey Wilkins produced with great triumph a length of grimy twine, hid in some moment of boyish inspiration for just such need. "Here's a piece o' bull cord," he said; "I guess he ain't a-goin' to bust that. Hyah, Sandy, hyah, Sandy, hyah, puppy, come here, you durn fool."

One hand patted the front of one blue leg in irresistible invitation, while the other held in readiness the tether that was to bind. Alexander arose, reassured by Whitey's advances, and squirmed between two lower rails of the snake fence. Humbly crawling, he bull cord, and Alexander was tied, tied so securely that a fringe of hair stood up around his neck like a spiked collar. The crowd resumed its march toward the melons, with Whitey Wilkins, dragging Alexander, bringing up the rear.

Across a field, over a rail fence, through which Alexander was forced with protesting howls, into another field and down to a creek, the march led.

"Now, fellers," said Johnny Simmons, "we foller up the creek till we git to a gully, then we take the gully an' that lands us in ol' Harkinses patch, but we got to do some awful snaky crawlin', cuz the grass ain't high an' they's no tellin' but what that blame hired man o' old Harkinses is settin' up right now a-layin' fur us, with his eyes peeled on them melons."

With a view to future depredations, Johnny Simmons had marked out the ground long before, and led by him, the boys trudged up the creek, Alexander joyful even in restraint. When they reached the gully they stopped and gathered close, and Johnny Simmons spoke again.

"Say, Fatty," he said, "better leave the pup an' Whitey here. We don't want Sandy no closter, cuz he might snake his head loose, hey?"

"How fur is it?" inquired Whitey, not the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

least abashed at being mentioned second to the pup.

"Right smart piece up the gully, Whitey," was the answer. "You better stay here. No tellin' what's goin' to happen when you go melon hookin'. If that blame hired man happens to skyte out after us you don' need to lose no sleep. Just turn the pup loost an' make out you're crawfishin'. You ain't had no hand in melon hookin', no, you ain't. You just happened to pick this place cuz it's a likely lookin' spot fur crawfish. Crawfishin' ain't no crime, is it?"

"One spot's good as another spot," responded Whitey. "All the same to me. I'm the kind that changes spots when I git tired. Don't you lose no sleep over me, but don't you git excited an' furgit to lift me a melon, cuz I ain't anxious to go back an' lift one all alone!"

"'Nough said," answered Johnny Simmons. "You git one if any one does. Come on, fellers, snooks while we're in the gully, belly-whacks to the ground when we git to the patch; le's go!" Stooping, they went up the gully, disappearing around a little bend, and Alexander and his guardian were alone. The pup whimpered, looking after them, and when they had disappeared from view, looked craftily at Whitey; then, without warning, made a frantic leap, hoping to free himself. Off guard and utterly surprised, Whitey grabbed wildly, his bare foot slipped, and plunging heavily, he fell upon the pup, squeezing out a howl. Swiftly, he clapped a muddy hand over Alexander's muzzle, and then flaming with righteous wrath he belted him upon a mud-bespattered ear.

"Durn your picture!" he gasped. "Don't you know who your friend is? Here I'm a-missin' all the fun fur you an' you go actin' scratch. Mind now or you'll see what I do to you."

He got up, releasing Alexander's muzzle cautiously. The pup regained his feet and shook himself, beginning at his ears and ending at the very tip of his mud-smeared tail, liberally bespattering his guardian with ooze, and then glanced upward with one humorous eye, entirely unabashed. The boy seated himself on a tuft of swamp grass, and the pup, snuggling close to him, rested his head on his knee and looked up into his face with honest eyes. A muddy hand stole out and gently patted the nestling head, and with perfect confidence that his words were understood, the boy spoke.

"What in time makes you sech a fool, Sandy?" he asked. "You don't do nothin' but waller in trouble from mornin' till night. I lay right now you're up to some devilment."

The pup wagged his tail, while his soft brown eyes denied utterly that he harbored any thought of evil, and the boy patted his head again. Far up the creek a cow came down to drink. A bullfrog close at hand dived head first into the cool waters with a "plop." The pup wriggled—his quick eye saw the cow, his quick ear heard the frog, he wanted to bark, longed to bark, started to bark, when a hand clamped his jaws close and a second grimy, hard little hand dealt him another cuff on the ear.

"They ain't no trustin' you," said the boy.

HE FELL UPON THE PUP, SQUEEZING OUT A HOWL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

COME ON, FELLERS," SAID JOHNNY SIMMONS. "LE'S GIT. NEVER LAY CLOST TO TROUBLE WHEN YOU KIN MOVE."

"*Durn* you! Blame me if I don't git mad at you yit. I ain't a-goin' to fool with you much longer." He raised the pup's head and looked down deep into his eyes. "Y' hear?" he said. "Y' better mind."

The pup wagged his tail. The cow departed, her thirst slaked, and the bullfrog lifted his round, knobby eyes which looked like tiny bubbles, above the water, and viewed his natural enemies with unconcealed distrust. A catbird, coming down to bathe, perched close by with flirting tail, miawing at the boy, whose arm ached with desire to get up and paste a rock at her. The low-hung, fleecy clouds, swept wind-blown before the sun, made shadows that raced across the fields like cavalry in charge. The pup wriggled again, but the boy clung close to the string.

The pup wriggled yet more, looking up the gully. The boy followed suit, and saw a sight of gladness: Five hot urchins, one struggling manfully under two huge, striped melons, the others each with one as striped and as huge, came into view, and Fatty, speaking thickly, replied to an inquiring look:

"Naw, we didn't git 'em, naw."

"Come on, fellers," said Johnny Simmons, not made the least bit reckless by success. "Le's git. Never lay clost to trouble when you kin move. Say you, Fatty! Tie that string o' Sandy's to a pants button an' let Whitey tote his melon. I ain't got no arms left."

Fatty, obedient, set his melon down, and turning partially around within his clothes, tethered the frisking pup to a button far in the rear. Then Whitey Wilkins picked up his melon and Fatty Peters picked up his, and the crowd moved on to safety and the feast. When they had reached the spring that marked the ending of their pilgrimage, they put the melons in and piled cool leaves and clinging mud upon them, released the pup from bondage, and sat down to rest. And then the youngest member of the crowd, a black-eyed urchin whose dark hair thatched a head of vast philosophy, made this profound remark:

"Say, fellers, ain't it just nifty to be a kid?"

"Oh, I do' know," said Johnny Simmons. "Goin' to school ain't no picnic, but it's got to be done. I never thought chores was much fun, neither. Fur a good time in this world kind o' seems to me I'd rather be a dog. Look at Sandy. Does he have to scrabble fur a livin'? Does he have to worry his brains over spellin'? Ain't a place to sleep give him? An' when he grows up he ain't never goin' to have nothin' to do but snooze in the sun an' git up now 'n' then an' chase a shoat out o' the yard. D'you s'pose fur a minute it tastes bad to him when he's a-chawin' a hog's ear? Not him; he likes it, he does."

"Dogs can't talk, though," said Billy Day, defending the niftiness of kidhood. "Kind o' seems to me I'd miss that."

"Naw, they can't talk, but they kin wag

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

their tails mighty knowin'. Anyway, how d'you know they can't talk? My daddy says Doc Henderson told him that them big-bug men in Wash'nt'n told him that even the teeny little ants talk to each other. Now what you got to say?"

This inquiry was made triumphantly as if definitely settling the discussion, but Fatty arose in negation that was contemptuously serene.

"Aw, g'wan," he said. "Kin they hear what the ants say? G'wan."

"Animals is got sense though, 'n' I wouldn't be s'prised none if they could talk," interjected Whitey Wilkins. "Our ol' Maje got bit by a cott'nmouth onct, an' pap says here's most likely where we have to raise another fool pup, but does he die? Naw, he don't die. What does he do? He hunts up a hog waller before the pizen gits to workin' good, an' buries hissef till they ain't nothin' but his nose sticks out an' he cures hissef. How'd he know mud'd cure? Has he ever been snake-bit before? Naw, 'course he ain't, so some dog friend o' hisn that had, must of told him 'bout the mud. Now is they any answer to that? Kin they talk or can't they?"

The discussion of old Maje's snake-bite experience was conducted with much asperity, while the boys absorbed the water-melons, now lusciously chill, and Alexander, tired of nothin' but instinc'. Some o' you fellers tell me what makes a dog put all four feet clost together an' turn round three times 'fore he lays down. D'you ever see a cat do that-a-way? Maybe you did, but I say you didn't, cuz cats don't do it."

Evidently regarding the argument as too strenuous for the occasion, Johnny Simmons created a diversion. "Where's that blame pup?" he asked.

As if in response to the inquiry, Alexander spoke for himself. "Woof!" he said; "woof-woof!" Evidently he was far off, for the sound came faintly.

"I hear him," said Billy Day. "Maybe he's got somethin'; le's see!"

"Maybe," admitted Fatty, "an' maybe not. Y' never kin tell. Sometimes he gnaws holes in a brush pile till you'd think they wuz a fambly meetin' o' swamp rabbits bein' held there 'n' nothin' comes out; then again he'll let you kick a rabbit up between his paws an' not say nothin' till he's got a safe head start, 'n' then he takes out after him hollerin' bloody murder every jump."

"'Tain't goin' to cost nothin' to see, though," said Johnny Simmons; "come on, fellers, le's take a chanst."

The crowd arose and traced the sound of Alexander's frantic yelps. There he was, dancing before a brush pile, attacking it furi-

TETHERED THE FRISKING PUP TO A BUTTON FAR IN THE REAR.

bombardment with melon seed, wandered away into the woods. Fatty Peters maintained the negative with wise logic between vast mouthfuls of sweet pulp.

"How'd the first dog find out mud'd cure?" he demanded. "He didn't have no time to git advice. Somethin' had to be done an' done durn quick. I tell you 'twasn't

ously with his teeth, now and then pulling the brush aside from an aperture that led into the depths, and growling with deep rumblings between barks.

"I bet you he *is* got somethin'," said Billy Day. "Look at 'im. Sic, puppy; git 'im, boy!"

Alexander, enheartened, redoubled his ef-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

forts and his growls. Poking his lean head into the hole, he pushed and squirmed, humping his back up and shoving frantically with his hind legs, while with teeth and fore paws he strove to enlarge the opening. Gradually

guished beyond the power of any sound to tell.

"That's him," gasped Fatty at a distance. "Oh, no, he ain't no fool. Oh, no, he don't hunt trouble any. Will he know a polecat

SHE GRASPED THE BROOM AND SAID, "SCAT YOU!" ALEXANDER SCATTED.

he went in, while the boys, drawing encouragement from his evident sincerity, poked into the brush pile and jumped on it, cheering him on, the while, with frenzied whoops. Burrowing desperately, the pup bored in and disappeared from view, save for a tail that quivered with excitement; and from the depths came fierce snarling and relentless growls.

"Whoopee! Sic 'im, boy! Sic 'im, pup!" yelled Fatty, becoming excited. "Say, fellers, honest, he might 'a' holed a mink."

The wild chorus encouraging the pup to "sic 'im" rose noisily, the growls became more fierce, and then, in the unseen depths, there was an earthquake followed by a wail of utterly heart-broken misery and despair. Uncertain as to the exact nature of the quarry, the boys withdrew as the agonized yelps sounded louder and yet more loud, and then the pup burst from the brush pile, tail first, enveloped in an atmosphere that language is inadequate to picture or describe.

"Gee, fellers," said Fatty, "it's a polecat! Y' better run, cuz if it gits on you it ain't never goin' to come off."

The crowd needed no further invitation to withdraw, while Alexander, blinded, wallowed in the dust, howling as if his heart would break, rubbing his nose, his eyes, annex' time, will he? Some o' you fellers hurry up an' tell me, will he, hey?"

There was no answer to this frantic appeal for information; they were all too full to laugh. But Alexander, by dint of much rubbing, had got one eye into condition to locate his companions, and with a deep yearning for comfort, he made for Fatty, howling as he came.

"G'way," yelled Fatty: "g'way, blame you!"

Alexander still came on, and Fatty, stopping swiftly, caught up a club and landed it with deadly aim upon his heaving ribs, still shrieking frantically, "G'way, g'home!"

Staggered, the pup saw Johnny Simmons and made for him. A well-aimed missile tangled his legs and brought him to the ground, where he pawed wildly and raised a whoop of anguish greater than before. Then he saw Whitey Wilkins, and set sail for him. Whitey fled, accompanied by much advice.

"Run, Whitey, run," howled Fatty. "Don't let him git any on you. Run! Run!"

"Git a club an' belt 'im," screamed Johnny, while Billy Day, believing firmly that his turn would come next, wrapped his stubby legs around a sapling and shinned up, rubbing his watermelon-laden stomach woefully indeed. In desperation Whitey, fleeing, seized a club, and belted Alexander once again.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With his last hope gone, the last thump still hurting his suffering ribs, the dreadful smell still in his nose, the dreadful smart still burning in his eyes, Alexander stopped, cast a wild look around him, pointed his nose skyward, delivered one parting wail of despair, and set off homeward, his tail frozen to his stomach, each frantic jump punctuated with a frantic howl. There was a riot of smell in the woods. There was a riot of howling that faded away swiftly, and then the boys lay down and rolled and yelled in an ecstasy, which was interrupted by Billy Day's falling out of his sapling in the effort to climb down. Finding that he wasn't hurt appreciably, the crowd slid back into convulsions of enjoyment until Billy, sobered by his tumble, holding his stomach affectionately, said: "Gee, fellers, we better git; maybe it'll stick to our clothes!"

Too much overcome to arise alone, Fatty was assisted into an upright position, and then the crowd departed with Billy still embracing his injured stomach, which, he asserted, was more painful when it joggled. Now and then a wild laugh swelled up and set a hysterical example that was contagious, and at length Fatty, gasping, managed to speak.

"Oh, no!" he said. "He ain't no fool, is he? D'you see him waller an' waller an' scratch an' root, tryin' to wipe off the smell?"

Peals of laughter greeted the words. The woods rang as the noisy troop set off homeward under the low-swung, western sun, which threw slanting, stripy shadows through the trees.

Alexander went homeward as the crow flies, went home to Macedon, because he knew no other place to go. He had no time to pick paths, he had no wish to loiter, he had no definite purpose. All he desired was to forget, to forget himself, to forget everything, to be annihilated, blotted out. Accompanied by a tumult of howlings, enveloped in a halo of vivid smell, he tore wildly on, his voice merely suggesting the misery that he tried to express. His vocabulary was too limited by far, but striving nobly, he did his very best to tell the world the horror that was curdling his soul, and as he swept out into the big road, he added to his accompaniments a cloud of dust that almost hid him as he flew. Past Whitey Wilkins's, stirring up Nip, the Wilkins' Irish terrier, into wild but hopeless chase, he sped. Chickens flew squawking away before him, and if dogs do communicate orally, then the entire canine population of Macedon knew that some vastness of grief, some unspeakable woe unknown to all previous experience, had overtaken one of them, as Alexander, shrieking, haled by the seven devils of despair, went home.

Mr. Peters, in the barnyard, heard him coming, and turned in time to see him flash like a thunderbolt into the kitchen. There was a crash of crockery as he dived under the table, and Mrs. Peters, hardly recognizing the pup, lifted both floury hands appealingly, and ejaculated:

"For the lan's sake!"

Then nerved to act, and act quickly, by the atmosphere that Alexander had brought with him, she grasped the broom and said, "Scat, you!" accompanying the exclamation with a hearty thump.

Alexander scatted. Out from the door he flashed like an arrow flitting from the bow of Robin Hood. Mr. Peters, stooping quickly, seized a chunk of stove wood, and as Alexander flew toward the spot that was sanctuary in his time of deepest trouble, heaved it at him and missed him by the fraction of an inch. As a flat stone drops edgeways into a still pool, Alexander dived head first into a hole under the barn.

"Jeemses rivers," exclaimed Mr. Peters, "what next? Blamed if I ever did see such a fool in all my life."

A smile spread over his face, widened into a great grin, and as a mournful wail came out from underneath the barn, he doubled up and laughed. Mrs. Peters came to the kitchen door. "Father," she said, "ain't you ashamed of yourself, acting that way? You cut up like a big boy."

Mr. Peters raised an appealing hand. "Don't, Elvira," he said imploringly, "don't scold me. It's so durn funny, his tryin' to run away from hisself." Another snuffling wail came from under the barn, and a lean nose appeared seeking fresh air.

"Jeemses rivers," said Mr. Peters, "that pup certainly is loaded down with the troubles that he's discovered. Look at 'im, Elvira; ain't he full o' grief!" Then the humor of it struck Mrs. Peters, and she sat down on the kitchen steps, and laughed until the tears streamed down her cheeks.

Fatty got home hungry, with a faint suggestion of the smell that Alexander had brought, clinging to his clothes. Stopping on the back porch long enough to dab his nose and cheeks with water, he added a polish from the roller towel and emptied the wash-basin upon the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

family cat, which departed, shaking its paws in absolute disgust.

"Hello, mom!" he said. "Gee, I ain't nothin' but hungry; I c'd eat a keg o' nails."

"I expect you could," said Mrs. Peters, smiling. "I expect you could. Have you washed?" With one hand she elevated his chin. "Your face is clean," she said, seeing traces of his recent ablutions.

"Yep," said Fatty. "Mom, we just had the dandiest time huntin'." Then he sniffed suspiciously. "Kind o' seems to me I smell somethin'!"

"I guess you do," said his mother. "What in the world you boys'll do to Sandy next is beyond me."

"We never done nothin' to him, mom," said Fatty, in earnest negation. "He didn't even stay with us long."

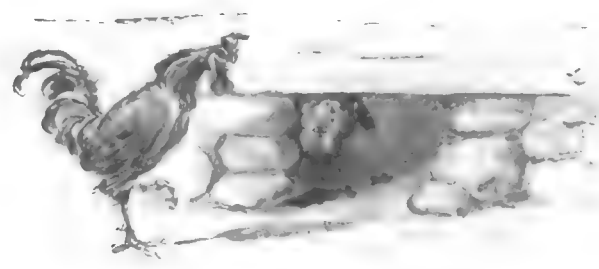
Mr. Peters appeared in time to catch the last remark. "No," he said, "no. Of course he didn't. Jeemses rivers, I c'd hear him comin' half a mile!"

Fatty laughed. "Say, pop," he said, "seems to me that pup must have some greyhound in him, cuz the last we seen o' him was a yeller streak. He wuzn't a-runnin'; he wuz a-flyin'. Gee, but he was a-burnin' up the dust."

Mrs. Peters smiled indulgently. "Come on," she said; "supper's ready. Sit down while everything's nice."

Everything was nice. Great heaps of bread, thickly spread, faded away before Fatty's onslaught. The unskimmed milk, cool from the spring house, was rich and satisfying, and hot gingerbread and peach preserves brought on the peace that comes when healthy, boyish hunger is appeased. Fatty was happy. His eyes drooped. Sleep stole upon him until, at length, he arose and departed, staggering, to bed; soon silence settled down on Macedon and everything was peace.

Under the barn, wide-eyed and sleepless, Alexander moaned. Perched high, the guineas smelt him and clucked little notes of fluttering alarm. The moon came up, shedding a mellow light, and stilling the cicadas' drone. A stripy yellow moonbeam wandered into Fatty's room and rested on his face. He turned himself, flung one bare arm above his head, still wrapped in dreams, and took a happy, deep-drawn breath that ended in a sigh of great content. His long, dark lashes swept his round, tanned cheek, and his lips, smile-wreathed, expressed that beatitude of rest known only to happy, tired, and healthy boys. In the thrall of primal instinct, under the barn, the pup arose, turned thrice around, and settled down again, and then he, Alexander, worn out, himself found sleep and followed Fatty into the land of dreamless peace.



THE SPOT THAT WAS SANCTUARY IN HIS TIME OF DEEPEST TROUBLE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Saving Sense

By JOHNSON MORTON

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

AN aggressive taste for responsibility, one of Laura Barnard's salient characteristics, had entailed upon her a career of activity and, from the point of view of her world at large, of unselfishness.

"She's really had no life of her own." "She immolates herself on the family altar." "It's beautiful, of course, but isn't it rather foolish?" "Oh, these penalties of devotion!"

Her acquaintances, in varying degrees of imagination, were fond of observations of this sort. It was only the superfine comprehension of an intimate or two that was able to put a finger on the fact that the success attending her well-directed efforts in the field of family service brought an amply compensating glow to the heart of Miss Barnard herself. Not that she ever touched complacency; a sense of humor, unwonted yokemate to her dominant quality, held her back from that pitfall of the serious, and had, no doubt, been largely instrumental in allowing her at thirty-five the possession of a scarcely impaired youth.

The youngest of a large and prosperous family, whose other members shared dispositions and tastes singularly alike and as pointedly variant from her own, she had, after the deaths of her parents and the matrimonial flittings of her brother and sisters, become, by the division of the estate, possessor of an income adequate for need and desire, and mistress of the great family house in the suburbs. Here, always to her satisfaction and often to her amusement, she found herself in the position, as she described it, of "Adviser Extraordinary to Hesitating Barnards." To her came, from time to time, at moments of doubt, various members of the family, pilgrims in quest of sympathy, attention, and counsel, which they received in ample measure. As the years went on she became, so to speak, an attending as well as consulting physician of the soul, and when her guiding presence was required at a scene of action, she cheerfully hurried thither. In a single season she had snatched a brother-in-law from the jaws of nervous prostration, guided a widowed sister's rudderless bark into the harbor of a second marriage, and consigned to the safe limbo of an obscure clerkship an incompetent nephew who dreamed wild dreams of an operatic career.

So on the very day of her return from this last campaign, when she was trying not to lose her high spirits in the sordid task of oiling the creaking machinery of her neglected household, she was in no wise surprised at the sudden descent of her eldest brother bent on the usual mission.

John Barnard was, perhaps, the most detached member of the family. His wife, dead for many years, had been a person of firmer fiber than most of the Barnard mates, and had completely dominated her husband. A quiet, scholarly man, he lived, in accordance with her last wishes, in picturesque and retired idleness on a large estate on the Hudson that she had bequeathed to him, varying his existence by occasional winters in Europe and the East; his constant companion his only child, Emily. And it was in regard to this daughter that he had come to seek his sister's advice.

That warm June afternoon he sat on the veranda in a straight-backed chair, holding a teacup in his slender, wrinkled hand. Opposite him, Laura, inwardly digesting the purport of his visit, partially explained at the luncheon-table, was piecing out her knowledge by rapid and direct questions fired from behind the rampart of her silver urn.

"And who *is* this Wallace Blair?"

Mr. Barnard put down his cup to touch his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

twisted white mustache with his napkin, before he answered.

"My dear Laura, I really don't know! At least," he went on, "he comes of no family that I seem to have heard of. We met him in Florence last winter at the house of an English lady, a most agreeable woman, but sometimes, I regret to say, none too abstemious in the matter of friends. Emmy seemed to take a fancy to him at once. He is not bad looking, I must confess, in a certain rather ordinary way, and he has a characteristic Western—*candor*, I may describe it, that is attractive to some minds."

"Does he seem to care for Emmy?"

John Barnard coughed and hesitated.

"Yes and no, Laura; but I'm free to say that I have not regarded his attitude with much scrutiny; I have been altogether taken up with the deplorable fact that Emmy seems to care, very pointedly, for him."

"How about Georgy Trowbridge, John? I've always supposed that Emmy'd marry that child when he grew up!"

"That was just a boy-and-girl affair, I'm afraid, my dear, though George is twenty-three; just a passing fancy. He's at the house as usual; but, come to think of it, in no very good spirits. Emmy pays but the slightest attention to him. This Blair absorbs her utterly!"

Laura smiled. "Well, tell me just what you want *me* to do."

Her brother turned to her sharply.

"Do?" he asked. "Why, I want you to stop it! Matters have come to a pretty pass when a daughter of mine, delicately reared, carefully educated, is ready to throw herself at the head of an aggressive, self-assertive, wild Western bore of a man, who contradicts me at every turn, and doesn't let any one hold an opinion but himself; a great, common, middle-aged——"

"Oh, he's middle-aged, is he?" Laura's laugh broke in. "I'm afraid that complicates our situation somewhat. But it's not hopeless," she added decisively, as she came toward her brother and put a protecting hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry, at any rate. I'll go back with you and do the best I can. I'm afraid that Emmy sees too few men; leads too quiet a life. We must change all that and make things a little livelier for her. I can imagine what the trouble is; I know young girls!"

Mr. Barnard was looking at her curiously.

"But you don't know Emmy, Laura! You've seen her only three or four times in her life, and really not since she was a child. She's different from what you imagine."

But Laura had interrupted the sentence again with a favorite expression.

"Nonsense," she cried gaily; "you're all alike! I've had enough experience in this family to know. From what you've told me at luncheon, and from what I've been able to extract from you this afternoon, I can evolve a more or less clear idea. I'll help you, Johnny; you did right to come to me!" She spoke with decision. "Yes; I'll go back with you to-morrow. It's lucky that my trunks aren't all unpacked yet!"

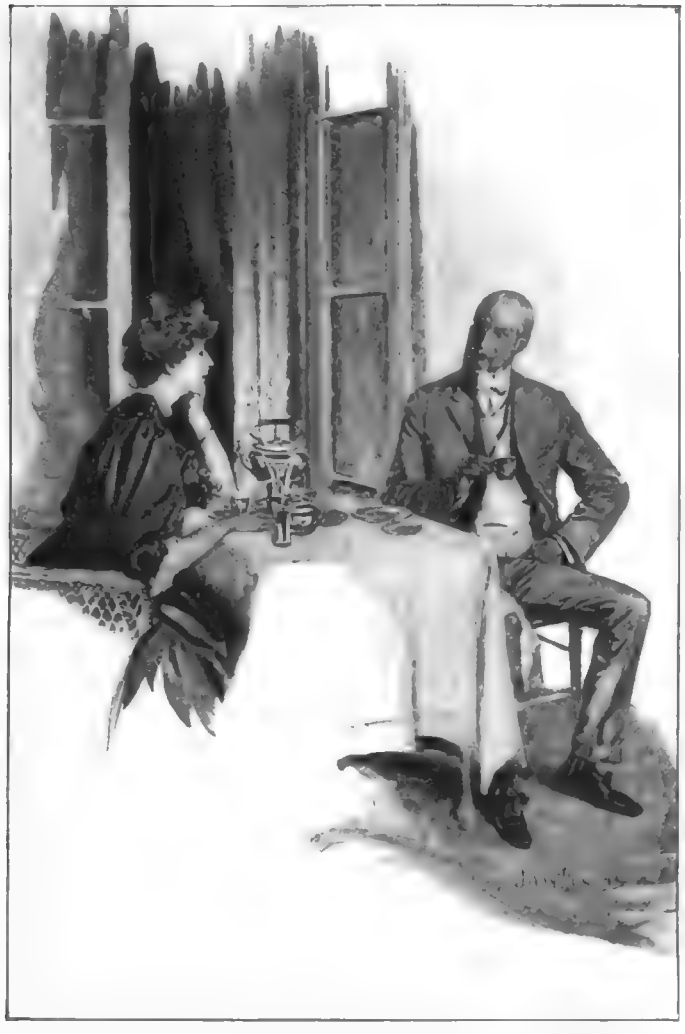
It was not until they were driving along the curving miles of hillside that rolled above the great river to "Stonecrest," and Mr. Barnard had leaned over the front seat to ply his coachman with questions as to the events of his absence, that Laura found a first chance and inclination for that arrangement of forces which an approach to a new scene and a new opportunity makes essential even to the most innocent of us. This time the process was simple and readily concluded. The situation held no complexity; it demanded no finesse. It concerned just a little girl, a sweet, undeveloped child, lovesick at the most. There would be need of a word here, a touch there; some control which she stood ready to give; advice, probably; a compensating pleasure or two, perhaps, and the thing was done! As for the man, there was no need to think of him at all. She proposed to work along the line of least resistance. Her imagination exhausted the present comfortably and then left it to soar vaguely onward into a future golden with opportunity. Just then the carriage turned in at the driveway, and through the trees Laura caught sight of a lad in white flannels hurrying across the lawn. Even at that distance his gait betokened irritation. At the sound of wheels he looked up, without stopping, and lifted his hat solemnly. The sight of his yellow head brought a quick recognition to Laura. She touched her brother's arm.

"Why, John!" she cried, "that was Georgy Trowbridge! Why on earth didn't he come to speak to me?"

Mr. Barnard rested his eyes for an apprehensive instant on the coachman's gray back.

"Yes, that was George," he admitted.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



PIECING OUT HER KNOWLEDGE BY QUESTIONS FIRED FROM BEHIND HER SILVER URN.

"I dare say he didn't make out who you were." Then he turned his eyes on his sister, and they twinkled with meaning as he added, in a lower voice:

"His mood, my dear Laura, would seem to signify that Emmy is not alone!"

Mr. Barnard was right. Emmy herself had come down the steps to meet them, a slender, dignified girl with a manner that her aunt, watching her narrowly, found unaccountably familiar. At her side stood a tall man with laughing eyes, and Laura knew that it was Wallace Blair's firm hand that she took as she sprang from the carriage.

"Ah!" she thought with a quick sense of elation, "we have all the characters on the stage at the going up of the curtain!" Then, as her foot touched the ground, she felt that she stepped at once into her own self-chosen rôle of leading lady.

II

Emmy insisted on taking her to her room and, with an arm affectionately at her waist, laughed off her protestations. "*Nonsense!*" she cried, and Laura turned suddenly at the word. "Of *course* you're tired. Such a long journey with poor dear papa talking all the way!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She closed the door behind them and began again.

"This is the window that you'd better keep open at night; and do be careful that the screen is down; we are devoured by mosquitoes! That closet by the fireplace will be the best for your gowns, and I'll send a maid to unpack for you, as soon as your trunks come. We dine at eight; there'll be a dozen people or so. To-morrow we go off into the country for an all-day jaunt. You ride, I hope? Afterward there's a dinner in the neighborhood that I trust won't bore you. I had to accept for you. On Thursday some more people are coming and I'm planning a sort of fancy-dress party for the end of the week, on Mr. Blair's last night, perhaps. I think I can fit you with a costume." She

"I SUPPOSE YOU MEN ARE USED TO BEING HEROES IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

looked at Laura, in a sort of whimsical criticism, for a moment.

"Yes, I'm sure I can! Do you know, I think you're a *dear;* and there's something about you that makes me feel that I've known you all my life!"

Laura was not proof against the touch of the girl's soft cheek on her own. She kissed her and smiled as she answered:

"It's blood that tells, I suppose, and curiously enough, Emmy dear, I've quite the same feeling about you." Then, as she took off her hat at the mirror, while the other watched her from the window-seat, she said casually:

"By the way, tell me about Mr. Blair."

The girl's look seemed to darken, and for an instant she hesitated, but she answered easily enough:

"Why, there's nothing to tell, Aunt Laura. He's a great friend of mine that we met a year ago in Europe."

Then, with a touch of roguery, she ran to her and put a hand on her shoulder.

"You are asking about him because he made an impression on you! He always does on a certain kind of person." She laughed gaily. "Perhaps it's well he did, for he liked you awfully."

"Liked me!" Laura turned to put down her hat. "What nonsense! How can you tell? He's hardly spoken to me!"

"Oh, I know by a certain look in his eyes!"

This time it was Laura who laughed; the same rippling notes of merriment that the other had used. She shrugged her shoulders.

"How long does it take to know his eyes?" she flashed back.

Emmy made no reply. She was looking at her aunt with a sudden intentness and chose rather to send a question of her own.

"It's the strangest thing, Aunt Laura; but did you notice how very much your laugh sounded like mine?"

Fortunate it was for Laura's mental composure that Wallace Blair did not appear at dinner, for Emmy herself proved quite enough to absorb all the thought and attention that the elder woman could detach from the demands of the occasion. As she watched the girl sitting at the head of her table, self-poised, alert, radiant, she recalled, one by one, the details of the picture that she had drawn so carefully only a few hours before; a mistake in every line!

At the door of the drawing-room the shadowy, half-comprehended, vaguely familiar impressions of Emmy crystallized all at once into tangible form. The men stood lingering for a moment, as Mr. Barnard, with a fussy finger on the shoulder of each, suggested the smoking-room. Suddenly Emmy's voice rose with its brusque young authority.

"*Nonsense*, papa dear!" She turned to the rest. "You shan't be banished. I'm sure nobody will mind and I think it will be great fun if you stay and smoke here."

"Why, my child," protested her father, "that will never do! What will Aunt Laura think us? Barbarians, no doubt!" But Emmy smiled and had her way; already the cigars had been brought in and Laura, nodding a far-away assent, was back in the past with a recollection of her own: a similar scene, a similar result, only it was a younger Laura who had spoken, and another father who had been shocked.

She chose not to face her revelation till late that night. Then, ready for bed, she leaned her elbows on the dressing-table and, staring into the mirror, laughed aloud!

"Was there ever a droller situation?" she thought. "I bargained for a comedy of manners, at the very least, and now I believe that I have a farce on my hands!"

She stepped aside, mentally, to regard herself. The picture that she saw was as clear as the physical reflection smiling at her from the glass. She straightened her lips to seriousness.

"You idiot," she cried, "you delicious idiot; you've always had your own way, you may as well confess it, but now there's a chance that you've met your match! That little girl, with a will of her own, undoubtedly has a way of her own, too!"

She caught sight in the mirror of the reflection of her deepening frown. It fled away at the return of her smile. Yet, in the instant, even that had recalled its counterpart: a hint of a line on Emmy's smooth young forehead!

"The likeness is really uncanny!" she cried. "It's stronger than a resemblance; it's almost identity. Laura Barnard, I believe you've got to recognize the fact that your niece is just a younger *you!* Was ever a woman forced before to look straight into the face of her own girlhood?" She drew in her breath sharply and shook her head. "Did I call this a *farce?* I'm not sure that it may not turn out a tragedy, for I shiver, though I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

laugh. Well, I'm not here to do either of these things; I'll face the situation frankly. I've come to help John as I promised, and to keep that precious child from making a goose of herself. I can do it, too. Of course, she has no chance with me."

Laura sat long in the silence of her mood, and as she turned out the lights, she found that, like a good general, she had marshaled well her forces against the other's. Knowledge faced Ignorance; Wisdom squared itself in front of Inexperience; Fact opposed Fancy. Her battle-line seemed so invincible that she went to bed in a state of tired satisfaction.

But with the darkness came, instead of sleep, a deeper contemplation, and, as she lay wide awake far into the night, she was acutely conscious that her mind had somehow left the consideration of Emmy far behind and, instead, was busy with thoughts of Wallace Blair.

III

Wallace Blair himself was the first person that Laura saw in the morning. She had wakened early as was her energetic habit, dressed quickly, and gone out-of-doors, her destination the garden behind its vine-hung walls that she had noticed the day before. But once on the veranda as she lifted her eyes to the broad panorama of the valley, she had stopped breathlessly. Lawns of silken green, now elm-shaded, now vivid in the sunlight, rolled to the very brink of the dipping bank below which lay the river, giving back the sky in deeper blue. Beyond the farther shore rose hills with many a hamlet sparkling on their slopes, and over them stood dusky forms of guarding mountains, their heads hidden among the fleecy morning clouds. So absorbed was Laura that she did not hear the sound of hoofs on the driveway, and she turned suddenly as Blair reined in his horse at the steps.

"Good morning, Miss Barnard," he called to her gaily. Then he sprang from his saddle, very lightly, it seemed to Laura, as she watched him, for so heavy a man. As he came up the steps he took off his hat. His thick hair, touched with gray, lay in damp curls on his forehead, and his eyes swept over her boldly and admiringly from head to foot. Laura was acutely conscious of this, and she warmed to a satisfaction that her morning-gown was becoming in the very instant that she deplored the color that sought her cheek. Meanwhile her hand tingled from the vigor of his clasp.

"If only I'd known that you and I had the same good habit, Miss Barnard," he went on, "I shouldn't have taken my morning ride alone!" His air of proprietorship at once amused and annoyed Laura. She struggled against it.

"I'm not so sure of that, Mr. Blair," she smiled. "Virtues, if you call getting up early one of them, can't always be counted on, you know. I'm a rather sporadic sort of person, I'm afraid, especially when I find I'm expected to live up to a reputation."

Blair looked at her quizzically for an instant. Then he laughed and shook his head as if to dismiss the subject altogether.

"I see you're inclined to make game of me," he said, "so let's talk of something else. Are you disposed, by the way, to give me a cup of coffee? Don't hesitate"—he looked at her whimsically; "I'm not very used to people who weigh their words. But I'll give you a chance to think it over; so please wait a moment until I take Conrad to the stable." He sprang easily to his horse's back and was gone.

When he returned, he found that Laura had placed herself at a small round table drawn into the shadow of the vines. She pointed to a chair opposite her own.

"I have decided that you are to sit there"—she spoke with much graciousness—"and very soon you shall have some strawberries, three dropped eggs, and much toast. I have taken Mary into my confidence; she knows your tastes, I find. Meanwhile, to put you at your ease, I am inclined to be generous and confess to sharing one good habit with you. I mean that of *not* breakfasting in bed, like some others who shall be nameless." An instant later she wished that she had not spoken, for as Blair turned to take the dish of strawberries from Mary's tray, he laughed again. His eyes flashed wilfully.

"That's more like it, Miss Barnard," he cried. "Now, I really believe that you would have gone riding with me if I had asked you!"

"Odious, ill-bred person!" thought Laura, and she even refused the strawberries that he offered her, though he put some on her plate despite her protest, and she ate them later. "I shall not sit here a jot longer than is necessary." But after breakfast, Blair lifted the little table bodily, and carried it, dishes and all, into the house. Then, after he had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

arranged cushions about her with uncommon deftness, he drew her chair into the breeze and, lying at length in another, proceeded to light a cigar and to talk. An hour later, interested despite her contrary intention, Laura found herself in possession of most of the facts of his varied life: a motherless, neglected childhood, an errant youth spent on the Western plains; then the hot, adventurous mining days that had brought him fortune. His candor, always contagious, was at once appalling and delightful.

"Here am I"—suddenly he sat bolt upright and his eyes looked straight into Laura's—"forty-three years old. I weigh a hundred and ninety-five pounds. I'm as hard as nails. There isn't anything that I haven't done that a half-way decent chap may do, and yet I've come through it all as sound as a nut. I don't believe that I've even lost what you Easterners call your 'ideals.' I've got back of me one of the biggest mining properties in the country. Honestly, Miss Barnard, I can't tell you what I'm worth; it's such a lot that I don't know and I don't much care. I have a pretty fair time in my way. I've picked up a good deal of what may pass for knowledge as I've knocked about the world, and, though you wouldn't think it, I'm no end of a reader. But there are things I've never had that I can't seem to get. Somehow I've missed my chance of growing up with the kind of men that I like to be with now; you can never be taken in among them unless, as you may say, you're 'caught young'! Why, that brother of yours, for instance, Miss Barnard, regards me as quite uncivilized. Funny, too, for I can see *his* good points, fast enough! By Jove, it makes me hot to think I can't have this thing—intangible as it may be—and when I see that yellow-haired cub that they call Georgy Trowbridge throwing away like peanut shells the chances that I'd give good years out of my life to have had a show at, why, I could shake him in my teeth, ungrateful little rat that he is!"

So Emmy found them deep in converse as she came through the door. She had a basket on her arm and shears in her gloved hand. She peered at them from under a wide-brimmed shade hat, and Laura fancied that she could detect a little surprise in the glance. Blair sprang to his feet.

"Why, how the morning has gone! Here's the little gardener already." He fumbled in his pocket as he met her. "I've a note for you somewhere," he said, "from my hostess. The Winstons came so late last night that they thought they'd be too tired to go with us to-day, so she begs that you will count her and Rivers out as well. That reduces us to four, doesn't it?" Then straightway he took possession of the girl's basket and slipped it over his arm.

"You'll have to excuse me, now, Miss Barnard!" he cried. "I always hold this thing for Miss Emmy when she cuts flowers. I wouldn't miss doing it for worlds. It's one of my proud prerogatives."

His voice, boyishly happy, brought such an accession of meaning to his words that Laura looked up to see Emmy's color deepen, and her hand cling for an instant to the sleeve of Blair's coat as he stood there. The girl may have felt, perhaps, a hint of the other's scrutiny, for she came forward quickly and kissed her.

"Good morning, Aunt Laura; I hope that you slept well." Then she caught playfully at her hand as if to draw her from her chair.

"Come with us," she begged; "it's quite worth while to see Mr. Blair reverse the usual process and make work of play!"

Laura, however, declined and, instead, passed a long hour with her brother who, in white ducks and under a green-lined umbrella, escorted her on a tour of the grounds. His ostensible purpose, the discussion of some new methods of tree-planting, could not, however, conceal his eagerness to learn her impression of what he referred to as the "situation." Laura, I am afraid, proved an unsatisfactory companion. She was preoccupied and silent. Indeed, her brother, emboldened by the non-committal nature of her answers, was even inclined to accuse her of a change of base.

"Really, Laura, if I didn't know you better, I could believe that you'd fallen under the spell of that fellow yourself, as well as Emmy!" Then he looked at her quizzically. "Do you know," he added, "that you and she are uncommonly alike? Don't you notice it? I feel it all the more strongly now that I see you together."

To Laura, this putting into words the impression that had for hours engrossed her own thoughts brought a sudden realization of a psychological probability. Was it not altogether *natural* that she should like Wallace Blair, like him almost in spite of herself, since his attraction for Emmy was so marked, and she and Emmy were so palpably of the same type? Carried a step further the deduction halted abruptly at a conclusion that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

left her breathless and with beating heart. Granted the premises, would it not then be equally natural that she herself, being what she was, should produce some effect on Wallace Blair? Instinctively she recognized that this might be true, and for one absorbed moment she yielded herself unreservedly to the conviction, and was *glad!* Yet, against any manifestation of this feeling she brought to bear all the forces of her training and experience. Indeed, during the long miles on horseback to the distant Country Club where they went for luncheon, she contrived that George Trowbridge should ride constantly beside her; but her pleasure did not consist in any attention to the boy's ingenuous praises of Emmy's beauty and Emmy's charms. These passed her by as she strained her eyes, at each turn of the way, for a sight of a straight, broad-backed figure that rode in front, and held his horse close by Emmy's side.

She longed to know just what he was saying, to hear the tones of his voice, to see again those clear gray eyes of his under their dark brows as they had looked into hers when he spoke of himself. In spite of his success, he was not altogether happy. He had told her so. He had not got just what he wanted. Would *Emmy* satisfy him, she wondered!

IV

As the night of the costume party drew near, Laura was conscious that she awaited it with a sort of superstitious impatience as destined to bring an end, if not a solution, of the condition of excitement and uncertainty that had seemed for days to hang about every member of the household. She acknowledged openly to herself that her interest in Wallace Blair, whetted by her self-imposed restraint, had grown steadily. She was equally sure that his interest in her had strengthened under the same stimulus. She recognized it in a hundred ways; from the fact, for instance, that he sought her presence constantly in a new and unwonted humility, so out of character that it charmed her by its novelty all the more because she did not believe, nor want to believe, in it. She was pleased, too, by his attempts, as she grew more difficult, to follow the windings of her feminine moods with that direct, unbending, masculine mind of his. As for Emmy, her manner toward her aunt had hardened perceptibly. Unskilled in finesse—more so than Laura had supposed—she was even inclined to push her show of disapproval to a degree that, had it not been pitiful, would have proved amusing to the older woman; and toward Blair she had developed an attitude in which reproach and indifference mingled fitfully. George Trowbridge's behavior was perhaps the most trying of all, because, based on little reality, as Laura had now come to feel sure, it was loudly complacent. How the young cockerel exulted over Blair in glance and movement; how he crowed whenever Emmy happened to turn even so much as a hand in his direction! Indeed, Mr. Barnard himself was the only one whose mind and conduct seemed normal. He had accepted the atmosphere of unrest about him, which it seemed to Laura must affect even the most transitory guest of the week, as a necessary element in the eliminating process for which he had called upon his sister. He was disposed to waylay her in corners and to compliment her, with a sly playfulness, on her success.

"Yes, yes, you're coming out all right," he had said. "I can see that Emmy's getting tired of the man already. She scarcely spoke to him this afternoon." Then, with a chuckle of delight, "You kept him with you, clever woman! Do you know, I didn't think you had that sort of thing in you! I rather like it, too. Well, he's going off in the morning and let us hope he won't come back." But Laura's answering smile seemed rather weary, as her brother left her at her door. It was the night of the party and they had come up-stairs together to get ready for dinner.

In the intervals of dressing, Laura's brain was busy. The very act of putting on the gown of shimmering brocade, heavy with lace, that had once been worn by Emmy's grandmother, gave fresh impression to the sensation that she was approaching the climax of a drama in which it was necessary to dress properly her part. This thought called back again all the whimsical fancies that had come to her on the night of her arrival. Now, as she reviewed them, she was amazed to find the change that had come upon herself; to realize that the necessity for achieving her own happiness had absorbed every other consideration. Then, without warning, her mind seized the truth, and she recognized suddenly, clearly, irrevocably, and for the first time without the complications of surrounding emotions, the nature of her feeling toward Wallace Blair. She knew that it was *love!*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The sun blazed where but a moment before had been darkness. Her heart glowed in the warmth of it, and its brightness lit up every corner of her soul. Her very body seemed to stir to a new pulse of life.

"Stretch forth your hand and take your own," counseled her heart. "It is your right, your woman's right." But into the silence of this paradise, where she lingered exultant with shining eyes, with flaming cheeks and breast that rose and fell as if to the rhythm of a song, broke at length the voice of reason. "You are a woman," it whispered, "and so you may give, but you must not take until what you want is offered you." Thus, through the triumphant symphony of her avowal rolled the first faint chord of reservation, and in her mind there formulated itself gradually an idea, which later on became a purpose. As she closed her door and stood there for a wavering instant, she reached a decision that, though it in no way bound her happiness, yet held it anchored, as it were, to earth. A certain primitive instinct awoke within her. She would say no more, plan no more, act no more. This was man's business; let the women take their chance in the choosing! She brushed aside as carelessly the thought of Emmy as of herself. They were women both of them, and they must await some sign from Wallace Blair; on what he should do hung the result. Yet she smiled confidently, as she passed down the stair, the gleaming silver of her robes trailing behind her.

The hall was empty. Through a half-drawn curtain she could see the servants busy with the dinner-table. She turned to the glass doors that opened on the western terrace.

Outside it was not quite dark, for a lingering sunset hung rosily through the twilight. Strings of Japanese lanterns, as yet unlighted, followed the line of the wall and crossed the spaces of the lawns beyond, from tree to tree. As she opened the door Laura stopped suddenly. At the corner of the terrace stood a figure in white. It was Emmy. The quaint fashion of the gown she wore and her powdered hair lent to the girl a curious look of maturity that seemed to the other, staring fixedly at her, to accentuate with startling distinctness their strange community of resemblance. Yet she recovered herself instantly, and came forward smiling and with outstretched hands. At Emmy's feet she bent low in an exaggerated courtesy. "Pray, madam, and how may your grandmother please you?" she laughed from the waves of her spreading skirts. Emmy turned; in the fading light, her glance evaded Laura's eyes; her smile fluttered but a moment.

"Really, Aunt Laura, you're very nice, indeed!" Her voice was cool and her air preoccupied. In her hand she held a long wax taper. She lighted it as she spoke.

"You see," she went on as if in answer to an unasked question, "they've been stupid enough to forget these lanterns that I wanted particularly to be seen through the windows while we are at dinner. Every one is busy, and there's only a moment before the people come. I thought I'd see to lighting them myself, but I don't believe I can reach them."

Laura gathered her skirts about her, and stepped to the low wall.

"Nonsense," she cried, "of course you can! I'll help you!" She seized a lantern and pulled it toward her. Emmy was already on the wall at her side.

"Touch each candle as I hold it out! There, like that! You'll find it much easier than taking down the whole string."

In this way the lantern was lighted; a second, then a third; but the fourth proved to be a trifle out of reach. Laura stood on tiptoe. At last she held it down, and Emmy's taper touched the candle. Suddenly the insecure fastening yielded to the strain. The flame of the shaken candle caught the paper sides and instantly the blazing lantern had fallen on Laura's skirts. Rivers of fire seemed to run over the lace. She jumped from the wall. Emmy sprang after her, red sparks glowing on her own gown. Laura's hands pushed her away. Neither of them spoke, but into the silence broke the sound of some one running. A loud call came from the lawn: a man's voice shouting hoarsely:

"Stand still, I tell you, stand still!"

Then a hurrying rush, a leap over the wall, and Wallace Blair, breathless, panting, was at Laura's side. He flung his coat about her, he tore at her smoldering skirts. She felt herself seized strongly, drawn close within his arms and held there. She yielded unhesitatingly, her face against his shoulder. His voice was at her ear.

"My darling, my darling!" The vibrant passion of his whisper thrilled her. "Thank God, I came in time!" His kisses covered her neck, her cheek; and at their touch her soul awoke to triumph. Joyously she turned to meet his lips with her own and, smiling, opened her eyes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Then, in the involuntary loosening of his grasp, in the hint of wide astonishment that she could not fail to catch in the gaze that bent upon her for an instant, and then left her abruptly to rest on the shadowy figure of the girl standing, with averted head, proudly aloof, by the wall beyond, Laura, with a sudden blinding pain, through which yet worked a whimsical sense of a prophecy fulfilled, realized the truth, cruel, inexorable, yet a *solution* as definite as any her fancy had imagined. Wallace Blair, who stood now abashed and undeceived, had acted indeed; but, in the tension of the moment of danger, their strange resemblance to each other heightened in the falling darkness by the gowns they wore, he had mistaken *her* for Emmy! She disregarded the touch that would restrain her like an apology, and detached herself quickly from Blair's arms. She laughed, as she busied herself with the shreds of blackened lace that hung to her skirts.

"Now I know how it feels to have my life saved!" She looked up at him archly. "Though I suppose you men are used to being heroes in one way or another. Well, I thank you!" She held out her hand. "Odd, isn't it, that there should be but the one phrase for everything? I couldn't say less if you had picked up my pocket handerchief! No, don't explain"—her seriousness flashed quickly through her banter as Blair started to speak—"because—oh, won't you see?—why, because you *can't!*" She touched his arm with a sort of tenderness, her impulse big with pity. Her eyes met his squarely and in the look was, perhaps, a clearer revelation than she knew, for the man's eyelids fell before it.

"Go, go," she whispered. "Don't stay with me another instant." She pushed him gently in the girl's direction. "Go to Emmy at once!" Then she turned and walked slowly to the house.

The closing of the door behind her had all the effect of the fall of a curtain. It was over now, this drama of her fancy; not farce, not comedy, not tragedy, but a mingling of all three, like life itself!

Within her own room her mood changed. She flushed warmly with a fresher, more vital remembrance. Wallace Blair's arms were again about her; his face touched hers; his words caressed at her ear. That moment had been her own; in balance with it everything else rose valueless. It could never be taken from her. Hers the infinite dream, though Emmy's the reality!

"I might have taken that as well," she mused like the woman she was, "but I am glad that I did not try!" Her stanch sense of justice asserted itself. "He will love her, he will be tender to her, yet he will rule her. She needs just that kind of a man. I wish that I—" Then she checked herself and smiled happily, as with the unfinished thought she became conscious of a curious appropriation of some part of Emmy's happiness, as if it belonged by right to her own lost youth.

Then, suddenly, she flung herself on her bed, in a passion of weeping; for the privilege of comprehension brings with it an inevitable penalty of pain, and to those whose smiles are readiest is given an especial heritage of tears.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Seamy Side of the Curtain

By ELMER B. HARRIS

THERE is a tradition among older actors that the tricks of the trade should not be revealed to the public. In violating this convention I have no desire to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. I would merely illuminate the life behind the scenes, which, from the front, swims in hazy romanticism and often suffers from being misunderstood. The world on the seamy side of the curtain is neither a better nor a worse world than the one on the picture side. The bond of humanity between the two is becoming stronger and stronger as time goes on, and all that strengthens it may be regarded as bringing the theatre into closer sympathy with the needs of the public that it entertains.

After the earthquake in San Francisco, when the theatres were all burned down or closed, I availed myself of Olga Nethersole's invitation to write her a play. In order that she might be able to offer suggestions as the writing progressed, she offered me a small part in her company. I accepted, and joined the Nethersole forces in Butte, a place known among mining men as a large body of ready money entirely surrounded by whisky. I was given no chance to enjoy the scenery, but was asked to "show up" for rehearsal at ten o'clock. The first act of "Sapho" had mushed together like a tray of caramels in hot weather. At the theatre a long serpent of women waited patiently, its head in the box-office. The company and "supers," in overcoats, boas, and muffs, were assembled on an empty stage, and the work of toning up began.

To an amateur of the gowns and glances of a first night, an empty stage is as forlorn as a last year's bird-nest. Scenery was mattressed against brick walls. In the auditorium a lone white-haired woman woke to music with a wand of turkey feathers the crystal pendants of a chandelier. Rainbow motes eddied in a single shaft of sunlight that penetrated the gloom and revealed the tarnished furnishings of a box with five gilt chairs. The musicians' easels yawned with upturned eyes, and a crew of ragged stage-hands grumbled at the inundation of "props."

Grumbled also, though not so audibly, the members of the cast, to whom the lines were stale and meaningless. A pale-faced, weary band were they, after their tour of twenty weeks. The winter day, the bleak

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

inhospitality of the barren stage with an act-drop bellying like a sail, made sufficiently difficult the simulation of the brilliant Parisian carnival with which the play opens. Lacking the customary hypodermic of foot-lights and applause, the work was stagy, inevitably so—and that's where the shoe pinched. The "extras" were stupid, necessitating an endless repetition of the same lines and "business," into which it was nevertheless incumbent upon the principals to put each time the maximum of feeling and fire, for this was no mere "word rehearsal." Her private car and trained chef saved Madame Nethersole the minor vicissitudes of travel, and she was, on the whole, merciful to her limping followers. I can see her now, in a smart drab velvet coat and two-cornered, mink-fur hat, a little Napoleon as she paced that dingy stage, her eyes ablaze, her clenched hand quivering like a lance, hurling orders into those fagged-out, stolid faces.

"Life, good people! More life! Put blood into it! The public won't pay two dollars to see this piece unless you make it real!"

I did not participate in the matinée, but watched it from the front, reporting for final instructions at 7.30. Madame's dressing-room, which was barely large enough to contain her wardrobe, had been extended by means of pieces of scenery. In this annex, at the foot of the mirror framed in red, blue, amber, and white lamps, to match the lighting of the various acts, were deployed her silver paint and powder service, manicure set, combs and brushes, and a jewel box emitting sparks of prismatic splendor. Over the mirror was a bit of brilliant embroidery from Mexico; beside it a tall vase of American Beauties. On a small side table were the remnants of a broiled squab chicken, a grapefruit salad, and some champagne in a silver goblet, for on matinée days Madame remains in the theatre from twelve till twelve and dines in her dressing-room between performances. At that moment she was in the hands of her hair-dresser. Her secretary-companion, a clear-headed, unemotional Englishwoman with a white Whistler lock like a plume in her black hair, was busy beside her. A folio of bills lay between them.

I have vivid memories of the discomforts of my own dressing-room in the basement. There were two freckled mirrors, two kinds of cold water, and trunks for chairs. The writing on the wall was not Biblical. Into this I was crowded with a lean youth who had religiously carried a bouquet of golf-sticks 26,000 miles—and used them once. As I entered he was sitting at the better of the two mirrors, rubbing cold-cream into his face with crusty persistence. His white gloves were tied on the steam-pipe to dry. I had met him before and he watched my self-abasement to a footman with merciful amiability. It was a moment for confidences and commiseration. The account he gave of the company, emphasizing the domesticity of the married folk and the naïveté of the juveniles, surprised and amused me, and prepared me for things that followed.

My costume fitted me like a strait-jacket. It was a blue livery trimmed with red, supplemented by white stockings peeled over shockingly thin calves abnormally sensitive to drafts—and breezy remarks—pumps, and powdered hair. A paper dickey concealed my negligee shirt, and the ready-made white tie was reminiscent of noonday wedding processions on the Champs-Élysées. Keeping the stockings up was a task the importance of which I recognized esthetically but which I had not then mastered technically. Unless I walked as if on eggs, they wrinkled. This mention of stockings is not frivolous. The actor who neglects his costume gets a note from the "Missus."

"Overture and beginners!" announced the call-boy.

I hurried on stage, but long before the curtain rose the state of my nerves was such that a chair or anything of that category looked like the Promised Land. To err was human, to sit down—divine! Accordingly I perched on a sofa under a palm the leaves of which budded from screw-eyes.

"Come off the rented furniture!" barked a little rat-terrier of a man dressed in a Chinese blouse and pigtail, as he padded by.

I obeyed grimly.

"Who's that?" I inquired of Mr. Golf-sticks.

"The tenth assistant stage-manager," replied Golf-sticks, grinning. "Thirty per. Why didn't you knock his block off?"

"Places, please!" commanded the Chinaman, returning from Madame's door on the run.

The overture ended in a burst of hysterics and the curtain rose on the carnival. Costumed and framed in scenery, the rehearsal was metamorphosed. The principals, bored in the morning, were now on the *qui vive*, while the "supers," who had shown consid-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

erable flippancy, as if acting were but a lark, now evinced a tendency to congeal. Among them the secretary-companion, arrayed in a Watteau costume and wig, just descended, as it were, from one of the tapestries, moved with stately stride, tuning her voice to the general hubbub and addressing them thus:

"Don't stand there like a cigar-sign! Dance! Make a noise like an actress! Wa-la-wa-la-wa-la-wa-la! Whoop-la! Oh, you goat! Look as though you enjoyed it!"

I circulated with my tray of pink cotton ice-cream and gilded wooden goblets, the damaged side of which I was instructed to keep "up stage." Next I carried on a papier-mâché brazier with incense for Madame's rendition of *Fanny's* incantation to love. That was the nearest I got to the footlights. For a detached moment I had ventured over the firing-line and was conscious of thousands of eyes. Between whiles I paraded in front of the supper-tables where artificial tarts, rubber fruit, and bottles from which even the ghost of champagne had departed, did duty as a repast.

At one exit Madame's brother, the managerial headlight of the American tour, met me in the wings, his overcoat on his arm, his eye-glasses careening toward me.

"My dear fellow, your distinction is marvelous. Whenever you 'go on,' the audience stops coughing. But"— and he lowered his whisper to a tragic bass—"pull up your stockings!"

Fanny, graceful as a Grecian goddess in her crown of Titian hair, clinging tunic, and sandaled, pink-tipped feet, was sitting by the wooden fountain using a sad, fixed smile on *Jean*, the "big country fellow," who had just recited:

> To breathe the breath of life into the marble
> Of thy body, O Sapho——

when, catching her stage-manager's eye, she said sternly, her back to the audience:

"Send that girl in blue off stage; her dress is too low!"

Suddenly, in the midst of shimmering confetti, pirouetting paper ribbons, dancing and song—darkness. The "set" melted away like sails in a storm. Leaning shadows in shirt-sleeves rolled the infamous staircase into position. The call-boy, an apron around his neck like a bib, stood ready. In the prompt-corner the Chinaman, minus pigtail, rang a bell.

"Aha," said the audience. "Now!" There was a rustle of expectancy.

At the sound of the bell the call-boy poked his head through the door. The lights were dim and he passed as the concierge. *Fanny*, who had been talking to her business manager and retouching her make-up while the change was made, handed the rabbit's-foot back to her maid, threw *Jean's* goat-skin about her, and entered.

"*Fanny Le Grand!*"

The concierge returned to bed. In reality he returned to the stage entrance, rolled a cigarette, and wanted to bet a week's salary that the "White Sox" could trim any picked nine in the United States. Some one said he was drunk.

Meanwhile, the "people in front" held their breath as *Jean* threw *Fanny* across his bosom and mounted the staircase—not to "*ce nid ouaté, capitonné, où les boiseries se cachaient sous des satins tendres*"—heavens, no!—but into the maze of "drops," "sand weights," and "borders" that form the overhead equipment of the stage. If any one smiled at this procedure, it was not on our side of the curtain, where the humor of the situation had long since expired on the altar of bread and butter. At the top of the staircase *Jean* replaced *Fanny* upon her feet and both hurried down, Madame to kiss her jeweled hands to the clapping assemblage and the leading man to step back and yield to her the cream of the applause.

I had no part in the second act and, since the orders tacked on the "call-board" strictly forbade the presence on stage of all not actively concerned in what was going forward there, I spent the interval in the basement among the waist-high wicker baskets into which the wardrobe mistress, wrinkled and silent, was already packing the costumes of act one. Knots of men and women loitered about, resting after the dance. Life was here again clothed in its right mind. All the erstwhile flush and beauty of the carnival were gone. The *joie de vivre*, donned perfunctorily with tights and vine leaves, was with them cast aside, and had given place to the petty platitudes of a half-blind, breadwinning existence.

Caoudal, whose statue of *Sapho*, for which *Fanny* was model, won him admission to the Academy, addressed *Dechelette*, who gave the carnival:

"I say, old chap, how are you fixed?"

"Oh, very agreeably. For supper I had a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

basin of soup, a cut of apple pie, and a mug of coffee—thirty-five cents."

"One and five," calculated *Caoudal* in English money. "Not bad, not bad." And he doctored his mustache with spirit-gum.

Through an open door I caught a glimpse of the gray-templed, bacchanalian cupid removing his crown of pink cloth roses to mop his brow on a grease rag the color of the Thames.

"My word," he was saying to the Chinaman, who had his face in the wash-bowl, "'arf salaries again 'Oly Week—an' two of my kiddies with birthdays in April!"

In the adjoining room Tina, the toe-dancer, the grapes still in her hair, was weeping silently on her sister's shoulder.

"What's wrong with the little danseuse?" I inquired of Golf-sticks.

"Oh, her toes hurt her. She got an encore to-night!"

It was Saturday, and the "ghost walked," giving each one an envelope in exchange for a signature. From the comedian's room:

"Fourteen bob for a sleeper! What a blawsted outrage!"

Beside the filter a buxom, motherly looking woman in stubby-toed English boots, with the "Sentinel" and other pamphlets strapped to her telescope basket, was expounding Christian Science to the popcorn-munching musical director.

"Yes, but there's no need for any one to be depressed. Life is just what we make it."

Near her another woman, one of a group, was saying:

"Well, do you know, I stopped in front of a fruit-stand yesterday to get something for the journey, and I just couldn't make up my mind whether to buy red bananas or yellow. I prefer red, do you see? But 'e 'ates rich food—cawn't bear butter on his vegetables. Wants a bit of pampering, does my old man. There we were: I wanted red and 'e wanted yellow. Well, what d'you think I did? I decided to get some of each——"

Suddenly, on the stage directly over our heads, *Jean's* voice:

"Sapho? To the devil with Sapho!"

There was a crash; from the ceiling the dust sifted into my eyes. It was the statuette of *Caoudal's* "Sapho" doing its nightly "fall."

After a silence came *Fanny's* voice, choked with tears of rage, driving into the street the men who had preyed upon her beauty in the name of art:

"You beast! You dog of a man! Get out, both of you, and leave me alone with him!"

At some unseen signal the orchestra stole in among the baskets, where they fingered their instruments and gossiped over affairs in the Musicians' Union. Presently an electric light winked twice and they began to play softly, like a street-band at dusk when the lights prick through the trees, and studios are deserted for cabarets.

I crept to the trap and looked out. Here and there in the cave-like murk were the eyes of opera-glasses. A tangible hush was upon the audience. In the air was the sense of a crowd bound by a palpable web of attention that a single false tone or gesture would shatter irreparably. The mind of the "house" was focused upon the spectacle of pride surrendering to the despotism of sex. A flutter passed over it—*Fanny's* gown had caught on a chair; but the web steadied, held firm, remaining thus until the cry of triumphant love brought down the curtain and loosened the rattling applause from the cliffs of shirt-waists beyond.

In act three *Fanny* and *Jean* are installed in the country, outcasts, *Fanny* in curl-papers, *Jean* juggled between pity and disillusion. In the smock and overalls of a French railway porter, I tripped over exhausted stage-hands sleeping while they could, and strolled on to do my "bit," which was to flirt with *Francine*, an engaging wench in cap and sabots—the Christian Scientist. Our flirtation had in it more of art than instinct and degenerated at once into mere "business," like the staircase scene. She told me, as I chucked her under the chin, that I was to fetch a child from the station. Every now and then the erstwhile Chinaman drew a whistle from his pocket and played train. The lime-lights, each with an attendant, were singing softly, like kettles on the hob. Over a spirit lamp in the wings the wardrobe mistress was cooking an omelet into which the call-boy accidently dragged the end of his cravat. *Francine*, coming off, slapped him and all three were shaken by silent merriment while, on stage, *Fanny* was reading of the death of little *Alice Dorée*, who threw herself from a window because *Dechelette* left her—and in the "house" was silence. On the window-sill a heart of lettuce awaited its cue with astonishing composure, and a metronome acted the part of a sober-voiced clock marking the relentless march of the great bandmaster.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The child I had gone to fetch sat in the wings with his mother. Under the lash of one-night stands the color had left his cheeks, but he was saying to the quiet woman in black:

"Mother, I love you so much I could just hurt you!"

Then, for the nonce forgetting his Teddy Bear, he tickled her with a straw and smothered his giggles upon her shoulder. Innocently he played the rôle of *Fanny's* unwelcome child, his one concern being to catch the right inflection so that Madame should nod pleasantly or stop to coddle him as she tiptoed by.

His appearance and the fact that he is *Flamant's* son, clench *Jean's* resolution to desert *Fanny*. He tears loose from her desperate hands, from the "grip of a drowning woman," and leaves her in tears upon the floor, very sloppy and miserable, while her child, who neither knows nor loves her, whines and raises Ned generally in an adjoining room.

Through this noisy scene the stage-hands slept unbrokenly, their snores frequently bringing the irate tenth assistant stage-manager fuming out of the prompt-box. One or two of the principals lounged about discussing the hotels of the next stop.

Besides being a noisy scene this last was also a strenuous one, requiring muscle and endurance. In watching it from the front, or even the stage, it was difficult to realize that the whole thing had been pieced together like a game of blocks; that every gesture, position, intonation, tear had been planned, studied, perfected, until all had become habit, and the completed pattern had flowed smoothly. Yet it was so. Building the scene from blocks required energy none the less, and both Madame and her leading man were panting when the curtain fell, both trembling like reeds in a current. Also, there were tears in the woman's eyes.

In act four, when I reached my conning-tower, *Jean* had returned to hover moth-like round his passion for *Fanny*, who burned then with the steady, lambent flame of maternal affection and self-sacrifice. *Jean* at that moment slept on the couch. The musicians came trooping in through the basement and played under the window, using the backs of one another's coat-collars as music-racks. *Fanny* wrote the farewell letter—for she was determined to marry *Flamant* and give her boy a name—and, caressing *Jean's* sleeping form with a lingering last look, came bravely out into the falling confetti. Of this she scooped up a handful quickly and scattered it over her shoulders before reaching the window. Here she sobbed and leaned against the sill for support. In the "house" there was an apparition of handkerchiefs like white butterflies. The tenth assistant stage-manager muffled his whistle: "Whe—w-whew-whew!" With a final effort *Fanny* dropped her veil, took the hand of Duty, and trudged resolutely into the wings. Back she came immediately to kiss her hands to the women who held their hat-pins between their lips while they applauded. The theatre was emptying rapidly. In the balcony, alone in a row of seats, a plain woman of uncertain age clapped earnestly, reaching her hands to the artiste, while her husband, rather bored, waited patiently in the aisle.

"Take another, Madame!"

More smiles, a little cooing note of appreciation from Madame, and from the thinning audience more pattering and once or twice—"Brava!" A last buzz in the loft and the asbestos dropped like a guillotine.

In an incredibly short time the stage was cleared and swept. Scenery, baskets, trunks, were loaded on drays. A single bunch-light threw its glare over the boards scarred by a thousand "shows." In the empty auditorium a policeman searched the aisles with a dark lantern. Men donned coats and departed, the stage-door wafting back the tang of cigarettes new-lighted. Actors, with a last look at the "call" for the number of their berths, followed into the snow. And the place was deserted before the power and purse of the organization, accompanied by her faithful secretary-companion and her maid, appeared from her dressing-room. Without a word and like one very tired, her jade bracelets clinking like manacles, she walked slowly across the stage and out into the snow, nodding good night to the ancient doorkeeper. She stood on the threshold for a moment, filling her lungs with the clear air, her eyes, unpainted now, sweeping the stars. Before her stretched a far white satiny plain of spider-like mines with glowing eyes, the *raison d'être* of Butte. With another long-drawn breath, she stepped into the waiting brougham.

"Depot!" commanded the secretary, hugging her bills.

"Yes, ma'am."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second of Mr. Russell's articles on the sources of certain of our vast sudden American fortunes. It shows how some of them were founded upon a union of corrupt politics and unscrupulous finance that gave possession of our streets to a few manipulators, presented them public property worth hundreds of millions of dollars and forced the real owners—the public—to pay exorbitant prices for poor service.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST DEVELOPMENTS OF THE FORMULA FOR SUDDEN WEALTH

IT is an agreeable dream to assume that successful men create their own occasions and with skill and mighty mind build their fortunes in spite of fate and circumstance; whereas there is no other lesson of observation so sure as this, that opportunity thunders long and loud at many a man's door before he wakes to have greatness thrust upon him.

Take for an example this public utility business that is the chief source of sudden wealth in America; for years and years it lay there in all men's sight and nothing came of it but the simple public utility. Street-cars were operated in this country for more than a generation before any one suspected that of all gold-mines the richest was concealed beneath the humble five-cent fare; and when the discovery was finally driven into the heads of men, the process was infinitely slow and fortuitous and not due to any man's prescience. By chance and by circumstance, for the greatest profits of the public utility arise from its union with corrupt politics, and that union was an evolution and had nothing to do with any man's gifts. If the public utility had grown up at a time when political bosses and devious financial games had been made impossible, there would never have been any great fortunes drawn from the street-railroad business, ability or no ability, gifts or no gifts; a fact that might possibly moderate our transports as we contemplate certain of the glittering white palaces.

Philadelphia saw the beginning of the real traction industry of America, and the Centennial Exposition of 1876 disclosed the first sure glimpse of the golden treasure. Large numbers of people must be transported about the city; the horse-hauled street-car was the only vehicle for these migratory millions. Up to that time the street-railroad had been by capital despised and by the public tolerated as a curious but necessary evil. The cars were slow and scarce; the service was in its infancy. In Philadelphia, as in other American cities, there was a separate company for every line of track, small companies of obscure and hardy investors; for to capital sitting upon millions, these two streaks of rust and a jangling car that collected nickels seemed too small to deserve the attention of adult financiers. Slowly the fact became apparent that the business was not really

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to be despised, for it contained two elements that made it worth while. First, it built up suburbs and had therefore within it the power greatly and rapidly to extend itself without effort, without care, without investment on the part of its owners; for the more suburbs, the more people were to be carried. Second, it was actually possible by debauching public servants, corrupting politics, buying elections, and forming alliances with the bosses, to secure free and unrestricted possession of the public highways not for one year nor for two, but for a hundred years or a thousand. A child might see that these priceless privileges could be used toward fortune building, and in a short time a child might also see that far beyond even these bright prospects the true profits of the business lay in manipulation.

Into this fertile and lovely field came now the men that long reaped its golden harvests. To speak disparagingly of such success is a form of *lèse-majesté*. Fain would I say that the records of these achievements reveal remarkable qualities and amazing mental attributes, although it remains quite clear that up to the very gates of their good fortune these men were driven and thrust by fate. To the first of them, indeed, Charles T. Yerkes, belonged a certain combination of hardihood, audacity, dexterity, and persistence that was rather out of the common. But he had served some months as a convict in a Pennsylvania prison, and that experience had doubtless, and in more than one way, resulted to his advantage. It gave him time for reflection, taught him caution, and indicated how close with safety a man might steer to the reefs of the penal code. In a measure his trouble had been brought about by the Chicago fire.

YERKES GOES TO JAIL

Yerkes was a daring young broker, reputed to have means, and noted for a brilliant success in juggling state bonds with the old banking-house of Drexel & Company. With his prestige and magnetism he induced Joseph F. Marcer, who was then City Treasurer of Philadelphia, to invest money in Chicago. Some of the money, much of it in fact, was the city's. When the fire came it cleaned out Yerkes and Marcer and in that crash the theft of the city funds was discovered. Yerkes was indicted as accessory to the embezzlement, convicted, and sentenced to two years and four months' imprisonment; Marcer received a sentence about twice as long. Yerkes was pardoned after seven months.

You will find now in the best residence region of Philadelphia a magnificent marble palace, as grand, as imposing, as costly as any in New York or elsewhere, and surely one of the most beautiful of private residences. It contains a really wonderful art-gallery and many rare books and tapestries; it is one of the show-places of the city; the natives point it out with pride and strangers regard it with just admiration.

WIDENER ONCE A BUTCHER

That house was born of the defalcation of Marcer and the plight of Charles T. Yerkes. It belongs to P. A. B. Widener. About forty years ago he was a young butcher in Spring Garden Market, in no way distinguished from two hundred other butchers there except that he took an interest in partizan politics, belonged to the political organization of his ward, and worked at the polls on election day. As a reward for these services his party found use for him as a lieutenant and lobbyist at Harrisburg, and when Marcer was removed from the City Treasury the young butcher got the vacant post. In those days the City Treasurer of Philadelphia was allowed certain fat perquisites. Hence it was a good thing, and when young Widener relinquished the office, he was legitimately the richer.

The butcher was a friend of Yerkes, who had also mixed much in the odorous pool of Philadelphia politics. Yerkes, being released from the penitentiary, looked about for something to do and stumbled upon the street-railroad business. A piece of scrap-iron known as the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Street line was offered to him on credit at four cents on the dollar. He took it. The Exposition came on and traffic greatly increased. Mr. Yerkes needed money. It may be supposed that he badly needed money. Money was hard to come by. Mr. Yerkes tried a very doubtful experiment. On the rattle-track contrivance he had bought he issued a small amount of bonds—about $200,000 worth, it is said. Very likely to his great amazement, he found that these bonds could be floated. With the proceeds he secured another link of railroad and issued more bonds on that, and thus the whole system was started on its truly wonderful career

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

through the choicest realms of finance. Mr. Yerkes had hit upon the great truths that in normal times somebody can be found to buy a bond on anything, and that with the power to issue bonds the gathering of great fortunes is simpler than the gathering of ripe apples, for they fall from the tree into your very hand and while you sleep.

When Mr. Yerkes had made the discovery that he could issue bonds on his scrap-iron, sell them, and with the proceeds buy more scrap-iron, he added to his original purchases, repeated the process, and in the end at a goodly profit sold the whole collection, scraps, bonds, and all. At that time, Mr. Widener, being no longer City Treasurer, was also looking for something to do. He learned from his old friend Yerkes how good the street-railroad business looked, and with a few friends, William L. Elkins, William H. Kemble, and others, he bought some scrap-iron on his own account. In a short time they discovered that all Mr. Yerkes had said about this business was true, and that still more was true, because upon them also loomed the dazzling prospects of wealth that lay behind manipulation.

THE SIMPLE RULE FOR GETTING RICH

From this you are not to assume that these gentlemen nor any of them originated the Great American Idea in finance. That were to wrong history, to wrong the dead and them. They merely applied to their purchases the principles of that Idea after repeated exploits by others had brought it to the precision of a familiar scientific formula. It might be called the Agreeable Formula for Making Something from Nothing, or it might be called the Formula for Getting Rich by Levying Tribute on the Public. The essence of it is to gather money by compelling millions of people in this and succeeding generations to pay exorbitant prices for poor services. A simpler device never entered the human mind; of ingenuity or novelty it had just so much as there is in the pistol of a highwayman. To get control of one piece of street-railroad, good or bad; to issue upon it all the bonds and stocks it would bear; to sell these, regardless of their real value, to the confiding public; to use the proceeds to buy another piece of railroad; to repeat the process as long as there was anything worth buying—what could be simpler? No risk was incurred, no capital required: the confiding public attended to all that.

The Philadelphia gentlemen were not slow to understand the good thing thus opened before them. It was a golden snowball rolling down-hill and becoming an avalanche of money. Each railroad acquired by them in turn acquired another, without trouble, without labor, without effort, and without cost. The owners of the device were made rich while they slept; the entire population and all the future labored for them while they toiled not nor span. For every bond and every coupon on every bond issued to buy these railroads the public must needs furnish the money, now and for many years to come. But the gentlemen for whom the public bought the road—they furnished nothing but their agreeable presence and their happy homes.

For all this, of course, they had abundant warrant and shining examples in American financial history. Jay Gould had shown the precious potency of the Agreeable Formula when he watered the stock of Erie from $17,000,000 to $78,000,000 and made himself rich. Since his achievement practically every great railroad corporation had followed in his august footsteps until to overcapitalize an average railroad had become a far more important source of wealth than to operate it. Mr. Yerkes and his friends imitated Mr. Gould and then bettered their instruction. Gould loaded two or three railroads with water and then departed with the bagged proceeds. They made the loading of one railroad the means to secure a second and the loading of the second a means to secure a third, and so on until everything in sight was loaded—and theirs.

QUAY SCENTS LOOT

How easily this good thing could be worked was demonstrated by Yerkes's Seventeenth and Nineteenth Street lines. That grimy genius, Matthew Stanley Quay, who had infallible scent for graft, business and other, succeeded Mr. Yerkes in the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Street lines, which he helped to "reorganize" into the Continental Street Railway Company. The Kemble-Widener-Elkins people "reorganized" their Seventh and Ninth Street lines into the Union Passenger Railway Company, with which, by the handy processes already referred to, they amalgamated one small line after another, un-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

til their system had swollen to a portly size. In 1880 they had accumulated enough watered stock to lease Mr. Quay's company. In 1883 they took in the Tenth and Eleventh and Twelfth and Sixteenth Street lines. Then they leased the Chestnut Street and Market Street roads, among the most important in the city. The next year they reorganized again, this time into the Philadelphia Traction Company; capital, $30,000,000; nominal and ostensible cash investment, $7,000,000; actual cash investment, next to nothing.

Good business. There were now in Philadelphia three street-railroad companies, and no more, the many little lines having one by one been swallowed by these anacondas. The Philadelphia Traction Company next proceeded to swallow the other two and thus became possessed of the entire street-car service of the city, 426 miles of railroad. This, of course, necessitated another "reorganization" and equally, of course, another flood of water. "About this time look out for high tides," says the financial almanac whenever there is a "reorganization" project about; "reorganizations" being invariably floated into success upon huge issues of fictitious securities. The "reorganized" and freshly watered concern took the name of the Union Traction Company.

PHILADELPHIA'S GRISLY GRAFT

It has meant much more to Philadelphia than a mere enterprise to transport passengers or a mere enterprise to manipulate stocks and bonds. Gradually the public utility corporations had come to own the city government of Philadelphia just as absolutely as they ever owned any acres of land or team of mules. They elected city officers and determined city policies. They maintained the most perfect system for political corruption that has ever been known among our cities. The rest of the country has heard much about the "Philadelphia ring." The very life and substance of the ring were the public utility interests and the foremost of these interests was the traction corporation.

Under the system the ring established there were cast every year in Philadelphia from 60,000 to 80,000 fraudulent votes, and it was by means of these votes that the public utility interests retained their grasp upon the city government and upon the privileges that made them rich. Every criminal enterprise in the community had share in this colossal structure of fraud; the respectable stock company went into partnership with the brothel for the maintenance of existing conditions. The money that stole elections and stuffed ballot-boxes and hired criminals to beat citizens, all to keep this gang in power, was supplied by the public utility corporations. For years they systematically made of the city government in Philadelphia something before which all patriotic Americans bowed themselves in humiliation and unutterable shame; they did it, these corporations with special privileges.

WELDING THE SHACKLES

For years dishonest aldermen, crooked public officers, election thieves, repeaters, floaters, thugs, keepers of criminal resorts, the men that falsified returns, were actively leagued with them. Every protected dive in Philadelphia, every illegal drinking-place, every house of ill-fame, paid a regular tribute to the ring, not in money but in the votes that kept the grip of the ring upon the city. Each of these lawless resorts was recorded in a list with figures representing the number of illegal votes it must furnish. So long as it furnished these votes it could continue to break the law; if it failed to furnish these votes it must cease to do business. From these illegal votes and others was developed an autocracy practically as perfect as a satrap's. No man could ordinarily be elected to anything except by the will of the men that wielded this power.

In all these operations the traction company was most conspicuous. It was to misgovernment in Philadelphia what the Pennsylvania Railroad was to misgovernment at Harrisburg. If its sole business had been to make the American city a symbol around the world for all things detestable and dishonest it could hardly have done more to achieve that result. It has in its sinister history some of the most astounding legislation ever secured under any form of free government anywhere, and a generation of flawless administration could not efface the stains it has fixed upon the city from whose people it has drawn its countless millions of profits.

Such was the story of this development in Philadelphia, where, because of the vast territorial expansion of the community, street-railroads were become an absolute necessity

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and where the Formula worked without a hitch. Some economies resulted from the consolidations effected and occasionally some slight improvements, but otherwise the public got nothing from the transaction except the pleasure of building the fortunes of the syndicate and the entrancing prospect of many bonds and coupons to be paid in the future. After a few years of these conditions only two defects therein marred the perfect joy of the syndicate gentlemen. One was that the motive power, which was still horse, cost sixty-five per cent. of the receipts, and the other was that no one could tell how long the people might submit to having their highways used for the private profit of the gentlemen. As to motive power, the overhead trolley was installed (against the indignant protests of the outraged citizens), and that not only effected a saving of forty per cent. in expenses, but built vast new suburbs to the increasing of business and the swelling of dividends. And as to the highways, it presently appeared that anxiety on that score was wholly gratuitous.

GRAFT BY SPECIAL TRAIN

The public utilities combination had now far progressed in its arts of municipal corruption; it could, in fact, do as it pleased with the city government. It had elected the mayor and most of the aldermen; had chosen them for reasons of its own, and knew upon whom it could depend. A dummy company was formed. It applied for a franchise covering all the remaining streets, avenues, and alleys in the city. Mr. John Wanamaker made an offer to operate the public's traction utility for the public good. The combination's mayor, with ostentatious contempt, flung the offer upon the floor. The legislature at Harrisburg met one night in extra session. The enabling act necessary to the granting of the franchise was rushed through both houses, which sat up until three o'clock in the morning to pass it. A special train carried it to Philadelphia. There the city council was convened in a special meeting. As soon as the enabling act was received, the necessary ordinance was introduced, and passed, making to the dummy company a free gift in perpetuity of the public highways of Philadelphia. This done the aldermen lolled back in their chairs and sang ribald songs. One of them long lingered in the memory of Philadelphia because of its chorus, which contained these significant lines:

Hail! hail! the gang's all here!
What the hell do we care! What the hell do we care!

Later, as might be expected, the dummy company sold to the Union Traction Company the amazing franchise thus secured and the anxiety of the company was relieved; there was no longer any question about possessing the streets; it could go on to reap forever the golden harvest; it had won a great victory.

But how, you of the ungifted and unable, was this momentous triumph won?

The public utilities alliance had taken the money wrung from the people by one set of excessive privileges to obtain by corruption from the people's representatives far greater and more profitable privileges. That was all.

A similar situation confronting the same interests some years later had slightly different results, a fact that casts some doubt upon the perpetuity of the Formula for fortune-building. Among the vast concerns of the gentlemen that operated the traction trust was gas —the United Gas Improvement Company being one of their business aliases. About ten years ago, under pretense of supplying a new and better kind of gas, the United Gas Improvement Company secured a lease for ten years of the city gas-works. Instead of furnishing better gas or cheaper, the company furnished poorer gas and dearer. By the terms of the lease a renewal for another period was possible after the expiration of eight years. The question of renewal came up in 1905 and the allied interests planned in their usual way to add to their fortunes by securing a lease monstrously to their benefit.

THE VALUE OF A HANGMAN'S NOOSE

But the public discontent for once broke over the barriers of custom and fraudulent elections and for once the allied interests were defeated; the force of public indignation was plainly too great to be withstood. When mobs gathered in the placid Philadelphia streets and with ropes in hand promised to hang the aldermen there was evidently no time for gangsters considerate of their own welfare to be making further raids on the people's purses. So the precious scheme lapsed. In the height of the trouble the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

residences of prominent men that supported the gang were surrounded by threatening mobs and for several days the inmates deemed it advisable not to appear on the streets, a fact that indicates the extent to which people were aroused.

This is the way the thing has gone in Philadelphia; it is the way it has gone elsewhere. Rotten business and rotten politics —the two are invariably mingled in these triumphs. Without the corrupting of politics, the sudden fortune builders could never have obtained their huge privileges; without their huge privileges, they could never have possessed their gleaming palaces. So, flat-dweller with $1,639 of total possessions, here is one way in which the difference in brain-cells manifests itself. Rather poor, it seems —does it not?—and cheap and stained and tawdry look the gleaming palaces so gained, when you think of stuffed ballot-boxes, debauched public officers, and that soiled and wretched alliance with the dive-keeper and the brothel. At least a man can live in a flat amid his $1,639 of possessions and die struggling hard with rent-bills and butchers' bills and yet know that he has done nothing to debase public virtue nor to lower his country in the eyes of the world.

And there must be something in that; when you stop to think of it, there must indeed be a great deal in possessing that consciousness.

But power! Those miles upon miles of great sky-reaching structures massed solidly in the business region—we did well to take them for the emblems of huge, indomitable, irresistible, abnormal power. And here are some of its manifestations, strange and subtle. For what ordinary force could impel a legislature to sit up all night and a city council to meet in extra session that a monstrous swindle might be enacted upon a community?

CHAPTER IV

THE FORMULA FOR WEALTH AS IT WAS WORKED IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

All this is to forereach a little upon my narrative. Long before the Widener-Elkins combination had secured a grip on Philadelphia, Mr. Yerkes, having enlarged in Dakota and Minnesota his experience with a gullible public, bent all his gained knowledge upon the street-car system of Chicago, which had never been exploited. He came to Chicago with

Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM L. ELKINS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

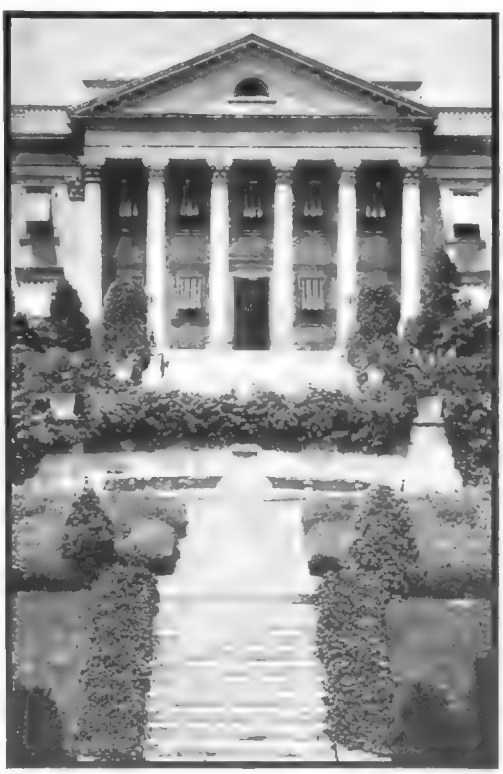
SIDE VIEW OF THE ELKINS MANSION IN PHILADELPHIA.

$20,000, said to have been borrowed money, and asked for an option on some scrap-iron street-railroad on the North Side. He found that some one else had an option that would expire on a certain day.

"At what time on that day?" asked Mr. Yerkes.

"At noon," said the cashier of the bank that was financing the deal.

Mr. Yerkes went away and on the specified morning returned with his $20,000 certified check in his hand. He sat facing the clock, which he watched patiently. The instant the hands reached twelve o'clock, he leaped at the cashier with his check. The option gave him the required wedge into the concern. In a short time he had hypothecated the stock, borrowed money on it, got more stock, secured control, started the printing-presses on a bright new line of stocks and bonds, and possessed himself of the whole institution; gaining moreover a surplus from which he repaid the $20,000 he had borrowed for the option.



FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE WIDENER MANSION.

He now proceeded to apply his Philadelphia experience, issued more securities, bought more roads, milked them with construction company and other devices, and eventually, piling one corporation upon another and one "reorganization" upon another, emerged, with the Union Traction Company of Chicago embracing all the lines of the city except those upon the South Side. As a concrete illustration of his methods and their results, I may say that the Union Traction Company

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was capitalized at $120,000,000 and in the height of its prosperity it was estimated by an expert examiner to be worth as a going concern $16,000,000. Except for legislation, aldermen, and newspapers, it cost Mr. Yerkes nothing. As a system of transportation it was the most picturesque lot of junk ever seen in this world and furnished undoubtedly the worst service. Junk is the right word for it; Mr. Yerkes said so himself. "The secret of success in my business," he once observed, "is to buy old junk, fix it up a little, and unload it upon other fellows." I may remark in passing that there was very little fixing up in the case of the Union Traction of Chicago. Why there should have been any more, indeed, is not apparent since the good people of Chicago not only endured Mr. Yerkes and his methods, but in fifteen years supplied him with $40,000,000 of net profits on an investment of nothing; with the which comfortable assets he presently left

P. A. B. WIDENER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

them and secured control of the underground system of London.

But he had stayed long enough to make an enduring place for himself in Chicago's history. Only one cloud there obscured his success. The junk that he manipulated was operated under franchises. That is to say that when the people of Chicago presented their streets to the street-railroad companies, a date was set at which the right of possession should expire. For most of the roads the date was July 1, 1903, and its approach worried Mr. Yerkes. To his ability, energy, and foresight the expiration of the franchises seemed of very great importance. We know now that in this his ability, energy, and foresight deceived him, for it was of very small importance. In New York we have seen companies continue to occupy the streets many years after their franchises have expired and have even seen the expired franchises counted as assets of great value. In Chicago we have seen the expiration of franchises become a source of some annoyance to the public but of no concern to the companies. Hence, Mr. Yerkes must certainly have been in error though he never suspected the fact.

The law of the State forbade the granting of any franchise for a longer term than twenty years. Mr. Yerkes went to the legislature, which he well knew how to manipulate, and secured the introduction of a bill repealing the twenty-year limit and granting him a franchise for fifty years. This was the celebrated Humphrey bill. A tremendous outburst of public indignation followed its appearance and its sponsors in the legislature lost heart. The bill was quietly allowed to die in committee. Mr. Yerkes waited a little and presently the equally notorious Allen bill made its appearance, authorizing the City Council of Chicago to grant Yerkes a fifty-year franchise if it should see fit to do so. This bill was passed—in haste. As there was in the State of Illinois not one human being except Mr. Yerkes that desired to have it enacted and as probably there were very few that did not fully understand the nature of the reasons for its passing, the extent of the resulting scandal is easily understood.

The battle was now transferred to the city council. Mr. Yerkes had been long and skilfully at work and had secured a clear majority of the aldermen. He looked, therefore, toward an easy victory. But the popular wrath was aroused. The thing was too palpable, the corruption was too gross. Indignation meetings began to be held. The newspapers were flooded with protests. Spontaneously men gathered and declared that so monstrous a bribery was not to be endured. The atmosphere seemed stormy. On the night the vote was to be taken an immense crowd gathered about the city hall. It was observed that many men were armed and some bore ropes and clubs. The constituents of one alderman marched down-town with a band at their head, sent into the chamber, dragged out their representative and told him in the plainest of words what would happen

From Town and Country.

A CORNER IN THE WIDENER MANSION.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to him. There were cries of "Lynch them!" and "Shoot them!" Even sober-minded men advocated violence if the ordinance should go through. The gallery of the council chamber was packed to its limits with an angry and threatening crowd. The evening newspapers issued hourly extras; the entire city was aroused. The aldermen looked at the sinister faces about them and heard the shouts of the crowd in the street and their courage failed them. Men that had doubtless bargained away their votes refused to stay bought and the ordinance was defeated.

By courtesy of the New York American and Journal.

THE ART GALLERY IN THE YERKES RESIDENCE, NEW YORK.

It had cost Mr. Yerkes, at Springfield and in Chicago, close upon $1,000,000, and for his expenditure he had nothing to show except some indisputable evidences of public hatred. The lesson must have sunk deep. He never repeated the attempt to have his franchises extended, and when he left Chicago the question of their future was still unsolved. Those that care to consider how surely we progress in such matters may be interested to know that the thing Mr. Yerkes desired and failed to get has now, in the main, been secured by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ryan, and without any riots, disturbances, or indications of public wrath. All of which shows that there is more than one way to pull off a rotten franchise.

With Mr. Yerkes in the fatness of the goodly Chicago harvest were associated his old Philadelphia friends, P. A. B. Widener and W. L. Elkins. The only thing better than to own the traction system of one city is to own the traction system of many cities. So when Mr. Yerkes let the others into the good thing of Chicago, all fared together exceedingly well. Mr. Yerkes was faithful to his friends and, in certain ways, generous with the vast sums of money that rolled in upon him. He had a picturesque way of dealing with aldermen, and then another picturesque way of talking about his deals that rather endeared him to those that fancy cynic humor. One of his compressed comments on a certain Chicago editor has passed into local history. So have other remarks of his. He cannot be said to have originated the plan of running too few cars and overcrowding these, but he certainly gave that plan most extensive usage. Under this system the cars in Chicago customarily carried three times their normal capacity and the suffering inflicted as a result was great and general. The people complained at last of this method of fortune-building, and occasionally some one would arise to remark that as the streets Mr. Yerkes was using for the purposes of his aggrandizement were really the people's, and as Mr. Yerkes was there by sufferance, it would be decent for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him to provide tolerable accommodations to a public from which he was drawing so many millions. Some one actually suggested that Mr. Yerkes should run more cars.

conversation, and perhaps for that reason condoned in his career things not usually condoned nor discussed in a mixed company. But of Mr. Widener and Mr. Elkins no one

A VIEW OF THE SUNKEN GARDEN IN THE WIDENER ESTATE.

"Tush!" said Mr. Yerkes when these matters were called to his attention. "It is the strap-hangers that pay the dividends."

Dividends, however, were a small part of his profits, the most of which were made in issuing and selling vast masses of fictitious securities and from construction companies that were supposed to do work for the traction company and really served as covers for the issue of more water. Two of these construction enterprises organized by Mr. Yerkes paid something like 500 per cent., which was cheerfully added to the load of obligations on the traction company. As Mr. Yerkes presently withdrew himself from the traction company, the extent of these obligations was a matter of no concern to him. I may add that the people of Chicago have found them of much more serious import.

Mr. Yerkes was undeniably a huge element for evil in the city, but some men liked him. They liked his candid, genial, and breezy

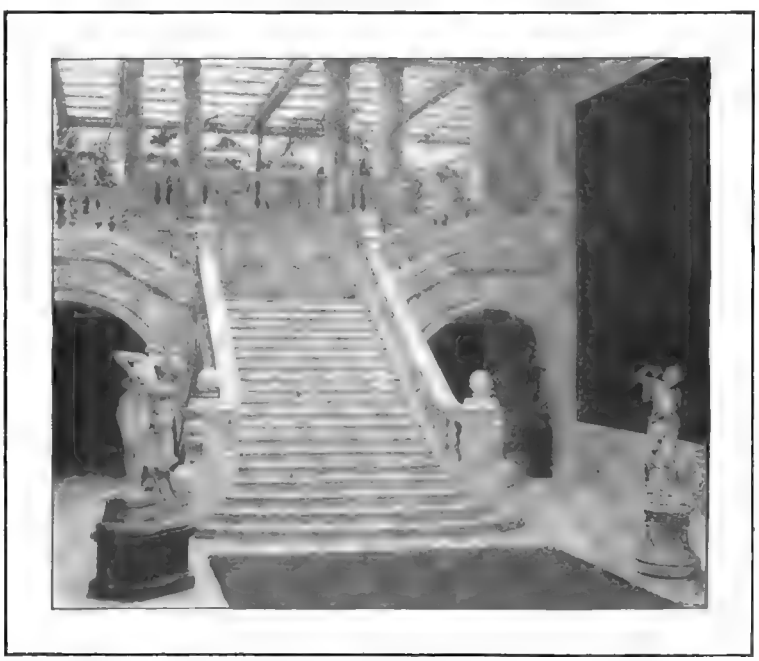
ever knew much. They kept aloof from the details and were known chiefly as recipients of the profits. Both were very quiet men. Mr. Elkins was retiring and eminently respectable. He, too, built a marble palace, which rivaled Mr. Widener's; he, too, installed an art-gallery. About the personal traits of Charles T. Yerkes linger a thousand reminiscences; about his companions none. So far as any mark upon their generation is concerned they might exactly as well have been of the unelect, of the unable and the ungifted that have $1,639 of average wealth and fight the daily battle in the little flat.

These were the men that now turned their attention to the street-railroad situation in New York, where, at the suggestion of Mr. Whitney, they made their way through the basement door.

It was an inviting place to enter, and no one may deny that fortune was grossly and blindly with them. New York had not yet

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

awakened to traction potentialities. To the typical New Yorker a street-car had always meant a funny little thing that ran occasionally in a back street where there were no stages. He was just beginning to understand the extent of that error. And before he fully realized what was going on about him, the fortunate gentlemen of the syndicate had made themselves very much at home on the premises, where they fared quite well, thank you. By the application of the Agreeable Formula, they succeeded in adding to their frugal store one railroad after another that had cost them nothing, until in a few years they were in a commanding position in the metropolis and exercising a very great and very subtle influence upon politics and legislation. I have yet to find any instance where these delicate financial operations have gone forward without affecting politics. Tammany helped the syndicate and the syndicate helped Tammany, and the fruits of this close alliance were sometimes historic and nearly always a direct injury to the public welfare. As to the historic part, I may cite that it was solely by means of this partnership that Mr. Whitney in 1892 drove Tammany Hall to the loyal support of Grover Cleveland—a fact that Mr. Cleveland seems at times prone to forget; and as to the other, the syndicate secured an interminable list of great privileges and immunities to which it had no right, but by which it profited immensely. Certain leaders of Tammany Hall became largely possessed of syndicate stocks, and it is not yet forgotten that on a certain occasion a large block of them was found among the effects of a member of a certain leader's family.



By courtesy of the New York American and Journal.

THE GRAND STAIRWAY IN THE YERKES RESIDENCE.

From the beginning of its marvelous career in New York, the syndicate was blessed with the sage counsel and able suggestions of Mr. Elihu Root, then confidential attorney to Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ryan, now Secretary of State. Under the guidance of this good man, the other members of the syndicate could doubtless feel at all times, and reasonably, that however unusual the course pursued and however it might be criticized by a harsh and unsympathetic world, it was at least not pointed toward the door of the penitentiary. Anything that Mr. Root advised must be right. Mr. Root was accustomed to arise in Cooper Union and other public places and with brow of thunder and voice of righteous wrath, flay all forms of tergiversation and particularly those practised by Tammany Hall. It must have been felt that ere such a man would countenance the least compromise with evil the heavens themselves would fall. Hence with bland confidence the syndicate gentlemen took Mr. Root's advice, harvested their profits, and justly esteemed their counselor. Mr. Whitney said of him that he was one of the most valuable men alive. "Other lawyers tell me what I can't do," said Mr. Whitney. "What I like about Root is that he tells me what I can do and how to do it."

Prosperity beamed upon the syndicate as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

one property after another fell into its lap, without effort, without risk, without expenditure. At the end of its first ten years in New York City, the *World*, exhaustively reviewing the history of these achievements, declared that there had been added to the syndicate's traction possessions in the city $19,000,000 of water, all of which represented clear profits to the happy gentlemen, quite aside from dividends, interest, deals, and all other sources of income.

As to these other sources of income and some cognate incidents, these chronicles will have to say much hereafter, but for the present I may as well give two illustrations that, though small, may seem to indicate to persons in the 2,000,000 and to persons in the 1,500,000 just why they are classed among the ungifted.

1. Fulton Street is about a mile long, connects at one end with an East River ferry to Brooklyn, and at the other end abuts close upon a North River ferry to Jersey City. It is an important line of cross-town travel. In the late eighties the North & East River Railroad Company was organized to build and operate a street-car line in Fulton Street. One of the results of the Jake Sharp scandal had been a law, called the Cantor Act, by which the public's franchises for public utilities were to be sold to the highest bidder instead of being given away by bribed aldermen. When the Fulton Street franchise was offered under this law, competitive bidding ran the price up to thirty-eight per cent. of the gross receipts to be paid to the city.

The company was the first in New York to adopt the underground electric system. It failed, and the franchise passed into the hands of a contracting firm, Dady & O'Rourke, of Brooklyn, which completed the road and operated it, but with horses, not electricity. It was unprofitable chiefly because of the heavy tax paid to the city.

At this juncture, about 1890, the Whitney syndicate came in. It organized a new company called the Fulton Street Railroad, and issued $500,000 of five per cent. bonds and $500,000 of stock, having incidentally neither property, business, nor rights of any kind upon which to base these securities. The syndicate then went to Dady & O'Rourke and offered $150,000 of the new bonds in exchange for the franchise and property of the old company. This offer was accepted. Mr. Whitney then used his great influence with Tammany Hall and secured the reduction of the tax from thirty-eight per cent. to one-eighth of one per cent. of the gross receipts.

This done, the syndicate sold at par to the Metropolitan Traction Company the $500,000 of stock and had the Metropolitan Traction Company guarantee the $500,000 of bonds. (Remember, please, that the Metropolitan Traction Company was the name of the corporation that the syndicate gentlemen controlled in its operation of most of the street-railroads of New York.)

From this transaction the net profits (without the investment of a dollar) were $850,000 made in a few weeks. The time was to come when it would look paltry compared with other gains of these fortunate gentlemen.

2. From bond issues made according to the Formula upon only one of the properties absorbed by the syndicate, the Houston, West Street & Pavonia Ferry Railroad, there was derived a net profit of $6,000,000. The ability, energy, and foresight involved in this transaction consisted in picking up the money. The service to society lay in loading an already heavily burdened enterprise with more obligations that the public must pay. Certainly, in these instances, the gifts of the gifted hardly shine forth as anything phenomenal; the brain-cells involved may be thought to be very much like other brain-cells of which we have knowledge.

"***Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?***" will be continued in the October number.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Joint author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide"; author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Bullet," etc.

CHAPTER XIX (*Continued*)

KIRK grew moody and silent, and kept much to himself. He dreaded the moments that brought them together, and was always the first to slip away. He had no armor like Vera's—no means of hiding his dejection—and he shrank from those enforced meetings that brought home to him the realization of all that he had lost. The days, once so short, seemed now never to end; and he would pace for hours before his tent, up and down, up and down, in a blank preoccupation. Time, for that matter, hung heavily on every one. No one was permitted to pass the camp lines, and in that illimitable solitude they actually suffered from confinement.

This stern rule was rendered necessary by the frequent sight of Indians. Once a party of twenty galloped boldly round the camp, and were driven off only by a shot fired over their heads. The lookout constantly reported the presence of the enemy on the horizon, and more than once all hands were called to arms. At night, the great searchlight moved restlessly in its orbit, flooding in turn, with a startling brilliancy, every segment of a vast circle. No precaution was omitted to guard the camp, and at regular intervals Kirk made the rounds to see that every sentinel was in his place.

The irksomeness of it all was intensified by the lack of improvement in Weaver. His condition remained unchanged. While the others grew daily better, he hovered between life and death, and gave no promise of ever releasing them from their predicament. The doctor said he might linger on for months, and only shook his head when questioned as to his ultimate recovery. The uncertainty told on every one's spirits. It seemed as though they were stuck there forever. The nervous tension showed itself in many disagreeable ways—growling, faultfinding, quarrels, and fights. Kirk's authority was taxed to the utmost, and he found it increasingly difficult to preserve order.

One afternoon there was a heavy squall of rain. Kirk took advantage of it to fill his water-tanks, which were already seriously depleted. He had put all hands on a rigid half allowance, and this alleviation was most welcome. Incidentally the squall drowned out the camp, blew down several tents—including his own—and incited every one to laundry work. There was a scramble for soap, for buckets, pans, basins. Big fellows, stripped to the waist, floundered in soap-suds, rubbing and scrubbing under the downpour with the glee of children. It was the first washday in Camp Weaver—and the fact that it might possibly be the last, as well, drove every one into the open with his arms full.

As soon as the sun came out, Kirk had the winches going on board the Fortuna, and all her sails hoisted. He was afraid of their mildewing on the booms and yards, and wished to dry them thoroughly. Every sailor knows what havoc damp plays on board a ship, especially in the tropics, and how dearly neglect is paid for. It cost Kirk a pang to hear the slatting of the booms, and to watch the uneasy sails, straining as though the old ship herself were fretting to be off.

He sighed, and went back to his tent where it lay collapsed in a good-sized puddle. He got it up, pinned his soaking and bedraggled wardrobe to the guy-ropes, and wondered if the world would ever be dry again. The air of comfortlessness everywhere; the yellow mud; the cigar that would not keep alight; his slopping feet; the disagreeable sensation of water trickling down his back—all were depressing to the spirit and hard to bear with equanimity. He returned to the Fortuna, and, swinging himself up the spidery spokes of her front wheels, ensconced himself on the truck. This was a favorite place of his. For an undisturbed nap it had no equal. It was cool, silent, and peaceful, though a trifle hard to lie on. On this occasion it had the added advantage of being dry.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He took off his shoes and socks, unloosened his belt, and bundling up his coat into a pillow, fell into a doze. The camp, with all its cares and discords, melted away. Basalt islands rose out of the mist, rimmed with palms, and set in a pellucid sea. His boat was grating on the shingle, and the natives were coming down to welcome him. What a pity they had brought all those pigs. He appreciated the compliment, of course—but what should he do with them? Dozens of pigs, borne on poles, and screaming as only pigs can. Then the boat began to rock. The fools were letting it slip back into the swell. If they weren't careful, the next comber would roll them over!

He opened his eyes. Pigs, no—but men, distractedly shouting and yelling. The wheels were moving! Through the rapidly revolving spokes he saw Wicks with a rifle at his shoulder, deliberately aiming at the ship. With this one exception the whole camp seemed to be in pursuit, as after a runaway, racing along a couple of hundred yards behind the ship in breathless and panic-stricken confusion. For a moment Kirk thought the Fortuna had broken away of herself; but he was quickly undeceived by the explosion of Wicks's rifle — the threatening gestures of the pursuers—the cries, the execrations — more than all by the hoarse rattle of the steering-chains as he watched them tauten and slacken in obedience to the helm above.

It was no unlucky accident! A directing brain was guiding the mighty fabric, and he could feel her speed quicken as the sheets were paid out and she was put dead before the wind. Doubled up on the journals, and holding on with a convulsive clutch, Kirk slowly began to recover possession of his faculties. Ah, he understood now those sly glances—Beale's unexpected willingness and good humor in getting the gaskets off—the readiness of others of the malcontents to bear a hand for the common good while better men held back, intent on rescuing their sodden belongings. It was as plain as daylight now.

Jackson and Beale had run away with the ship!

CHAPTER XX

The pursuing figures dwindled. The camp shrank to a few melancholy bits of white silhouetted far behind on the edge of the sky. The Fortuna was held on an undeviating course to the westward, her booms guyed out, her towering sails singing as she plunged and rocked before the wind.

At first Kirk was convinced that the vessel would soon heave to. The miscreants could impose their own terms; and he never doubted that there would be a parley—and a surrender. Though consumed with anger, he had to admit that Jackson had the whip-hand of them, and he tried to bring himself to the mortification of submission. It would be a hard pill to swallow; but what else was there for them? The possession of the ship, the guns, stores, and water precluded any argument. The only alternative was to perish miserably like castaway sailors on a raft.

But there was no sign of shortening sail. The camp had faded from view, and still the ship was kept at a terrific pace. The situation began to assume a more ominous and sinister aspect. Was there to be no parley, then? Were these fellows above cold-bloodedly deserting the party behind? It looked more and more like it. What could he do? He had his six-shooter, but much good it was to him, crouched there on the journals, and holding on like a bronco-buster. Should he drop, and take his chances of rejoining the camp? Risky, and worse still—profitless. Should he wait till night, and then, in some way, disable the vessel? Excellent—if he but knew how. But how? He racked his head for ways. Almost any harm within his power to inflict could be readily repaired. It would take a stick of dynamite to do anything irreparable—and he had no dynamite. He knew there was some in the hold, but what likelihood had he of finding it? None.

There loomed up before him a much less glorious rôle: to come out boldly at sundown, and appeal to the men's humanity. None of them was really bad. At least, he would have said so the day before. Beale himself was not at all one's idea of an absolutely heartless brute. He was blatant and vindictive, and swollen with ideas of his own importance—but it was impossible to believe he would not listen to reason. No sane man would care to blacken his soul with so terrible a crime. As he studied the matter from this side, Kirk realized how grossly he had exaggerated his fear; and the more he was relieved the angrier he grew at such triumphant treachery. It was on the cards that the mutineers would signal the position of the ship, to take the heart out of the majority

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by forcing them to a frightful tramp across many miles of prairie. Kirk's blood boiled at the thought of it. Not if he could help it, by George. But the more he considered it, the more likely it seemed that these fellows would perpetrate just such deliberate villainy. The poor wretches, ready to drop with exhaustion and thirst, would be gathered in by twos and threes, without the strength even to reproach the scoundrels who had inflicted this suffering upon them. The picture of Vera on an all-night march roused Kirk to desperation.

He was a powerful man, in the prime of vigor and health. Better still, he had a revolver with six forty-four cartridges. Surely he could do something—surely—surely! Such devilry ought not to be permitted to go unpunished. By heavens, he would find a way. He had to. He must.

He crept out on one of the axles, warily, holding tight, watching the play of those terrible spiral springs through which he had to pass. They would crush together as the vessel dipped, and then rebound again with disconcerting suddenness. To be caught here was to have one's body ground to pulp—it was a mouth, with snapping fangs of steel, holding one at bay with unutterable horrors. The motion of the vessel was so irregular and violent that it was impossible to forecast it. Kirk nerved himself for the ordeal, and, waiting for the moment of rebound, dragged himself through with feverish agility. The fangs closed behind him with a discordant grating and creaking that made him shudder. But he was safe. His head swam; he saw a dizzy world through the whir of wheels; the flesh seemed to cringe on his bones—but he was safe.

He crawled out till he could see the channels above him, and the black, impending rigging, where it was made fast below. He undid his holster, placed his pistol in his trousers pocket, and, with the grim resolve to shoot first, pulled himself up the shrouds. Here he rested to get his breath, to toss away his cap, to draw out his revolver and cock it. Then with stealthy deliberation, foot by foot, he mounted till his eyes were on a level with the deck.

At the steering-wheels were four men clinging to the spokes, and swaying with every movement of the ship—Beale, Harding, Gibbs, and Mackay—so near that he could see the whites of their eyes. The big Australian had a pipe in his mouth; and his bare, sinewy arms, tattooed in a dozen places, sprawled over his wheel as though, as usual, he was letting the others do all the work. Forward on the bridge Kirk could make out some figures, one of them a woman. From the crow's-nest protruded two tiny heads. The galley was shut; the long deck apparently empty; and the fight seemed to resolve itself into one against four. If he could manage to land the first shot there was a good chance that he might win.

He scrambled over the rail, and even as he did so Beale saw him, and with a yell whipped out a revolver from his hip pocket, and fired at him pointblank. Kirk was so unprepared for the fellow's quickness that three shots whistled by his head before he could reply. He had never been in a pistol duel before, and to make a target of a man was a paralyzing sensation. His weapon seemed to go off of itself. The explosion was terrific. There was a flash of flame, and agonized faces were seen through the smoke. It went off again and again—bang, bang, bang, like a cannon. Where was Beale? Was that he lying on the deck—face down—kicking? Shamming, maybe. Well, here was one more. The bead of the pistol danced over the huddled mass. The flame leaped again. Was there another cartridge left? He couldn't remember. Oh, he wished to heaven he could remember! Why weren't the other fellows shooting? Their hands were all on the spokes. They did not dare to let go — they couldn't — deprived of Beale's help; the back-lash was almost unmasterable, and they were repeatedly lifted off their feet. The vessel was yawing, and the wind was spilling out of the mainsail. Kirk had a vision of Haines on the weather-end of the bridge, leveling a rifle at him. It was now or never. He would be killed like a dog. It was all he could do to speak, and then his voice sounded strange and cracked.

"Down with your helm!"

The men gaped at him in consternation. He flourished his revolver at their quailing faces. Haines began pumping viciously with the rifle. Bullets were spattering everywhere.

"Down with your helm. *Down!* DOWN!"

The spokes were shot to starboard. The main-boom jibed, snapping the guy-ropes like packthread. Kirk lowered his revolver, and, running aft, bent his own strength to putting the helm hard down—hard down as far as it would go. The Fortuna turned in her own

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

length, and, with a crash like the end of the world, rolled completely over.

When Kirk came to himself he was lying in a tangle of gear. He felt sleepy and cold, and the full extent of the disaster dawned on him only by degrees. There was a dull, grinding pain in his right shoulder, and the arm itself was numb. He put his left hand to his head, and drew it away all wet with blood. He regarded it stupidly, and then in the same bewildered way pinched his legs to see whether they had suffered. No, his legs seemed all right. He twiddled his toes, and was gratified to find that they could move. He felt himself all over, prepared for horrifying surprises; and, finding none, returned to the consideration of his arm. It seemed to be broken. It was as lifeless as a piece of wood. He pulled up his sleeve, and touched the flesh gingerly. It had a livid look he did not like, and ugly, crimson streaks. He felt his head again, and came to the conclusion that it wasn't much hurt, though his hair was matted with blood, and there was a persistent warm trickle down one ear.

He extricated himself, and staggered to his feet. The wreck about him was frightful. The deck of the Fortuna rose before him, sheer as a wall. He was standing in a chaos of sails, ropes, splintered booms and yards, crates, barrels—from which he heard groans, and faint cries for help. Crushed under the main-boom he perceived the figure of a man. He went over to it. It was Beale—or what once had been Beale, for the body was mangled out of all recognition save for one tattooed arm. Farther on, he pulled a lot of stuff off Haines, and helped him up. The catastrophe had settled all their differences. He was quite glad to find Haines unhurt—childishly glad—effusive. And this sullen, red-headed fellow, who a few minutes before had been doing his utmost to kill him, got out a handkerchief, and carefully tied it around Kirk's wound.

"Let's try to find the old lady," he said. "She's about here somewhere. I thought I heard her voice under that sail."

Together they started off to search for her. As they were doing so they were joined by Gibbs and Mackay. The newcomers brought news of Jackson.

"I guess he's done for," said Mackay. "He was still breathing when we reached him in the foretop, but anybody could see he was a goner. Nesbit was lying stone dead beside him."

"Who's unaccounted for?" asked Kirk. His tone took on its usual authority. He was reminded that it was time to assert it.

"Beale."

"You can pass him," said Kirk grimly. "He's lying under the main-boom, and it will take a jack to get his body out. Who else?"

"Matthews and Harding."

"Gibbs, you try to break your way into the doctor's cabin and find us a little whisky, and anything else you can see in the way of medicines and bandages. Smash open the lockers with one of the fire axes. And get some water if you can find any—there'll still be some in the butts."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"The thing for the rest of us to do is to find Matthews and Mrs. Hitchcock and Harding."

They began searching again, scattering, so as to cover the largest field. A cry from Mackay brought them all together as fast as they could run. He had discovered Harding and Matthews where they had been flung beneath the mainsail. They ripped the canvas open and Matthews crawled slowly out, none the worse, apparently, for his temporary imprisonment. His companion, however, was insensible; and it was no easy matter to drag him through the wreckage to the unencumbered ground beyond. They were all very shaky and bruised and exhausted. Kirk's shoulder throbbed mercilessly, and at times it was all that he could do to stand. Never was anything more welcome than the sight of Gibbs with a bottle of whisky and half a pail of water. Some of the raw spirits were forced down Harding's throat, and he was gradually revived. He opened his eyes, asked where he was, swore feebly, and then sat up. The others made cups of their hands, and greedily drank the allowance Kirk served out. It was a scanty one, and Kirk refused their request for more. They could easily have obtained the bottle by force, and they eyed it longingly as he kept it close beside him—but no one stirred a hand. The swift retribution that had overtaken their mutiny, and the desperate part that Kirk had played in it, had cowed them into servile obedience. Each was eager to ingratiate himself in the captain's favor, and to forestall the day of reckoning.

Kirk sent them back to look for Mrs. Hitchcock, while he made his way, painfully, and dragging every step, to where Jackson and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Charlie Nesbit were lying, still within the top. The great search-light, with its complicated apparatus of lenses, generators, tubing, and valves, had burst all over them, and was emitting an overwhelming stench of gas. The two men were locked in each other's arms, both dead now. In Nesbit's face there was a look of unutterable horror. His eyeballs protruded; his mouth was open and distorted; he had seen—and understood—the death he was to die.

Jackson presented a less repulsive spectacle. He had the air of being asleep. His withered cheeks, his bald head, his benignant mutton-chop whiskers had miraculously escaped the pollution of blood. They drew out his lifeless body and laid it on the ground, buttoning his uniform to hide his crushed and bleeding chest. Kirk was in the act of covering his face with a handkerchief when he heard Haines calling out. Mrs. Hitchcock was found. Kirk followed Haines back to where Mackay and Gibbs were bending over her in bewildered astonishment. She was sitting huddled up on the ground, giggling and grimacing as though it were all an excellent joke. As the ship capsized she had been flung against a canvas ventilator, and carried down on a veritable bed. "Like shooting the chutes," she explained, bubbling over with hysterical merriment, "and then splashing through eternity at the bottom!"

"I am thankful you are alive," said Kirk.

"So am I, young man," she returned with unimpaired sprightliness. "*Moi aussi, je vous assure!*"

He wondered whether he ought to tell her of Jackson's death, and on second thought refrained. She would find it out soon enough as it was. But her crazy gaiety, so discordant amid the universal ruin, seemed at the moment proof against all misfortunes. Gabbling, nodding, energetically gesticulating with her hands, she persisted in a vivacity that in the circumstances was hardly believable.

"Captain," she cried, "I put myself at your orders. It's your business to tell us what to do, and it's ours to do it—hee, hee—isn't it, Gibbs?"

"My idea is to find a mirror somewhere, and keep flashing our position back to camp," said Kirk. "It will give them the general direction to reach us, and if night falls before they arrive, we'll build a fire, and send up rockets at intervals."

"I am sure Captain Jackson would approve of that," she said. "Hadn't we better go and tell him?"

For a space no one answered. It was Gibbs who was the first brave enough to answer.

"Why, ma'am," he faltered, "the poor gentleman was in the foretop when she——"

Mrs. Hitchcock turned very pale, trembled, and pressed her hand to her heart. Gibbs would have said more, but she stopped him.

"I—I think I'll sit down here a little while, and—and—rest," she said at last. "No, don't stay with me; I would rather be alone. That is, if there is nothing I can do for him?"

"There's nothing," said Kirk. "Nothing that you or any one can do for him now."

They left her sitting on a spar, and when they turned and looked back she was on her knees, praying.

"She allus thought a lot of Jackson," said Mackay.

"More than I ever did, the domineering, overbearing be—" began Gibbs.

"Hush!" exclaimed Kirk. "He's dead now, and has passed beyond criticism. The thing for us to do is to dig the reflector out of the search-light, and rig up an apparatus to swing it on."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Gibbs deferentially.

"It can't be more'n twenty miles to camp," put in Mackay, "and in clear weather like this the flash ought to carry all of sixty."

Haines shuddered.

"And you won't let them be too hard on us, sir, will you, sir?" he pleaded. "I have a mother, sir, and two young sisters that——"

"It all depends on yourself, Haines," interrupted Kirk sternly. "You fellows will have to earn your forgiveness, and earn it in the next few hours. Do you understand? Earn it by hard work and rigid obedience to orders!"

Heartily protesting their intention of doing so, the three mutineers followed Kirk to the battered, blood-splashed top, and applied themselves with a will to the extrication of the reflector.

Half an hour later an improvised heliograph was sending its dazzling message across the prairie, and with blinding flashes incessantly cutting the arc of the eastern sky.

It was midnight.

The survivors were gathered about a fire, whose beams lighted up their shadowy figures

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

drowsing beside their rifles, ready at a word to spring to their feet and defend the wreck from Indian marauders. All about them rose a wild tangle of masts, spars, and rigging, seen and lost and seen again as the fire flickered or fell; to one side the impenetrable night, on the other the dim mountain of the Fortuna's hull, and her wall-like deck, sheerly perpendicular, at once so familiar and so fantastic in its altered relation to the ground.

Harding lay on a blanket, moaning faintly, and occasionally calling out in a husky voice for water. Mrs. Hitchcock hovered over him, ministering to his wants, and whispering encouragement. The old woman, in the hour of disaster, was showing good qualities hitherto unsuspected—the finer side of her irresponsible and contradictory nature. In the presence of death and suffering she seemed to rise superior to her inveterate triviality. The incorrigible giggler and scatterbrained monologist for once stood awe-stricken before the eternities.

At intervals Kirk put a match to a rocket, and watched it shoot skyward in a streak of fire, till, halting in the dome of night, it exploded its little galaxy of stars. Here for an instant they would hang, sparkling brilliantly —crimsons, blues, greens, all intermixed in a vivid confusion—to vanish in the twinkling of an eye, leaving the night blacker for their having been.

It was then, it seemed to Kirk, that the poignancy of the disaster came home to him most fully. These fiery signals, so identified with the distress of ships, so long the appeal of castaway and perishing seamen, forced upon his mind an analogy of similar hopelessness and despair.

He asked himself how this vast mass was ever to be righted again. What if those gigantic masts were sprung, the mighty axles twisted, the water-tanks burst asunder by the frightful impact with which the Fortuna had struck the ground? In the universal ruin about him he saw no means of their ever extricating themselves again. Were they doomed to perish miserably of starvation and lack of water—or, more appalling still, to become slaves to the savages? No, not that, assuredly, for they would die fighting first. Turn as they might, there was but one way of escape, and that was the Fortuna. Their lives depended on their power to right her, to repair her shattered fabric, to spread her torn sails on those splintered booms and yards, and once more to entrust their fate to the willing winds.

And if they failed——?

A crushing sense that he was to blame for it all oppressed his heart. Not for having capsized the vessel. That he gloried in. Better to have the wreck of the Fortuna than no Fortuna at all. It was some satisfaction that Jackson's villainy had been so appropriately punished. He had not a particle of pity for him, nor Beale, nor Nesbit. They had got only what they deserved. His remorse went farther back. Had he only listened to Vera's pleadings, to her reiterated and passionate appeals—what an incalculable amount of misery would have been prevented. In the retrospect his own stubbornness appeared inexplicable. He cursed the stupid pride that had worked so great an evil. She loved him; she would have appreciated at its full the sacrifice—had he made it for her. Westbrook, who on so many occasions had shown such marked and unmistakable regard for him, would have been won over. They would have returned the two happiest people in the world.

And now?

Oh, what a fool he had been! What a fool he had been!

There was a shout in the darkness, the sound of stumbling feet, faint far-away voices calling. Von Zedtwitz strode into the firelight, revolver in hand, a formidable, broad-shouldered figure, full of energy and ire.

Kirk sprang up to meet him.

"Doctor!"

"Girkpatrick!"

Explanations hurriedly passed. The German was in a steaming sweat, and his voice was vibrant and guttural from long running. His delight in finding Kirkpatrick alive seemed to outweigh every other aspect of the disaster, and he grasped him in the embrace of a bear. Though less effusive, Kirk's heart, too, was full, and it brimmed over with affection for the honest old German. With von Zedtwitz there seemed to come an atmosphere of resolution, sturdy courage, and superb self-confidence.

They were still excitedly talking as some of the others began to trickle in. Dusty, travel-worn, limping, they presented a sad and disheartened appearance. For twenty-odd miles, guided by Kirk's signals, they had toiled across the llano like an army in pre-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cipitate retreat. Guns, blankets, water-bottles had been thrown away. Those who dropped out were left where they fell. The flight had degenerated into a mad scramble of every man to save himself.

Kirk was half crazy to learn news of Vera. She, too, had started out with the rest. Only the wounded had been left behind. He eagerly questioned the weary throng as they arrived in twos and threes and threw themselves on the ground. They could tell him nothing more of her, nor of her father. Spiritless and apathetic, they seemed not to care. All they wanted was water for their parched throats, and once they got it they rolled over on the ground like logs. Von Zedtwitz had disappeared to ascertain as best he could in the dark the probable damage to the ship. The only men Kirk could rouse into action were the recent mutineers. They knew on which side their bread was buttered, and showed an almost pitiful alacrity and zeal to serve him.

Taking two of them, with lanterns, Kirk went in search of the missing. The folly of the proceeding struck him before they had gone a quarter of a mile. He himself was so spent and ill that he could scarcely walk. They had no means of carrying water, no compass to guide them, no aid, in fact, to give beyond the little whisky that still remained in the bottle. They stood there helplessly under the stars, fearful of going on lest they should lose the direction, and calling out as loudly as they could. There was an infinite melancholy in the sound. It rose in the void like a wail of anguish.

"Hallo-o-o-a! Hallo-o-o-a!"

"Hold on!" cried Haines suddenly.

"It's nothing but the echo," said Mackay.

"Listen!" exclaimed Kirk.

From far across the prairie, but clear and distinct in the silent air, they heard what seemed to be an answer to their call. Again their own shout went up. Again it was answered by a silvery note that thrilled in Kirk's ears with startling reassurance. He took hold of Mackay's arm, and began to run. Weariness and pain were forgotten.

"Sing out, boys," he panted joyfully. "Keep it going—keep it going!"

"Hallo-o-o-a, there! Hallo-o-o-a!"

Blundering through the darkness, shout answering shout, they at length discerned shadowy figures hastening to meet them. The first was Wicks, who on recognizing Kirk let out a roar like a bull. The Devonshire man wasted no time in greeting, but turned back, eager to pass the good news to his companions.

"It's the captain himself!" he cried. "Right as a trivet, and no harm done!"

There was an outburst of exclamation. Kirk found himself in the center of a little group of friends who seemed ready to pull him to pieces from excess of thankfulness—Wicks, Goltz, Phillips, Crawshaw, Westbrook, and Vera. The upraised lantern lighted their pale and haggard faces thronging all about him. Little Crawshaw wept unblushingly. Westbrook, in that mellow voice of his, always so sincere and kind, and now tinged with a singular nobility, thanked God that Kirk had been spared to them.

"I never thought to see you again," he said. "It's like meeting one risen from the grave!"

Kirk felt a little soft hand feeling for his own, and an insinuating girlish body nestling beside him. Vera had not spoken a word, but her eyes, luminous with a strange and tender light, had never left his face. She perceived, what had escaped the others, that her lover was suffering.

"Kirk," she said suddenly, "you're hurt!"

"Oh, it's nothing," he returned. "Arm's a bit dicky, that's all."

And with that he fainted.

CHAPTER XXI

THE days that followed were hardly more than a blank to him. Looking back on that misty period, his most pronounced memory was of lying with a clinical thermometer in his mouth. It had a peculiarly flat taste, and he recalled the inordinate amount of coaxing that was necessary to make him keep it there. There were also intervals of whisky in teaspoons, and nauseating messes of a gray, sticky complexion that he was persuaded, with extreme difficulty, to get outside of. There was a bitter taste always in his mouth that even water could not allay.

There was Phillips, too. He hated Phillips. He and the thermometer seemed to go together. To see him was to know that the glass-tasting process was to recommence. Once he actually chewed it and oh, dear, wasn't there a commotion!

It had become the most natural thing in the world to have Vera about. When he opened his eyes and did not see her, he felt

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a vague sense of indignation. He felt that he was being neglected. He would complain peevishly to the empty air, and the ache in his bones would grow worse. He had no idea what a tyrant he was—what an overgrown and exacting baby. It was Vera's place to love him, to caress him, to throw over him the mantle of an exquisite maternity, above all to stay by him. As he grew better he used to lie for hours watching her. Her graceful head, the turn of her rounded chin, her fair hair, so glossy and thick and soft, were an unending delight to him.

One afternoon he awoke from a long sleep. His drowsy eyes took her in with a strange and new understanding. He motioned her to come over, and she knelt beside the cot and took his wasted hand.

"Vera," he said, "I think I must be better."

He noticed her pallor; the dark rings under her eyes; her worn, wan face, beautiful even after days and nights of watching.

"How long have I been here?"

"Let me think—eight days."

"And you have been nursing me?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you leave it to somebody else?"

"Because I love you, silly boy."

A delicious contentment stole over him. He felt his hand fondled against her hand, her cheek, her lips. It was sweet to lie there, in a languor of weakness, and be petted.

"It was my arm, of course?"

"Compound fracture, with fever and delirium."

"What did the doctor say—will it be all right?"

"Oh, yes."

"Soon?"

"Pretty soon!"

"What's all that clanging and banging?"

"That's papa and Mr. Crawshaw. Does it bother your poor head?"

"No, I like it. What are they doing?"

"Working at the forge."

"Then they still have hopes of getting her to rights? The Fortuna?"

"Hopes! Why, they've done it!"

"Done it, Vera? Do you really mean——?"

"You mustn't get excited."

"Oh, but, my darling, you are keeping me on tenter-hooks— She was not damaged?"

"Not irreparably. The forward truck was badly smashed. The mainmast was sprung, too, but they repaired the place by shrinking on hoops of red-hot iron. The maintopmast couldn't be saved, but the foretopmast was doctored into shape. It looks awfully patchy, but Mr. Wicks is sure it will stand. Oh, they've been so busy, Kirk."

"And the water-tanks held?"

"I suppose so. Nobody has ever said a word about them. But we're getting the same old skimpy allowance."

"Thank God!"

"Now you must stop talking, and shut your eyes."

"But you'll stay close to me, won't you?"

"Right here."

"I should have died if it hadn't been for you. I know I should."

"Pooh! Go to sleep."

"Mayn't I be grateful?"

"Not till you are well."

"And it's true that you love me?"

"Yes, dearest."

"And nothing shall ever come between us again?"

"Never, Kirk, never."

"I wonder if——"

The rest of the sentence was never said. The hand in hers relaxed. He was asleep.

It was the turning-point in Kirk's illness. He improved rapidly. Little by little, he gradually learned all that had happened since the night of the wreck. Harding had lingered a few days, and then had passed away, without regaining complete consciousness. Strange to say, Weaver was on the high road to recovery. The little jockey said it was the doctor. The doctor modestly ascribed it to a miracle.

The mutineers had been let off scot-free, although there had been some wild talk of making an example of them. But every man was precious, and it was policy, as well as mercy, to deal easily with them. The fellows had buckled down with such a will, and had shown such energy and good spirit, that at last, by universal consent, they were reinstated and forgiven.

It was a wonderful day for Kirk when, leaning on Vera's arm, he was permitted to leave his tent, and see with his own eyes the progress that had been made. The camp was humming like a factory. Anvils were thundering, bellows blowing, and the Fortuna, now on an even keel, was overrun with men. The different gangs cheered him as he moved

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

along, and crowded about him with handshakes and hearty congratulations. It gave him an inexpressible pleasure to find how little he had been forgotten. It made him proud to receive before Vera the homage of these rough fellows, and to see their faces gladden at his approach. It seemed to raise him in his own estimation. How good they were—how good and kind and generous!

And, by George, how they had worked! It was almost unbelievable. One might almost think, to look at her, that the Fortuna had never turned over at all. There were big jacks under her forward, and the lack of the maintopmast gave her an unfamiliar look; but once on deck she was to all appearance the same old ship, and not particularly changed.

"And so you two children are engaged?"

"Yes, papa."

"And friends are to accept this as the only intimation?"

"Yes, papa."

"And the other high-contracting party—can't he speak?"

"It was Vera's idea to do all the talking, sir."

"And what am I to do—faint with surprise?"

"Yes, papa."

"Do you suppose I haven't seen it all along? Why, I've had you two under a microscope, and kept awake more nights thinking it over than you would believe."

"Mr. Westbrook," said Kirk, "I know very well that your daughter's choice is bound to be a disappointment to you. She is throwing herself away in marrying a man like me—but I love her, and she loves me."

"Disappointment—humph! How do you know it's a disappointment, young man?"

"She has the world at her feet."

"That usually means an earl."

"Oh, papa, do be serious. It's a life-and-death matter to us."

"Well, you two, listen to me. When I first saw this thing beginning, it made me feel mortal bad, I can tell you. I hardly knew what sort of a man I wanted for you, Vera, but frankly—it wasn't Kirkpatrick. But I was a man of the world. I was too wise to show any marked disapproval. The stern parent is answerable for half the unhappy marriages. He supplies an element of romance, and helps to keep the little darlings in a flutter. That wasn't my idea at all. Mine was to wait for the varnish to wear off, and let my little girl see her admirer in his true light. Character was sure to come out. Well, the result of all my waiting and watching was to discover that Kirk here is one of the finest, truest, noblest fellows I've ever known. He's a man, every inch of him, and pure gold all the way through—and there's nothing he could ask for that I wouldn't give him. There! I've made it plain, I hope? Tried to, anyhow. And God bless both of you."

"I don't know how to thank you," said Kirk. "I was not prepared for—for— It means so much to me. It—it means everything."

"And I'm going to love you more than ever," said Vera, throwing her arms around her father's neck. "You mustn't think it's going to make the least difference—because it sha'n't!"

"But we haven't finished with the thing yet," said Westbrook, with dry humor. "I am interested in the young man's prospects. A bit hazy, aren't they?"

"I've been thinking over that. You are going to put him in charge of the new plant in Jersey City."

"Oh, I am, am I? A post requiring every technical qualification, and employing eight hundred men!"

"Kirk can do anything!"

"Ah, no doubt. Big gun construction being one of those simple things that anybody can pick up—twelve-inch rifles made while you wait, and delivered daily in our special van! Pom-poms and three-o'-threes left on your door-step with the milk!"

"Papa, you're mortifying Kirk."

"God forbid! Only let us get down to earth. Falling back on the old man isn't my notion at all. Silly too, when there is a tidy little independence just over the horizon."

"Papa, you promised me that awful night that if we pulled through you would go straight home."

"That's what I'm getting to."

"No, I am going to hold you to your word. It's all too dreadful and dangerous. I won't let you beg off."

"Who's begging off?"

"You gave your solemn word of honor!"

"I admit it. It was one of those impulsive occasions when the best of us stumble. I lost my nerve—temporarily."

"Kirk has promised me, too."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"And so the expedition has to be abandoned?"

"Of course."

"It's just as easy to go on now as to go back. Ask Kirk."

"Are you going to break your word?"

"No-o."

"I hold you to it, papa."

"And condemn Kirk to the bread of dependence, eh? Bitter bread, my girl. He has his hand almost on a fortune, and you will not let him reach out for it?"

"It may be all a myth."

"Hundred thousand pounds all his own! Half a million dollars, Vera! At four per cent.——"

"It's no good talking, papa. I won't, I won't."

"Isn't Kirk allowed to open his mouth on the subject?"

"We're of the same mind."

"Now, see here, Kirk, if you hadn't been tied hand and foot in pink ribbon—what would your vote be?"

Poor Kirk hesitated. He tried manfully to lie—but couldn't.

"I—I'd see the thing through," he said.

"How does this going back strike you?"

"Well, sir, if Vera insists——"

"Now, own up, it's a frightful disappointment to you, isn't it?"

"I'd sacrifice more than that for her, sir."

"Sacrifice—ah, that's the word. Frankly, isn't it a great pity to throw up the sponge when we are on the very threshold of the place?"

"Yes, I have to admit it."

"Did you hear that, Vera?"

"Yes, papa."

"Doesn't it count with you at all?"

"It's because I love you both so much."

"Didn't you tell me at Felicidad that the hardships would surely kill me? Why, I have fattened on them. Never felt so well in my life! It seems to show that you are not always right, doesn't it?"

"I want to go home, and live happily ever afterward."

"Postpone it a few weeks. Oh, my dearie, the game is in your hands. Be a little thoroughbred!"

"We-ell—papa, I let you off your promise!"

"Hurrah, Kirk! Southward ho, for Cassiquiare!"

"By Jove, sir, we'll make it this time!"

"You won't mind if I run round and tell Zeddy? The poor chap has been eating his heart out. He thought it was all off. The tent door closes at ten o'clock sharp, young lady."

CHAPTER XXII

After nine days' southward sailing the Fortuna lay awaiting von Zedtwitz's return. To port were some low reddish hills, rising tier upon tier, till the red melted in the blue and purple of a distant mountain chain. To starboard was the prairie, shimmering like the sea, and as illimitable. Beneath awnings, fore and aft, the crew and officers of the ship were whiling away their time as best they could, and trying to keep the suspense from becoming unendurable. Through the winding gap in the near-by hills von Zedtwitz had disappeared three days before, leading a party of ten well-armed volunteers. Sixteen miles beyond, he believed, was Cassiquiare. The doctor had been positive of it; had pointed triumphantly at the landmarks in proof; had resented, with fiery impatience, the least doubt being cast on a memory that went back so many years. Unfortunately, his observations had not agreed with Kirk's. They differed by sixty-odd miles—nearly a whole degree of latitude.

But there were the hills; there was the gap; there the doctor, jubilant and vociferative. Every assurance, in fact, that they had struck the right place. So they had manned the side, and sent him forth with ringing cheers. That had been at dawn on a Tuesday morning. By Wednesday night they had fully expected the party to return. By Thursday they grew anxious and apprehensive. Friday found them very gloomy indeed.

"Foretop, ahoy!"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see a flash just now a couple of points off that cliff?"

"No, captain."

"Make out anything?"

"No, sir."

"Keep a sharp lookout!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

This colloquy roused the ship. Dozing men awakened, and inquired what was the matter. Glasses were leveled at the place Kirk pointed out. But nothing could be detected. The air, quivering with heat, gave a strange unsteadiness to the bare and crimson hills. They might have been painted on some theatrical drop-scene, and wabbling in the draft.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"On deck, there!"

"What is it?"

"They're coming, sir!"

There was a hoarse buzz of excitement followed by a rush up the rigging. Men who had never trusted themselves before beyond a score of ratlines now valiantly assailed the sky itself, racing one another to the tops. Some stuck midway, but yelling lustily, and swelling the hubbub that on every side greeted the good news.

"Are they all there?"

"All there, captain."

"Eleven?"

"That's right, sir."

"Any sign of trouble?"

"No, sir."

"Who's leading?"

"Von Zedtwitz himself, sir."

"What's he doing?"

"Seems to be waving his shirt."

"In distress?"

"Can't say—more like he was dancing, sir."

These meager details were passed on with excited comment. Glasses were focused on the place where at any moment the little party might be expected to emerge.

A tiny speck came into view. Behind it, in single file, gradually appeared ten other tiny specks.

The sight of them was the signal for a mighty cheer.

Then faces were picked out, with eager and noisy disagreement. It became a burning question whether the fifth speck was Wicks or Jack Cohen — whether the ninth was Henderson or Crandall.

"It's Wicks, you wall-eyed goat."

"Cohen, or I'll eat my hat! Tell him in a million."

"It's Wicks, just the same."

"Wicks, nothing—it's Jack!"

And so on, and so on.

The human monkey must chatter.

The specks grew bigger—now toy soldiers in size, stepping out briskly. Red faces bobbed into the glass—von Zedtwitz's tawny whiskers — rifles, cartridge-belts, water-bottles—dazzling bits of metal-work. It was exasperating to have to wait; to know nothing; to search vainly for any indication of how things had fared with them. Why had they not agreed on a signal? Von Zedtwitz, bare to the waist, continued energetically to wave his shirt. But that might mean anything. You could take your choice. To some it seemed a good omen. Kirk answered it by breaking out the ensign at the main. It satisfied his crying need for action—to do something—to relieve in any way the tension that grew every instant more insupportable. The bright bunting drooped lifelessly at the masthead, refusing to flutter. The sun beat down with an increasing fierceness. The toy soldiers were running now, at a heavy jog-trot. But keeping together, and finally showing for what they were—a string of shaggy, overburdened men—dirty as tramps—their wicked-looking rifles giving them the aspect of desperadoes.

Von Zedtwitz put both hands to his mouth, speaking-trumpet fashion.

The ship hushed.

Tense and breathless, every one waited in a fever of impatience to learn the news.

Was the treasure still there? Or had others got in before them? Or were they, after all, sixty miles out of the true position?

"CRAWSHAW——"

Every ear was strained. Crawshaw! Had the doctor gone crazy?

"WAS BITTEN——"

But there was the little man himself, spectacles and all, skipping like a colt!

"BY A SNAKE!"

This extraordinary piece of intelligence, so remote from the subject that was desperately agitating them, overwhelmed them with an astonishment verging on dismay. What of Cassiquiare? Of the treasure? Of all those ardent hopes for which so much had been already sacrificed? They stared at the doctor in amazement, expecting him to bellow, in his resounding voice, the yes or no on which everything turned. But he seemed to consider that he had set all their curiosity at rest, and resumed his ponderous double-quick at the head of his men.

The ship broke into a wild uproar. Discipline was forgotten. The gun-crews deserted their stations, to which Kirk, ever mindful of danger, had assigned them at the first ambiguous gesticulations of the old German. It had flashed across his mind that possibly the little party was being pursued; that they had roused a hornets' nest in that hollow of the hills. But the men raced pell-mell for the gangway, and with shouts and huzzas streamed over the prairie toward their comrades. Kirk, too, caught the contagion, and darted down. The ship might take care of itself. The point was to reach Zeddy, and reach him quick.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The old fellow stood panting in the center of a mob.

"A wiper," he was saying; "no longer than that, but flat-headed and wicious, and it stung him just above the ankle. Ah, but it was what you call a close shave. Many times I said: 'He will die. Assuredly he will die!' And ach, how he screamed! You wouldn't think so little a fellow could scream so big. Had I not some potash permanganate, and most carefully rubbed it in, you would never have seen him again!"

"But Cassiquiare?" demanded Kirk, beside himself. "What we want to know is whether you found Cassiquiare?"

"Of course we found Cassiquiare," returned von Zedtwitz, irritated at the interruption. "Was I not sure? Did I not say it with positiveness?"

"And the treasure? The gold?"

"It was there where the snake was. I thought I heard a hiss, and so, bromptly, I said——"

"Oh, hang the snake! Good heavens, man, is the treasure actually positively there?"

"Of gourse."

"Just as you left it all those years ago? Just as you described it to us?"

"Why, certainly, captain."

"Bars and bars of it?"

"Hundreds! Ask Wicks."

"Aye, that's a fact, sir," said the first officer. "Lord, but I never saw such a mountain of metal in all my days, and stacked so nice and tidy that it might have been the Bank of England. It made a fellow blink to think that every ingot of it was virgin gold, and enough to buy a row of cottages in the High Street of Appledore."

Crawshaw came bustling up to shake hands. He looked not a penny the worse for his bite, and was in uproarious spirits.

"Captain," he cried, his eyes shining through his spectacles, "the treasure was the least of it! But the crumbling buildings, acres big, all covered with figures and hieroglyphs—the courts—the triumphant arches, lopsided and toppling—the mystery and gloom and vastness of it beggars all description. Imagine the grave of a vanished civilization—a London of forty centuries ago—a forgotten Rome. It seemed to catch a fellow by the throat. You were overawed in spite of yourself. You stood in the middle of it all——"

He paused, at a loss for words. The colossal picture in his mind could not be described. Speech was inadequate.

"Corking," said Wicks solemnly, filling the breach.

CHAPTER XXIII

In the first flush of enthusiasm and joy, it seemed as though the object of their voyage were as good as already gained, and little thought was given to the obstacles that yet had to be overcome before the Inca treasure might in reality be called their own. To have reached the limits of the llano was one thing; to transport fifteen tons of metal from its mountain stronghold, thirty-one miles or more, was quite another.

A tentative effort, made with one of the automobiles, showed in a very disheartening fashion the impossibility of carrying out their original plan. The powerful car, stripped like a racer, and lightened of every superfluous ounce, attempted in vain to force the passage of the hills. The direction was constantly lost; rocks and declivities intervened; a day was spent in arduously accomplishing nothing.

It became evident that such haphazard dashes were a mere waste of time. In going forward the circuitous road behind was forgotten. It was as hard to get the car back the dozen miles it had covered as it had been to push it on. That night, in a council of war, it was determined to survey a track to Cassiquiare, mark the way with guide-posts, blast and level the bad places, and, if necessary, build some light bridges. It was a formidable undertaking for so small a party, hampered besides by the need of guarding the ship, and having always to keep on board of her a sufficient crew to resist attack.

But they had come too far, and had endured too much, to shrink now before this last colossal task. For five weeks the dogged work went on. Shift by shift, every hour of daylight was utilized. Axes rang, felling trees on the scantily wooded uplands; blasts detonated, hurling boulders into the air; backs bent to shovel, crowbar and pick; and the dusty cars, bearing tools, dynamite, food, water, and encouragement, incessantly passed and repassed, honking good-will, and at times even proffering their strength to drag out a loosened rock, or to tug some timber into place.

Though his arm was out of splints, Kirk had been forbidden by the doctor to use it

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

much, and the poor fellow chafed at the idleness that was thus forced upon him. He was condemned to stay by the Fortuna, where, though he found plenty of things to occupy his leisure, he grudged to the others the inspiriting work he was not permitted to share. From the foretop, whose dizzy terrors he had taught Vera to despise, the pair would sweep the hills with their glasses, and pick out, as far as their eyes could discern it, the tortuous road that was to open the way to the golden city.

It was a matter of some bitterness to them both that they were never to see Cassiquiare. Westbrook had flatly said so in one of his rare moments of asserted authority. Their divided forces kept him in a constant flutter of alarm, and he, alone of the whole party, had Indian on the brain. A few of the aborigines had once been seen to the southeast, darkening the horizon for an hour and then sinking over it. The memory of them had remained to torment the old man with visions of attack and massacre, and he repeatedly declared that neither Kirk nor Vera should ever leave the ship.

It was hard, during those long, hot days, to be so closely confined on board. In the general sense of security engendered by the profound peace about them, Westbrook's nervousness appeared more and more absurd and unreasonable. He was always insisting on vigilance, in season and out.

Even Kirk and Vera grew a little impatient under his restrictions. They pleaded and argued with him in vain to be allowed to see Cassiquiare before they should leave the place forever. They derided the thought of Indians; hotly denied that there was the least risk in the world; pointed out the injustice of this wonderful sight being withheld from them when it was so freely accorded to the others. But the old fellow would not give way an inch. His daughter was his daughter, he would say—uncontrovertibly, and Kirk was needed to sail the ship. He could not afford to let either out of his sight. Nor, to satisfy this objection, would he consent to go with them. The very idea appalled him. Cool and courageous in the face of real danger, he was a veritable poltroon before that of his own imagining. Phillips ascribed it to the reaction following extreme mental excitement; said it was common in soldiers after a battle; gave it a Latin name.

All this while, day in, day out, the work in hand went on indefatigably. Dawn saw the cars leaving the ship, loaded with men and material. Dusk saw them returning with the exciting report of what had been accomplished. In the stifling galley Hildebrand stirred his great pots, scanned his bursting ovens, brewed his huge coppers of coffee for that mighty supper when all hands reassembled on board. No Vikings in the past ever did better justice to a board than the weary and voracious Fortunas after their day of toil. Even under a torrid sky the white man can dig his black brother under, but he makes up for it by an onslaught on meat and vegetables, on coffee, marmalade, and pudding, that is truly terrific. Kirk was inclined to view with misgiving this frightful inroad on their provisions, but von Zedtwitz declared, with his deep laugh, that it would lighten the ship for the gold to come; and Westbrook affirmed the old truth that the human engine responds in proportion to its fuel.

"Feed them up now even if it means short rations afterward," he said. "To stint the boys now would be fatal."

And the "boys"—not stinted—gobbled up whole barrels of salt pork and beef, whole cases of marmalade, jam, and honey, mountains of new-made bread. Rough, homely fare, but good for muscle, for endurance, for prolonged and heavy labor under the fiercest sun that ever shone.

The track crept up and up. The ten-mile post was planted—the twenty-mile post—the thirty. The excitement became tremendous as the end drew near. One night but one car returned; the other was in Cassiquiare! Yes, in Cassiquiare, its crew camping beside it, and eager for the honor of bringing down the first load of treasure! The news, brought by Crawshaw, set the ship wild with delight. Cheers rose on cheers. Bearded men hugged one another, and capered on the deck like children. Pistols were fired in the air. Everybody yelled himself hoarse as though in duty bound to make all the noise possible. Tin cans were beaten; pots, barrels. One brazen-lunged individual got hold of the speaking-trumpet, and in deafening tones, demanded cheers for Westbrook, for Kirk, for Mrs. Hitchcock, for Zeddy — till exhausted nature could no longer respond to the ear-splitting invitation. Ten minutes of pandemonium; of frantic, uncontrollable joy; of boisterous abandonment of all restraint. Ten million dollars was theirs to divide on the capstan-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

head. Ten million dollars—hip, hip, hurrah! Every one of them was rich—rich for life—and in a few short days they would all be homeward-bound!

At daybreak Crawshaw, von Zedtwitz, and Henderson got away, inaugurating a regular schedule that it was intended to maintain till the last ingot should be under hatches. At four bells of the morning watch the other car appeared in sight, swiftly darting over the prairie, three men on the seat, five more clinging as best they could to the long narrow deck behind. Honking furiously, the car drew up under the Fortuna, and as the newcomers sprang up the gangway they were received with outbursts no less loud and jubilant than those that had welcomed Crawshaw the night before. But the excitement was suddenly hushed to a breathless suspense as Goltz, at the head of his little party, marched aft, clicked heels, and saluted Kirk with German punctilio.

"Have the honor to report our arrival on board, captain."

"Very good, Mr. Goltz."

"Was too overloaded with men to bring down more than forty bars, sir."

"Where are they?"

"Alongside, sir."

"Mr. Wicks?"

"Sir!"

"You have rigged a block and tackle to the foreyard?"

"It's all in shape, sir."

"Then hoist in the stuff, and stow it in the lazaretto."

"Very good, captain."

A few moments later, as the first batch of ingots dangled in the air, there rose shout upon shout that swelled to thunder, followed by a rush to see and actually touch the wonderful prize that at last was within their grasp. The sling was opened on the deck, disclosing forty small, dark, flattish bars, uniform in size, and deeply pitted with the corrosion of time and damp and mold. A centipede scurried out of the heap, and was forthwith trampled on. There was a minute of tumultuous exclamations, of crowding in, of rubbing the dirty metal with wet fingers, of horseplay and boisterousness. Then routine asserted itself.

"Stand back, there! Stand back!"

"Mr. Wicks?"

"Sir!"

"The officer of the deck will tally off the loads as they come, and will make a note of the bars in duplicate. One he is to keep; the other he will file with Mr. Westbrook."

"I understand, captain."

"You, too, Mr. Goltz, will follow the same instructions."

"Quite so, sir."

Westbrook, at the lazaretto door, saw the treasure safely deposited within its dim interior. All but one bar, which he retained and carried to the table, laying it carefully on a towel to prevent its smirching the cloth. The afterguard silently and intently watched him file a small surface clean, and drop a few globules of acid on the glittering place.

"It's gold, all right," he murmured. "Yes, it's unmistakably gold."

Then he heaped a little mass of filings on his watch-glass.

"I will assay these," he continued, looking up. "I suspect silver, and perhaps a little lead. The color is a bit light—you can all see that, gentlemen—too light for absolute purity. But I hazard the opinion that it will work out to about nineteen carats fine."

CHAPTER XXIV

For the succeeding period everything was subordinated to the task of bringing down the treasure. Each car was able to make two round trips daily, covering a distance of 120-odd miles, and averaging 1,000 pounds to a load. Crawshaw, Henderson, Goltz, and Weaver were the chauffeurs—one on, one off—each when on duty accompanied by a helper drawn in turn from the crew, who vied with one another for the opportunity. Goltz and Weaver owed this honor to their knowledge of cars, each having behind him a wild and spendthrift past, in which his motor had been the most innocent of his extravagances. Weaver had twice been winner of the Oaks, once of the Derby, and for an hour the most courted little man in England; and von der Goltz, the dashing Uhlan, had flung two fortunes to the wind inside a year, and had been broken for an escapade that was the nine days' wonder of Berlin.

How Kirk envied these four, as day after day they came and went, while he himself was condemned to a grinding inaction. It was unbearable to watch the great gaunt cars leave the ship, and blithely fly across the prairie in exhilarating freedom; more bitter still to see them return, dusty, panting,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sluggish with gold, the grimy pair on the racing-seat fresh from wonders he was never to behold. Vera was as chagrined as he, and hotly declaimed against her father's restriction.

Their indignation was increased by the fact that Westbrook, in spite of all that he had said, himself went up twice, and returned with the most glowing account of his experiences. His assumption that he was immune from danger, while they would be sure to attract the thunderbolts, was made the subject of a fierce and unanswerable argument. But the old man was inflexible. Vera should not go. Neither should Kirk. Beauty might storm, and clench her little fists, and half cry with vexation—but it was no, always no. The climax was reached when Mrs. Hitchcock, audaciously ignoring Westbrook's prohibition, choo-chooed off with Goltz, and spent a rapturous day in the mountains. This was the last straw. It was unendurable that the old lady should achieve this while they remained fettered. For nearly seven weeks, remember, the pair had been confined to the narrow deck of the Fortuna, wistfully eying the hills, and longing as only prisoners can long for freedom. The exacting old man would not allow them to stray from the ship, nor even to walk up and down beside it. To defy him, in his nervous and highly worked-up condition, would have been to cause a scene from which they both shrank. But——

The conspiracy dated from Mrs. Hitchcock's return. It was hatched that very evening, after Westbrook had turned in. There was no lack of confederates. The sympathy of the whole ship was with Kirk and Vera, in their enforced imprisonment aboard. If they were to see Cassiquiare at all, time had to be taken by the forelock, as there was already nearly twenty-four thousand pounds weight of treasure stacked, tier upon tier, in the depths of the lazaretto, and the Inca's hoard above was fast being depleted. The pair were to get away secretly with Crawshaw after the midday meal—one of the regular times for a car to set out, and the best time, it was judged, for undetected flight—and the others were pledged to distract the attention of the old man.

Indeed, his whole afternoon was mapped out for him in advance: chess with von Zedtwitz, developing photographs with Phillips, a descent into the hold with Wicks for a rough stock-taking of the provisions. It seemed a stroke of luck that this last-named matter had been fretting Westbrook for some little time. It was but another example of his increasing fidgetiness, since Kirk had trained Hildebrand into an exact system of book-keeping, by which an account was kept of every pound used, and the store-list was nightly posted like a ledger. But at this juncture the proposed examination, so long opposed as unnecessary, now appeared most fortunate.

Luncheon was just over. The afterguard, under an awning, and with both quarters of the ship screened from the glare without, sat drinking their black coffee on deck, and lazily smoking and talking. Westbrook was deep in a game of chess with von Zedtwitz. Phillips, his long thin legs curled up, half lay in a hammock, humming contentedly to himself, and occasionally reaching out a hand to feel for his cup. Mrs. Hitchcock, her bonnet awry, and her eyes dancing with mischief, was pretending to tell Wicks's fortune by his hand. The air was somnolent with heat. The drone of a concertina was wafted from the forecastle. Under the lee of the galley, his bread marshaled about to rise, Hildebrand was sleeping the sleep of the just, and snoring melodiously. A profound peace had settled on the ship. The moment for flight had come.

Kirk slipped away first. As Vera, a minute later, rose quietly to follow, her father fixed her with his gaze. It was so formidable that she faltered and stood still. But absorbed in his game it was questionable whether he had even seen her. It was a stare of preoccupation, blind and introspective.

"Check king," he said.

She waited till the doctor moved, and then, as her father again bent his head to the board, frowning thoughtfully and tugging at his mustache, she mustered up all her courage and walked away.

Kirk was waiting for her a dozen steps down the gangway. Below him were Crawshaw and Henderson beside the car, looking up expectantly, and smiling from ear to ear. Vera was hurriedly assisted into the seat beside the former. Kirk clambered up behind. Henderson turned over the engine, and jumped in beside him. There was a grinding sound of gears, a leap forward, and they were off.

They sped over the plain like an arrow. The air beat deliciously against their faces, and roared loudly past their ears. The powerful car, vibrating with an untamed

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

vigor, flung itself forward with an impetuosity that brought the heart to the mouth. At times, intoxicated with motion, Crawshaw opened the throttle and seemed to shoot them into space—easing down again in sudden terror for his springs. Behind him, holding on for dear life, Kirk snatched fleeting glimpses of the Fortuna, and watched her diminish in their wake. There was no sign of animation on board of her. All was lifeless and still. Her slanting masts quivered in the heat, and her long awnings drooped over the recumbent figures below. Westbrook had not detected their escape.

But as he looked back, Kirk could not help feeling a certain uneasiness as to his own conduct in the matter. He almost regretted that he had not faced up to Westbrook, and boldly demanded as a right that which he was now taking by subterfuge. But such a course, successful as it was sure to be, would have been at the sacrifice of Vera. And after all, her longing to see Cassiquiare was not a whit less than his own. He was not the first man who had paltered with his conscience and put his honor in jeopardy to please the woman he loved. Not that he put the blame on her—God forbid—but he had a sudden, piercing realization that they were doing wrong, and might have to pay too bitter a penalty for their escapade.

He tried to nerve himself to stop Crawshaw. He felt a singular tremor of alarm to see the ship dwindling so fast behind him. The immensity and loneliness of the scene frightened him with a sense of evaded responsibility. What was he doing? What was he risking? Good heavens, his rash project verged on the disloyal, the dishonorable. But shame, the thought of Vera's disappointment, a sort of embarrassment at showing indecision before his subordinates—all withheld the order on his lips. Well, he was in for it now. It was too late to draw back. And——

All qualms vanished in the exhilaration of the ride. Crawshaw handled the car superbly and knew the track like the palm of his hand. Little by little the gradients increased; turns multiplied; the backward view showed how swiftly they were mounting. The Fortuna was lost altogether. A scrubby vegetation appeared; an occasional cactus; a clump of bluish aloes. The fifteen-mile post whizzed by.

"Half-way," ejaculated Crawshaw, sizzling round a precipice that allowed them hardly a foot to the good. It was hair-raising to have him talk when he ought to have concentrated all his attention on his steering. But he would insist on exhaling information in abrupt sentences, turning his head to make sure that Kirk heard him. "This was all blasted, captain. See that rock? Dislodged from up there, and came down like an express train! This was the hardest bridge of all. Yes, my idea to build it out, and strut it from beneath. Oh, it's solid, don't worry. Wait till you see it from up there, and it'll make you dizzy, though! I was let down on a rope, Miss Westbrook. Yes, swinging in the air with a mallet and cold chisel. Well, somebody had to do it, you know."

And all the while, at a pace that hardly ever relaxed, they twisted and turned on their upward way. Before long they met Weaver and Haines, who, in the second car, had been waiting for them at a sort of siding. The engineer explained that this was the regular point for the cars to pass, thus insuring to each a clear road in either direction. Here there was a short parley to take the newcomers into the secret. They were to be sure to keep their mouths shut about seeing Kirk and Miss Westbrook. The ex-jockey grinned indulgently. He was a perky little man with a puckered, fox-terrier expression, and an appearance of withered youthfulness.

"I don't blyme you," he said, in his chipped Cockneyese. "It's a plyce to see, and no mistyke about it. It's like having the British Museum set out in the grass, and the first time I was up I felt like arsking for a check for my umbrella!"

Haines gave a little shiver.

"Anybody may have it for me, captain," he exclaimed. "Gad, a fellow's all the time turning his head like a Zulu was going to jump out at him with an assegai—and as for this gold business, it's about as gay as passing coal on the orlop deck."

The two cars parted with a mutual honk-honk of farewell, and the runaways were speeding on and up again. Some miles along, Crawshaw began to expatiate enthusiastically about a place they were nearing.

"We call it the Lookout," he said, "though the Inca's Chair is also one of our names for it. From there we can look straight down to the Fortuna, and open out a big part of the road we have been coming over. If it isn't the finest view you ever saw, I'd like to hear the name of any that can beat it!"

They were soon able to judge for themselves, emerging from the shadow of rocks

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and trees, to attain, with delightful unexpectness, the high bare shoulder of the mountain. Here there opened before them an unimpeded view of the hills and valleys that separated them from the Fortuna, which, far below on the carpet of the plain, lay like a toy at their feet. Crawshaw stopped the engine, and allowed them to gaze without interruption at the panorama unrolled before them. The little party drew together, as though in the desolation and immensity of the scene they felt an instinctive need of close human companionship. Kirk had stood on higher altitudes, and looked down on scenes no less spacious and noble; but these had been in countries where men lived, where a roof, a terrace, or some sinuous line of rails had softened the wild and untamed face of nature. Here, however, in the untrodden solitudes of a continent, the spirit had no such solace. A vast loneliness oppressed him, a profound and daunting peace, a crushing sense of abandonment.

For the first time he appreciated and understood how Westbrook, more imaginative than himself, perhaps than any of them, had allowed a not unreasonable fear to consume him. For a moment he himself quailed, and his hand on Vera's turned cold. Thoughtlessness, he reflected, is the commonest masquerade of courage. Yes, he had been thoughtless; he had not before realized the precariousness of their situation; hundreds of miles of scorched and waterless desert divided them from all help; the smallest disaster to the Fortuna might easily cost them all their lives. He had a vision of bones bleaching in the sun; of sand drifting over skulls and skeletons.

He exerted himself to throw off this somber humor, and so far succeeded that he was soon laughing and talking in complete forgetfulness of his oppression. They got on board the car again, and in the best of spirits proceeded on their way.

"Only three miles more," said Crawshaw. "I say, Miss Westbrook, if you'll lean over a bit you can get a peep at the Arc de Triomphe. We call it that just to give it a name, you know. Can't make it out? There, follow my finger!"

Kirk followed the finger too.

Both he and Vera cried out with a simultaneous exclamation.

Rising buttress-like against the sky was a mighty arch, the first outpost of the dead city beyond.

CHAPTER XXV

MURMURS of astonishment rose to their lips as the great arch loomed larger. Colossal and solitary, fantastically carved with hieroglyphs whose meaning had been lost for hundreds, possibly thousands, of years, it towered toward the sky, mysterious, savage, awe-inspiring. To the left was a building of vast extent, and of the same crumbling, grayish stone, its proportions undiscernible and lost in the jungle that everywhere hemmed it in; that broke through massive walls; that with snake-like roots pried enormous blocks of masonry asunder, and toppled giant pillars off their pediments.

Above them could be seen a richly carved façade, its bold and primitive design of a singular beauty, ennobled as it was by the hugeness of its size, and the inordinate amount of labor that had been lavished on its execution. The eye caught glimpses of interminable galleries, pillared and ghostly; of terrace-like projections tottering crazily in the azure; of shattered, undistinguishable masses of stone, tumbled headlong into débris. There were other buildings frowning down on them, as enormous, as crumbling, as weird as the one they skirted. These, too, teased the imagination with what was left unseen. There seemed no ordered arrangement at all—no coherency. They rose as capriciously as rocks from the sea, fort-like and grim, in a wild confusion of ruin, but always with the tantalizing suggestion that much was withheld, was hidden, that further mysteries lay beyond, that the most wonderful of all was awaiting to be discovered.

The final instalment of "***The Adventurer***" will appear in the October number.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DEWOLF HOPPER, "EXALTED RULER OF FANDOM."

"Fans" and Their Frenzies

The Wholesome Madness of Baseball

By ALLEN SANGREE

With photographs by Heyworth Campbell

THE visit of Clark Griffith and his New York American Leaguers to the Federal Prison at Atlanta on the occasion of their southern practice trip this spring, furnished a telling illustration of the intensity of the American interest in baseball. I was among the newspaper correspondents that accompanied the party, and all through the corridors and workshops we marked the yearning with which the prisoners' eyes followed the leaguers, some of them moving their lips as they tagged off the various diamond heroes filing by — Griffith, Chesbro, Elberfeld, and Jim McGuire. Dr. Nye, the Bertillon expert of the prison, explained that though conversation is forbidden and newspapers are excluded, the prisoners in some mysterious way manage to learn the baseball scores each day and even become familiar with the names and achievements of renowned players.

As we were passing through the barber-shop, an employee made such excited gestures with a razor that Dr. Nye stopped and whispered: "That fellow has been in prison twenty-six years and his time expires at noon to-morrow." Then, struck by a sudden idea, he suggested to Griffith that if he wanted one stanch rooter at the next day's game he should write out a pass for the ex-murderer, forger, and counterfeiter.

Griffith, of course, made out the pass, and we looked for the released convict with some eagerness. There was no difficulty in noting his arrival. He came from the top row of the grand stand to a seat back of the visiting-bench in three bounds, emitting yells of peculiar ferocity, and immediately began a vicious roast of the New York team: "Rubes!" "Lobsters!" "Yer can't put 'em over!" "Back to Hackensack!" "They bought the empire!" "Run, you ice-wagon!" He had every classic anathema, ancient and modern, at tongue's tip, and he so rattled New York's pitching tyro that the big leaguers were defeated.

"You're a fine sort of a fan, you are," jeered Griffith bitterly after the game. "Had my way, you'd get ten years more.

Excepting for the loss of his voice, the ex-convict appeared to be rejuvenated as he sat

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

there red-cheeked, throbbing with life, grinning happily. Not until Dr. Nye explained did he appreciate his blunder. "Cap'n," he apologized in a wheezy whisper, "take my oath, I never even knowed who was playin'. Yes, sir," he asserted earnestly, "that's gospel. What I let go"—he tapped his chest—"has been inside o' me twenty-six years, an' it had t' come out." Dr. Nye nodded at the somewhat appeased Griffith with understanding sympathy: "It was either this or a spree for him, and the ball game'll do him more good."

FATHER FARLEY.
Who seldom misses a game.

Doubtless some thirty-third degree "fan" resents the use of the title for such an illogical crank as the ex-convict. It must, indeed, be admitted in all justice that, although lexicographers have not as yet devoted their acumen to the subject, there does exist a nice distinction among the terms "rooter," "bug," and "fan." Any one may be a rooter if he attends a game only once in a lifetime and yells. A bug, too, need not be a steady patron; his chief requirement is ability to quote data and statistics dealing with averages, games, and players. But the fan—! He is as far above the others as a mahatma above a coolie. To him baseball is sleep, meat, and drink. It becomes a fetish. Having passed through the stages of rooter and bug, the soul of a fan frequently achieves a Nirvana that enables him to express untold passion by a mere eye-glint. Again, he may elect to roar. He is the sublimation of baseball fervor, getting out of it all there is in it.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.
"After music, baseball."

Now, the bug finds difficulty in transforming himself into the gorgeous, glittering, butterfly fan. He is too small-minded, cranky, absorbed in details. He is the chap who writes letters to the papers: "It's a wonder to me that you don't get a cigar-store Indian to do baseball for you. He couldn't make any more mistakes. Yesterday that asinine blockhead that calls himself a baseball expert said Dan McGann was born in Tennessee, instead of Kentucky. Day before he said Willie Keeler's batting average was .321. It should have been .324. If you want to keep your circulation, better get an expert that can tell a base-hit from a catcher's mask."

Even as a child, irresponsible and uncritical, the rooter blithely pursues his untrammeled course, howling at anything and everything—he is only a laborer in the cult, not an artist. It was in complaint of such a one that the New York baseball editors received numerous caustic letters just after Ira Thomas made his first appearance in "fast company" with the Highlanders. Detroit, the visiting team, had scarcely gone to bat when the rooter arose and in a voice blatant as Roland's trumpet, began to root for "ol' Jim McGuire," who at that precise moment was out in Michigan.

"That's him! There he is, same ol' Jim. God bless the old fella'! I knowed him down in Washington—used t' eat at th' same table with him. Well, sir, did yeh see that t'row to second? Great? W'y there ain't another man on earth 'at could do it! An' say, jest t' think—he's

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright by George R. Lawrence Co.

been twenty-five year in th' business. He's th' whole game, Jim is!"

This was really a serious offense, since "Big" Thomas is perhaps a foot and a half taller than McGuire and a score of years younger. Along about the seventh inning when the rhapsody grew wilder, a bug stepped down and touched the rooter's shoulder: "Say, you, that isn't McGuire ketchin'; it's Thomas. And if it was McGuire he hasn't been in the big league but twenty years; you said twenty-five."

"Thomas?" questioned the other, not the least abashed. "What's his first name?"

"Ira."

"Good boy, Ira! That's th' way! Make it a home! Holy Smoke, look at him run! Ain't he th' candy! What d' I tell you—cleaned th' bases! Thomas! Thomas! Thomas!"

Little wonder that the bugs were incensed at this cheap demonstration. But the row of fans behind—did they move a muscle? Hardly! In superb benevolence or perhaps pity, they silently regarded both bug and rooter; to them the incident was not even worth relating.

Of the nation's fans, those to whom baseball has become synonymous with life and freedom, none has been so celebrated as "Hi-Hi" Dixwell, of Boston, and old "Well-Well," of New York. When the former died he was characterized as Boston's "most unique citizen." For a generation he had delighted and amused baseball patrons with his high-pitched, staccato "Hi-Hi," emitted only upon the accomplishment of some especially meritorious play. It was considered something to boast of that one had been seated "right 'long side of Hi-Hi," and the ambitious novitiates in fandom were accustomed to wait for him to put his stamp of approval on a throw, hit, or catch before they joined in.

The popularity of old "Well-Well" with laymen is undeniable. Verse writers have long employed his name as synonymous with spring. Indeed, it is never reckoned a genuine opening at the Polo Grounds unless the long-drawn, sonorous bass notes, "Well,

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LEAVING THE POLO GROUNDS IN NEW YORK.

well, well!" caroming against Coogan's Bluff, usher in the season. But old "Well-Well" has never been regarded as a criterion and his lack of judgment will prevent his ever ranking high among baseball mahatmas. Another count against him is that in later years he has "well-welled" for the enemy and the home club indifferently, a breach of ethics that the forty-second-degree fan, who is immovably loyal, will not overlook.

A more reliable and praiseworthy celebrity in the fan cult was "Detroit Andy," who died about the same time as "Hi-Hi" Dixwell. Under his real name of Andrew Rudolph, he was just beginning to be successful in business when the baseball mania seized him with such relentless grip that he practically abandoned everything in order that he might be in the ball-park day and night. He attracted attention by his steadfast allegiance to the Tigers whether they were losing or winning, and his clever advice from the bleachers helped to win many a game. Pitcher Mullin in particular profited by "Andy's" observations, so that when "Andy" bid for the score-card privilege, Detroit's crack twirler helped him secure it. Rudolph was straightway in a delirium of joy. He slaved to get out the most attractive score-card on the circuit, even though he was losing $500 a year. The approach of ruin in nowise daunted his zeal. On the contrary, when half the Detroit club were crippled, this astonishing fan volunteered as assistant rubber, and after every game, though wearied from selling score-cards, he would pitch in and employ what strength he had left in massaging the kinks out of Tom, Dick, and Harry. When Andy came to die he was quite impoverished, yet, like Nathan Hale, he had only one regret—that he could no longer shout for the Tigers.

Though fans are bound by no constitution nor code, there is, nevertheless, a hard-and-fast understanding among them that a candidate for the title must prove himself worthy in some noticeable way. Mere attendance at every game in a season will not suffice; and many a zealous and faithful enthusiast, failing to realize this, has suffered under the

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lifelong stigma of rooter or bug. But, like success, fan fame often comes without any effort. DeWolf Hopper, for instance, became the high exalted ruler of fandom as a result of reciting "Casey at the Bat." And not only that—he made a deal of money out of that baseball poem. Other actors of that period, notably Henry E. Dixey and Digby Bell, knew more about the game and patronized it more frequently than Hopper, but the public did not care to hear of them.

EVEN IF THEY HAVE TO TAKE THE BABY.

Consider what befell Mr. Dixey, who strove to clip away some of Hopper's laurels. On a gala day in Boston he attended the game in a purple-painted barouche accompanied by a party gorgeously appareled. The comedian also had with him a favorite fox-terrier, which he loved like a child and would not have lost for at least a trifling fortune. In the ninth inning Bill Dahlen, playing short-stop for Chicago, smashed a terrific drive directly at Dixey's carriage. It came with such velocity that the agile terrier had no time to escape. The ball hit him squarely on the head and he tumbled on the greensward a very dead dog. Next day every newspaper in America told the story, describing the actor's grief, his narrow escape, his devotion to the national game; and "Pop" Anson, Chicago's captain, after vast mental labor, originated a historic *bon mot.* "It is," he testified, "the only case of a dog-gone run that has ever come under my observation." Yet even with this authoritative boost, Dixey's baseball fame perished miserably at an early age.

Taking liberties with a venerable truth, one might say that some persons are born fans, others become fans, and a few have had the honor of being fans thrust upon them. Before the American League was established, half a dozen years ago, there was but one object of devotion and therefore there was less chance than now to gain publicity among all the millions who patronize professional baseball. But with the shifting of famous players from the National to the American League, citizens were called upon to select a favorite, and a distressing upheaval followed. Husbands and wives parted; lifelong friendships were destroyed; children abandoned their parents. In Philadelphia and Boston nearly all the illustrious fans attached themselves to the American League. Chicago and St. Louis made an even division. But New York, the cradle of baseball, remained loyal to the Giants and the National League. For a time it seemed that the invaders never would attach any but rooters and bugs, and then, suddenly, in a single game, two deserving fanatics won the degree.

It was the historic contest in the American

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE BENCH.
Supreme Court Justice McCall on the left.

THE BAR.

THE STAGE.
Louis Mann, most demonstrative of "fans."

THE "STREET."

League when New York lost the pennant to Boston on account of Pitcher Jack Chesbro's anointing the pellet too lavishly. Jimmy Williams fielded a grounder and had he made his throw accurately, the game would have been won by Griffith's team. But as a result of the ball's being wet, he hurled it wild and Boston put the "pie over the counter." In this awful moment a Fulton Market fish dealer named Edward Leach stood up like thousands of others in agonized contortions, a cigar butt in his mouth. In the painful excitement he gasped and down went cigar, ashes, and all. Those who have experienced this calamity say that the immediate results are harrowing. But Leach, recognizing the psychological hour, bore the agony without a groan. "It was nothing," he declared, "to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

losing the pennant." Next day the papers printed his picture and the order of Elks raised him to high estate. For the rest of his life he will be pointed out as a fan.

HERMAN RIDDER, OWNER OF THE NEW YORK *STAATS-ZEITUNG*.

It was also in this game that Lawyer Wallace, a university graduate and an able barrister, first won general recognition. He had been casually mentioned during the season as the "Yanks' singing fan," his hobby being to take position behind the home bench and lead the grand stand in song. For this occasion the lawyer arranged a parody on Auld Lang Syne:

> We're here because we're here because
> We're here because we're here.

Hardly a masterpiece, but the words and melody were so simple that the whole arena joined in, and if song could have availed, Boston would have been defeated.

Lawyer Wallace always occupies the same seat. He not only sings but coaches the home club so cleverly as to be of real service. Pitcher Mullin, of Detroit, admits that Wallace has caused him to lose several important games by his continuous avalanche of song and speech.

It required a certain amount of thought and craftiness to dim the luster of Leach and Wallace. But a manufacturer of safes in Harlem, one Edward Everett Bell, evolved an effective idea. Bell had been for many seasons a steady patron of the Polo Grounds, though by reason of the fame there of actors, statesmen, and society notables he had small renown. He was determined to succeed with the new league even at a financial loss and began by presenting the Yankees with a safe wherein the players might stow their jewelry while on the field. It proved such a trump card that Bell's name went the circuit of the league and now he basks in deathless fame.

Few of the gentler sex have had the desire to follow the game closely and fewer still the hardihood to work upward through the degrees of rooter and bug to fandom. In fact, the records mention but two—Helen Dauvrey, who arrived at full honors when she married that Achilles of the "diamond," John Ward, and Mrs. Charles Wilson, of New York. Wherever the Giants are known, Mrs. Wilson and her son "Buster," mascot of the team, are also known. They are accompanied by the husband and father, Charles Wilson, an extensive real-estate operator, and this trio of fans has traveled the country over, in training and championship trips, missing only two games at the Polo Grounds in three years.

"YOU SEE, THERE ARE NINE MEN ON A SIDE."

They have been photographed, caricatured, and "roasted" for their extreme fanaticism, all of which merely amuses Mrs. Wilson, because, as she told the writer, "Except for baseball I should not be alive to-day."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Four years ago," runs her story, "I was quite ill, threatened with consumption. At the same time Mr. Wilson suffered a heavy financial loss, and with eight children to rear, things looked desperately blue for us. We were not in a position to take a sea voyage, and no other sort of diversion appealed to us, until one day I happened to see the following verses:

"Let's get a bag of peanuts and be boys again and shout
For the men who lam the leather and line three-baggers out:
Let's go out and root and holler and forget that we have cares,
And that still the world has markets that are worked by bulls and bears.
Every year they tell us that baseball's out of date,
But each spring it's back in fashion when they line up to the plate;
When the good old, glad old feeling comes again to file its claim—
When a man can turn from trouble and go out to see the game.

"We forthwith resolved to turn from our troubles in this way. The result of our experiment sounds like a patent-medicine testimonial, but it is true that I recovered my health, Mr. Wilson his cheerfulness, and soon after everything prospered."

It is unfortunate that she who was Miss Alice Roosevelt did not continue her patronage last year of the Washington club and thus set the fashion for women fans. Instead, Mrs. Longworth attended only enough to get the name of rooter. A little more persistence and see what would have happened! Throughout the length and breadth of this broad land you could not have found a nagging matron nor a maid with nervous prostration. "For," says a philosopher, "health contributes most to cheerfulness, and to remain healthy one must have the proper amount of daily exercise. . . . When people can get no exercise at all, as is the case with countless numbers who are condemned to a sedentary life, there is a glaring and fatal disproportion between outward inactivity and inward tumult. For this ceaseless internal motion requires some external counterpart. . . . Even trees must be shaken by the wind, if they are to thrive." Fans, bugs, and rooters are shaken and therefore thrive by baseball. The game furnishes the required "external counterpart."

Why, even watching the scores will stir the blood, galvanize the heart, and rid one of distemper, a truth of which there was strange evidence at Foreshaw Ranch, near Hutchinson, Kansas, last summer. In the midst of the harvesting season all hands quit work to see the Joplin and Hutchinson teams fight for supremacy. The owner faced ruin if the crop was not garnered immediately, and he could get no other workers. In this extremity the boss thought of building a huge score-board so that the men might harvest and still read from the most distant fence corners. A telegraph wire was run from town, a skilled operator received and posted the scores, inning by inning, and we have the word of a truthful Missouri sporting editor that "Mr. Foreshaw's ranch was harvested in jig time."

The fundamental reason for the popularity of the game is the fact that it is a national safety-valve. Voltaire says that there are no real pleasures without real needs. Now a young, ambitious, and growing nation needs to "let off steam." Baseball furnishes the opportunity. Therefore, it is a real pleasure.

But the outsider comprehends nothing of this. "Baseball," he argues loftily, "is a game for people whose minds are vacant, whose imagination is dull, who, of necessity, seek diversion because they have not enough soul leavening to be company for themselves. They remind me of the Southern darky who loves to crowd with twenty score of his kind in a small space and 'be sociable.' Briefly, I think baseball is supported by persons intellectually poor and somewhat vulgar."

In the face of what occurred at the opening game at the Polo Grounds this year, the enthusiast hardly knows how to gainsay this aspersion. Commissioner Bingham having unexpectedly withdrawn all police protection, a whole army of fanatics—estimated at 15,000—charged on the field just when New York was on the point of overhauling Philadelphia. What did that throng care for victory or defeat! Who was John McGraw pleading that he might finish the game, when 15,000 mortal dynamos surcharged with pent-up emotion, energy, and democratic enthusiasm were bent upon expressing themselves! This way and that swept the multitude—fans, bugs, and rooters—pommeling one another with cushions, jubilating, yelling, making a sieve of the welkin—physically and mentally getting everything "off the system." That is what baseball does for humanity. It serves the same purpose as a revolution in Central America or a thunderstorm on a hot day.

In commenting upon Commissioner Bing-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ham's threat to close up the baseball parks in New York if the managements did not provide their own police protection, two metropolitan editorial writers alluded to baseball as a "harmless" sport. What a weak characterization of the exhaust-valve of a great nation's spirit! Do you suppose either of those editorial pundits ever saw Louis Mann, the German character actor, "explode" at a ball game, casting to the winds all thought of propriety or criticism? Could they know the brain-storm surging within David B. Hill from the only outward sign visible—a nervous tapping of the fingers? Would they understand why Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, insists on his guests at the Dalton farm playing baseball, making the game the principal feature of his hospitality?

A sport for the empty-headed? By no means. One of the country's pioneer fans was the late Arthur Pue Gorman, who played professional ball with the old Washington Nationals. He lauded the game as a national benefaction and declared that it had added years to his life. It is related of the Maryland statesman that while watching a thrilling game in Baltimore some exuberant spectator unintentionally landed on him such a mighty fist-blow that Mr. Gorman "took the count." The offender was seized and thrown down, and though he was screaming apologies, he would have been roughly handled had not Mr. Gorman himself interfered. "Never mind, never mind," he said; "I might have done the same thing, I was so excited."

And then, how about Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court! Would you call his a vacant mind? For years this eminent American plodded, in company with his associate Justice McKenna and scores of statesmen, to win the title of fan. But baseball crowds are so democratic that the mere enthusiasm of a national dignitary "gets him nothing." He must convincingly prove that he grasps the game's transcendent purpose and understands its democracy. There are no honorary titles to fandom even for a president or a king.

Jealously, therefore, the great jurist awaited his hour, and although it came most unexpectedly, he had the acumen to discern it. One day he was sitting beside an explosive rooter, who was a total stranger to him. Just as Hickman rapped a two-bagger in right field, scoring a couple of runs, the rooter gave Justice White a hard thwack on the shoulder.

"Peach! Great!" he yelled. "Wasn't that a corker?"

"Nice hit," agreed the justice, wincing under the blow, "but he should have taken third base; he had plenty of time."

The "rooter's" face broke into grins of admiration. "Say, that's what he could. Say, you know this game—you do. You must be a fan! What's your name?"

"White."

"Mine's Dorgan. Well, White, ol' horse, you certainly know baseball. He'd ought t' reached third!"

Next day the justice was talking with three senators on Pennsylvania Avenue when the rooter and a friend passed. Another thump on the back and: "Say, White, it was a corker, eh? But you was right. The papers claim Hickman ought t' went to third. Well, s'long."

Instead of administering a rebuke, the justice, much to his companions' amazement, returned this familiarity with nod and smile.

Among the myriad prominent persons who make a hobby of baseball—statesmen, physicians, clergymen, actors, and financiers—Senator Crane has a niche all to himself. When Governor of Massachusetts he bought a farm near Dalton ostensibly for raising crops, but the gentlemen of his council on their first visit soon discovered that potatoes and beans were of secondary importance.

"I have an idea, my friends," said the governor, "that before we start wrangling over perplexing questions it would be a wise thing to play a game of baseball. If any one has a grouch let him take it out on the ball—and above all things yell yourselves hoarse."

He led his astonished council to a choice bit of meadow where was a perfect diamond with a grand stand behind the home plate. Then, to the further amazement of his guests, he arrayed his farm employees—Swiss gardener, Irish hostler, English groom, Danish teamster—against the members of the council, who were thus put upon their mettle. Togged out in old clothes, they puffed, panted, and perspired, ever goaded by their chief, who was in fine training. "Run, you Indian!" "Put it on him!" "Take a lead!" "Come on home!"

Only after full nine innings had been played did the governor let up. All ranklings, jealousies, and bitterness having been worked off on the diamond, there resulted a most satisfactory conference.

Another zealot is ex-Congressman Wadsworth, of Geneseo N. Y., whose son,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Jimmy," Speaker of the New York Assembly, played first base on the Yale team. He held the same position on the Geneseo Valley Club, which was organized and backed by the elder Wadsworth and has for years cleaned up everything in the valley. Mr. Wadsworth apparently takes keener interest in this ball club than in cross-country riding, at which he is an adept. Two years ago the judges at the Madison Square bench show waited fretfully for the Geneseo pack of hunting dogs to be brought into the ring. Stewards scurried about seeking them, and friends who had come to see the pack take first prize also searched the building for the master, who was finally found in a far corner demonstrating to a reporter how the Geneseo shortstop checked a liner by throwing his glove in the air and then making a double play.

Like Senator Crane and Mr. Wadsworth, the astute and blithe E. H. Harriman prefers to vent his feelings in semi-privacy, and the team that he and his seventeen-year-old son conduct near Tuxedo is said to be a "ripper." Mr. Harriman does not play himself, but he knows the fine points of the game and has long since passed the stage of rooter.

When the Chicago and All America clubs completed their round-the-world Spalding tour in 1889, many distinguished fans of that period, including Chauncey M. Depew, Mark Twain, Daniel Dougherty, Henry E. Howland, and Erastus Wyman, joined in royally banqueting the athletes at Delmonico's. In declaring that "civilization is marked, and has been in all ages, by an interest in the manly arts, and among those baseball is supreme," it was believed that Mr. Depew had summed up the case for baseball. But the champions of cricket, football, polo, or boxing might justly dispute this. A better characterization would be: Baseball is chess with athletics, a constant changing of situation, a continuous excitement. These features, coupled with the fact that nearly every man has at some time been a player, the game's honesty, its democracy, and—the umpire, unite to furnish a diversion that fills a real need.

A tonic, an exercise, a safety-valve, baseball is second only to Death as a leveler. So long as it remains our national game, America will abide no monarchy, and anarchy will be too slow.

August

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE high gods took the rose's flame of fire;
They took the drowsy poppy's breath of sleep;
And shaped her woman's soul of mad desire,
And lovely languor deep.

They gave her for a voice the raptured lark,
And set it singing in the quiet hush;
They gave the dove to mourn at dawn and dark,
And tender hermit-thrush.

Rich Cleopatra of the months! a queen
She rules the world with sun that southward swings.
And see! like asp upon her bosom green,
The tiger-lily clings!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MONEY

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustration by Edmund Frederick

CAWDER'S wife was giving a dinner party the evening I arrived unexpectedly from New York; therefore he put me up at the Berlen Club and left me in his nervous little way, expressing over and over again the hope that I would be comfortable. Not to be comfortable at the Berlen is not to be human; whether it is alive with greetings and chattings and murmurings or whether it is silent, except for the gentle crackling of open fires in the winter or the rustle of wind-blown curtains in midsummer, it is by far the best club—I was about to say, in the world.

I got back to its doors somewhat after twelve. Staying up late is most fascinating, away from home; the streets of a strange city are particularly alluring after dark. I remember that a lazy, feathered snowfall dimmed the lights at the corners, rare glows from window-panes became iridescent, men passed this way and that like shadows through the storm, cab horses' hoofs beat on the wet asphalt—clop cloop, clop cloop! The sleeve of my overcoat was covered with a marvel of intricate little stars, which melted when I stepped into the soft lighted warmth of the club. One could almost imagine a sigh as each slipped away. How life lives at midnight! Dreams become real; reality is like a razor blade. The play I had seen became a memory far astern; it was lost in the joy of a good day's work still farther behind. I, being a lawyer, had reorganized a corporation. Now it could go ahead on strengthened financial feet. The manufacturing plant would still be hot and rumbling next week; six hundred men would still labor there; something would happen there; things would be made! I had done that. I resolved to go there and see smoke pour out of the chimneys.

Sleep was nonsense; it would awake me from this rich, fruity midnight life. I thought of the library and climbed the stairs. It was snowing outside, but on the landing was a tiger's skin suggestive of Indian sunlight dancing through jungle verdure and calling to mind butterflies' wings poised in lazy flight over gorgeous flowers. I pushed through the swinging door into the library. It was large, warm, and quiet. Enough of the arc light of the street shone through the stained-glass windows to reveal the dignified and silent battalions of books on the highest shelves, but the white radiance slanted up, so that the lower part of the room was dark and mysterious.

Sitting in a big leather chair I was wondering that the upper part of the room should be so light in the sloping radiance from the window, and then that the lower part, decisively marked off, should be so impenetrably black, when there came to my ears a long and heavy sigh. So powerful a measure of sorrow and suffering was in this drawing of breath that the entire world seemed ready to change its complexion and grow sallow, and to shiver, just as I shivered. I realized that the horror in it was not inhuman nor supernatural, which would have made it less terrible, but human and natural, which made it the most vividly fearful sound I have ever heard.

Thinking that my presence had not been noticed, for I had come in almost noiselessly, I coughed. My cough was answered by a movement.

"Oh," said a voice, "I thought I was alone here. It's late, isn't it?"

"Rather late." My startled answer was in marked contrast to the deliberate, refined tones of the gentleman who, I now knew by his voice alone, sat at the other side of the magazine table beyond the thick blackness.

"Perhaps—since there are two of us here—you would not mind the light," he suggested. I could not offer an objection. With the snap of the electric fixture a flood of radiance scampered into the corners of the room.

I recognized John Hepplewhite. He had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

been pointed out to me a few years before, as his tall, distinguished, disconsolate figure had passed down the gangway of an incoming steamer. At first glance his features had seemed to me strong. His hair was very thick and white, and carefully brushed so that it swung down behind his ears, smooth as a bird's wing; his skin was firm and his nose very pale between red, glowing cheeks, which were still rounded out in his declining years in evidence of a moderate and wholesome life. I am used to observing too superficially. As I saw him in the club library I noticed more. I saw that a lifetime of some sort of regret had dulled his eyes and drawn his upper lip tight, that a lifetime of some sort of weakness had made the corners of his mouth droop helplessly. I had heard men say: "There's Hepplewhite. Nothing to do but take care of his money." And there, in the library, Hepplewhite and I sat face to face and I did not envy him.

"I'm dying," said he, and folding his long-fingered hands, he looked at me steadily.

I cried out in alarm. You would not have doubted his word had you heard him. "What can I do for you, sir?" I exclaimed.

He scowled slightly and his eyelids came down. "You're not a doctor?"

"No," said I quickly; "in the law. But the telephone——"

"No—no—no!" he cried, raising his arm as if he would oppose my plan with force. "Don't let's have any fuss about it. Providence might have sent a doctor with his strychnin, but, in fact, Providence sent a lawyer. Providence is kind."

"How do you know that you are to die?" I asked, leaning across the table.

He saw immediately what I meant. "Don't let's talk of it," he said. "It's a trouble with a valve in the heart—a fungus growth, a breaking away—a very comfortable slipping away—no pain. It happens, and then two hours later, more or less, there's a clutch at the base of the brain. Off you go! I am not afraid, my dear sir." I admired him for his brazen physical courage.

He settled himself comfortably in his chair. "I was reading here at twelve. Then I felt it go. The blood is impeded and accumulates at the base of the brain. I preferred the dark. I turned out the light. Two hours' notice. Since then I have been thinking."

It was difficult for me to believe that he was not joking with me; I even laughed nervously, and he frowned.

"But," I exclaimed, "your family——"

"Everything is quite well settled," said he. "My son is all that is left me. A fine fellow—just through college—Jack Hepplewhite." He smiled with pride. His eyes dimmed; his mouth twitched. "It would be rather cruel to let him see me go."

"But there is just one more thing," he cried, and threw his head back as if in agony. "I don't know what to do about it. I don't know what to do about it."

He raised himself a little. His fingers played a tattoo over a French comic paper on the table.

"I'll send for her, I think," he said finally, as if finishing some long debate within his mind. "There'll be time. What a fearful experience for her—so fresh, so fair, so young! But I'll send for her. It must be done."

"The telephone?" said I. "Can I help you?" I thought of the opportunity to call a doctor.

"You are too eager, young man," said he in his clear voice. "Don't trick me, sir. I give you my word as a gentleman that they could not hold me here until morning. Give me your word, sir, that you will not send for a doctor."

Meeting his gaze, I saw that we must play fair. "I give you my word," said I, "my word to a dying gentleman." He smiled.

"May I engage you as my attorney?" said he. "I will explain to you. Miss Sheridan is at a dance. It is at Mrs. Dennison's residence. Miss Sheridan is engaged to my son. Tell the truth. Tell her not to tell Jack. Tell her to come alone. A beautiful, noble woman—she has the courage. When you come back there is a legal matter——"

I hurried to go. I returned, wondering if I were to find him dead. He was staring straight forward with unseeing eyes. It gave me a shock, but he was alive. "She is coming at once," said I; "she will inquire for you, and I have given orders below that she be brought here to the library."

He nodded. "How many witnesses are required for a will?" he asked calmly.

"Two—in this State. Parties not in interest."

"Parties not in interest? She——?"

"Will be a good witness," said I. He nodded again. It was hard to realize that something had broken inside him. His cheeks were still so red.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I wish to draw a will," said he. "I have decided I will depend upon her—Miss Sheridan. My present will leaves everything to charities of one sort or another."

"Your son?" said I, raising my brows.

"I tell you I've decided to leave him to her. He gets nothing under the present will. Oh, there are problems! You will understand more before we've finished—how I was lost and how he must be saved from following me." John Hepplewhite's weakened mouth drooped; a look of terror came into his eyes, followed by redness, then tears. It is a fearful thing to see a refined old man go into weeping and shake off his emotion with a body twitching like a horse's in fly-time.

I realized the need for simplicity, and upon a sheet of club-crested paper from the writing-table I wrote with my fountain pen:

"I, John Hepplewhite, being of sound mind, do give and bequeath—" I looked up.

"Everything," said he.

"All my estate," I wrote, "real and personal, of which I am at present or will be in future possessed, or of which I have an expectancy, to my son, John Hepplewhite, Jr. This is my will and I hereby revoke all previous wills whatsoever." I confess my hand trembled a little with the tenseness of the situation as I wrote. I read it aloud and I confess my voice was unsteady. Matters seemed to shape themselves out of dream stuff.

"Isn't it necessary to destroy the other?" He looked up in the manner of one who asks a silly question. "Generally the more money a man has to dispose of, the less he knows about wills," he explained.

"This revokes it," said I.

"I'll sign it, then," he said.

"No," said I, "only in the presence of both witnesses. "She—Miss Sheridan—there is her cab, I think." A horse's hoof beat hollowly as a vehicle came to a stop below us.

We spoke no more, waiting, and as we waited Hepplewhite's face became distorted with the stress of some violent emotion. It fell easily into the lines of regretful years; he seemed to be taking no pains to hide from me some personal disgrace that he had kept hidden from all the world till the hour of his going.

The cab we had heard drawing up before the club did in fact bring the girl. As she came through the swinging door of the library into the full light her wrap fell to the floor from her bare arms and shoulders. She was indeed a perfect—a strong and beautiful woman. She was breathing like a hunted creature. Her eyes were wide with apprehension. She uttered a little cry.

John Hepplewhite rose and stood before her with bowed head, expressing thus simply his gentility, his sorrow that he should cause her pain, and his profound affection for the girl who had promised herself to his son. Then his old arms opened at the human call of his failing heart, and I turned toward the window, upon which the sleet was beating a gentle melody.

I heard the catch in her throat and Hepplewhite's voice saying jerkily: "It was better to let Jack know afterward, but there is something that you and I must decide together." I heard him call to me. "Sir, you are my counselor; allow me to present you to Miss Sheridan." With courage I turned back into the flood of their two personalities.

"My will," said he. I handed it to him and he wrote his name at the bottom.

"Miss Sheridan," said I. She read the paper. How her hand trembled and how it afterward steadied! I took the paper from her and made my signature beneath hers. I remember that, having signed, a sudden regard for the old man's comfort came over me. The air was heavy. I raised the window and through the crack there sifted a little flurry of snow.

"The last will left nothing to my boy," announced Hepplewhite, regarding her with close scrutiny. "Not a cent. All to various institutions. You and he would have had nothing to begin life upon—absolutely nothing."

An expression of dismay drew her lips. Hepplewhite reached forward from his chair and took her hand. "My love for him," he said simply, "that was why." His head, white and fine-browed, bent forward over her fingers until his lips touched them. "I thought I must leave him to poverty, but I will leave him to you."

"From what am I to save him?" she whispered. She had dropped to her knees beside his chair; a loose end of her gown caught and the delicate silk ripped with a screech of pain.

He was looking beyond the library, into time and space, and his face grew hard with hate. "Idleness," he choked. Oh, but the sound of this word! It became a word of tragedy—the nickname of a horror.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"FROM WHAT AM I TO SAVE HIM?" SHE WHISPERED.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"There, there," he continued nervously, "let us all sit down and take it coolly." He ran his long fingers through his white hair. "You, my dear," he went on, looking at her, "be brave for a few minutes. It will not be long." There was a convulsive movement in her throat, a tightening of her lips.

"I inherited my money," said John Hepplewhite, "and it has fed upon itself, and has grown fatter every year. Strange thing—money. How it works for you! And how it corrupts! I inherited my money and I was glad, poor fool! I would to God I'd never had it. And now Jack—." He paused, and I, glancing up quietly to see if he were nearing the end, noted his widely exposed eyeballs.

"I've done no evil," he cried. "I've led my life morally. I've been generous. I've done no evil." He turned toward me with his appeal. "But oh, God have mercy—I've done no work." He glared at us grotesquely. His mouth quivered. At the instant he seemed loathsome, and it was loathsomeness for which there was no accounting.

"This is what I've done," he went on more calmly. "I've played hard when my blood was young—the clean games young men play. I've traveled the world. I've collected books and pictures. I've raised fine animals, horses, dogs, and cattle. I've fitted out biological expeditions. I've patronized artists and musicians. But God have mercy, I was playing! I've done no *work*."

"But—" interrupted the girl with tears of compassion in her eyes. Hepplewhite raised his head, which had sunk down until his chin almost touched his coat.

"Wait," he whispered. "I am not through. I've founded a maternity hospital and given scholarships to my college. I've been public-spirited—that's what men call it. I trusteed here and trusteed there—a director forty-eight times. A brilliant money figure! But what have I made? The lure of riches—get me a glass of water from that table, if you will, sir— I was playing. And God have mercy on me!"

The girl's eyes sought mine curiously and in silence asked me to tell her that he was not sane, but I knew how sane he was and I could not lie to her. I knew that she must bear the truth. It was his wish. He took the glass from me and swallowed the contents.

"When I realized all this," he went on, plucking at his chair arms, "it was too late. How little you who are so young and hopeful can realize how age chains a man to himself as he has made himself. A terrible, unbreakable prison! I realized. And then in agony—truly in agony—I envied the mechanic beating rivets with a hammer—the man who hoed and leaned down to pick up potatoes, the Russian Jew who sewed buttons on to clothes— They worked! But if I beat rivets or hoed or sewed buttons—mere play, mere mockery! Too late, I say! Do you hear and do you understand? Too late! If I could only begin at the other end again!"

So he incoherently strove to voice his elusive truth. And the girl sensed his shame and ignominy, and caught these ragged edges of his awful failure to fulfil his human purpose. She clenched her hands; she held her breath.

"So," thought I, staring with unwinking eyes over the gay-covered magazines of the library table, "this is to be his miserable going out."

He was looking up again, and turned as if he expected to see his own life clutch at him from behind. The room was very still; a clock in the hallway struck half past one with its chimes.

"The most I ever got out of life was raising fine Holstein bulls," said the old man in a whisper. "And yesterday Jack told me that when he was married he would go to raising Jerseys. He said it was pleasanter to live in the country. God have mercy on him!" He twisted like a wounded animal, holding out his thin hands toward the girl. "You understand?" he asked pitifully.

"I understand," said she, "for the first time in all my life." And for the first time in all my own life I, too, understood.

"Make him keep his manhood—make him dedicate himself!" cried Hepplewhite in a cracked voice. "For, of all the tragedies, no tragedy is like this—living and dying without a thing done by the sweat of the soul! God have mercy on me, for I have only played."

The girl's soft lips moved; her eyes were fixed upon the old man, so broken and so sickening with his manhood rotting along the roadway of his lifetime.

"Now there is Nansen, the surgeon," he exclaimed, with tears running down his red cheeks. He pointed at an empty chair as if Nansen sat there in person. "Master of the human digestive system; living and dying a surgeon, praying at night for knowledge. I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

am no fit company for you, Nansen! You have wrestled with life, but I— We aren't the same kind of animal.

"And there is Mandervan, too." Hepplewhite pointed again as if Mandervan were with us, and smirked in a sickly fashion. "Mandervan, you've done well as an architect. A great reputation. You don't despise me, Mandervan, do you? We are both old members of this club. If it hadn't been for the money—you understand, I think—I didn't have the stimulus to work as you did, Mandervan. And there are Cawder, and Oliver, and Kepple—Oliver with his chemical research. You had nervous prostration, Oliver. You drank, you played fast and loose with your health, Oliver. Your morals weren't very good—remember that. Mine have been beyond reproach. Give me the credit for that—all three of you. Kepple's a banker. He'll give me some credit. Only money? Tell me that Kepple is joking; don't say that he has drawn any damnable distinctions. I'm getting old and it won't do. Don't look at me that way, old friends—old friends with distinctions—old friends——"

He caught at the table, his eyes turning loosely. "Miss Sheridan—Mary, my dear—a little water, if you please," he whispered. "Or you, sir, can get it for me. I will not trouble you long. You are all very good to me. You will take care of my boy, Mary—a fine fellow. Do not tell him of this matter—that his father's soul left with no sweat of life upon it. He must be saved from that. I thank you all very heartily. I have been so very, very unhappy."

The girl rose and put one white, rounded arm about the old man's shoulders. "Can't we do anything?" she whispered desperately. "Can't we make you more comfortable?"

"No, thank you, dear, except perhaps the light." My instincts were acreep beneath my skin, as if he were a snake. "Sit down, my girl. Do you mind turning the light out, sir? You understand?" I nodded. His manners were irreproachable to the end. With the snap of the electric button the radiance scampered back to the table from the far corners of the library, and was gone; once more the arc light from the street entered and slanted up toward the ceiling. We sat in the thickest blackness, while above us, cut off in a definite line of demarcation, was a stratum of misty light. Indeed, it was strange that it should be so. Little drafts of air hissed across the window-sill.

After a minute, when I and the girl who sat shaking beside me had heard the last struggle in the chair, Hepplewhite raised himself to an upright sitting posture, and his face arose out of the darkness, as a face might arise out of a quicksand, into the white foggy light. It bore the imprint of inexpressible sorrow and disappointment.

"I fear that I cannot shape my life over again," he said in a cool, even tone and bent his head. One might say he looked sheepishly at the floor, and yet he gave the strongest impression that he was already dead.

Presently his face, raised above the blackness, swayed and sank back beneath the surface and was lost in oblivion. The leather seat of his chair exhaled air, as the weight of his body fell back upon it. It resembled an expiring breath.

I turned on the light and met only Miss Sheridan's eyes. No deep perception was needed to see what struggle was going on within her; the last will and testament of John Hepplewhite was crunched up in her hand and she held it out before her. Both of us knew the question must be decided at once—on the moment.

"If I destroyed it?" she inquired with compressed lips.

"There would not be a cent for either of you. Work for him—for the son—would become a matter of necessity." I watched her narrowly. I am sure that her judgment and her courage never really faltered. Her wet eyes became gradually alive with spirit. She drew her shoulders back proudly and faced me with half-closed lids and parted lips.

"I am no weakling!" she cried, after I had waited long for her voice. "I will make the son prove that great riches are not fatal to great manhood. Come, money," and with both her hands she pressed the crumpled will against her bosom. The color surged back into her cheeks; her voice rang clearly forth: "I am not afraid!"

I led her from the library and down the stairs; I called the son and did the other things necessary when a gentleman dies out of his bed. But I rendered no attorney's bill to the administrator, inasmuch as, for one reason and another, I felt myself already amply enriched by those keen memories that I have here set down.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Judgment of Eve

By MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "Two Sides of a Question," "Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson," etc., etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea.—*Nursery Rhyme.*

IT was market-day in Queningford. Aggie Purcell was wondering whether Mr. Hurst would look in that afternoon at the Laurels as he had looked in on other market-days. Supposing he did, and supposing Mr. Gatty were to look in, too; why, then, Aggie said, it would be rather awkward. But whether awkward for herself, or for Mr. Gatty or Mr. Hurst, or for all three of them together, Aggie was unable to explain to her own satisfaction or her mother's.

In Queningford there were not many suitors for a young lady to choose from, but it was understood that, such as there were, Aggie Purcell would have her pick of them. The other young ladies were happy enough if they could get her leavings. Miss Purcell of the Laurels was by common consent the prettiest, the best-dressed, and the best-mannered of them all. To be sure, she could only be judged by Queningford standards; and, as the railway nearest to Queningford is a terminus that leaves the small gray town stranded on the borders of the unknown, Queningford standards are not progressive. Neither are they imitative; for imitation implies a certain nearness, and between the young ladies of Queningford and the daughter of the county there is an immeasurable void.

The absence of any effective rivalry made courtship a rather tame and uninteresting affair to Miss Purcell. She had only to make up her mind whether she would take the wine-merchant's son, or the lawyer's nephew, or the doctor's assistant, or perhaps it would be one of those mysterious enthusiasts who sometimes came into the neighborhood to study agriculture. Anyhow, it was a foregone conclusion that each of these doomed young men must pass through Miss Purcell's door before he knocked at any other.

Pretty Aggie was rather a long time in making up her mind. It could only be done by a slow process of elimination, till the embarrassing train of her adorers was finally reduced to two. At the age of five-and-twenty (five-and-twenty is not young in Queningford) she had only to solve the comparatively simple problem: whether it would be Mr. John Hurst or Mr. Arthur Gatty. Mr. John Hurst was a young farmer just home from Australia, who had bought High Farm, one of the biggest sheep-farming lands in the Cotswolds. Mr. Arthur Gatty was a young clerk in a solicitor's office in London; he was down at Queningford on his Easter holiday, staying with cousins at the County Bank. Both had the merit of being young men whom Miss Purcell had never seen before. She was so tired of all the young men whom she had seen.

Not that pretty Aggie was a flirt, and a jilt, and a heartless breaker of hearts. She wouldn't have broken anybody's heart for the whole world; it would have hurt her own too much. She had never jilted anybody, because she had never permitted herself to become engaged to any of her young men. As

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for flirting, pretty Aggie couldn't have flirted if she had tried. The manners of Queningford are not cultivated to that delicate pitch when flirtation becomes a decorative art, and Aggie would have esteemed it vulgar. But Aggie was very superior and fastidious. She wanted things that no young man in Queningford would ever be able to offer her. Aggie had longings for music better than Queningford's best, for beautiful pictures, and for poetry. She had come across these things at school. And now, at five-and-twenty, she couldn't procure one of them for herself. The arts were not encouraged by her family, and she only had an "allowance" on condition that she would spend it honorably in clothes. Of course, at five-and-twenty, she knew all the "pieces" and songs that her friends knew, and they knew all hers. She had read all the romantic fiction in the lending library, and all the works of light popular science, and still lighter and more popular theology, besides borrowing all the readable books from the Vicarage. She had exhausted Queningford. It had no more to give her.

Queningford would have considered that a young lady who could do so much had done enough to prove her possession of brains. Not that Queningford had ever wanted her to prove it; its young men, at any rate, very much preferred that she should leave her brains and theirs alone. And Aggie had brains enough to be aware of this; and being a very well-behaved young lady, and anxious to please, she had never mentioned any of her small achievements. Nature, safeguarding her own interests, had whispered to Aggie that young ladies who live in Queningford are better without intellects that show.

Now, John Hurst was sadly akin to the young men of Queningford, in that he was unable to offer her any of the things which, Aggie felt, belonged to the finer part of her that she dared not show. On the other hand, he could give her (besides himself) a good income, a good house, a horse to ride, and a trap to drive in. To marry him, as her mother pointed out to her, would be almost as good as "getting in with the county." Not that Mrs. Purcell offered this as an in-

"JOHN," SHE SAID SUDDENLY, "DID YOU EVER KILL A PIG?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ducement. She merely threw it out as a vague contribution to the subject. Aggie didn't care a rap about the county, as her mother might have known; but, though she

OVER THEIR COCOA HE DEVELOPED HIS THEORY OF LIFE.

wouldn't have owned it, she had been attracted by John's personal appearance. Glancing out of the parlor window she could see what a gentleman he looked, as he crossed the market-place in his tweed suit, cloth cap, and leather gaiters. He always had the right clothes. When high collars were the fashion he wore them very high. His rivals said that this superstitious reverence for fashion suggested a revulsion from a past of prehistoric savagery.

Mr. Gatty, on the other hand, had a soul that was higher than any collar. That, Aggie maintained, was why he always wore the wrong sort. There was no wrong thing Mr. Gatty could have worn that Aggie would not have found an excuse for; so assiduously did he minister to the finer part of her. He shared all her tastes. If she admired a picture, or a piece of music, or a book, Mr. Gatty had admired it ever since he was old enough to admire anything. She was sure that he admired her more for admiring them. She wasn't obliged to hide those things from Mr. Gatty; besides, what would have been the use? There was nothing in the soul of Aggie that Mr. Gatty had not found out and understood, and she felt that there would be no limit to his understanding.

But what she liked best about him was his gentleness. She had never seen any young man so gentle as Mr. Gatty.

And his face was every bit as nice as John's. Nicer, for it was excessively refined, and John's wasn't. You could see that his head was full of beautiful thoughts, whereas John's head was full of nothing in particular. Then, Mr. Gatty's eyes were large and spiritual; yes, spiritual was the word for them. John's eyes were small and—well, spiritual would never be the word for *them*.

Then, all of a sudden, without anybody's advice, John was eliminated, too. It was not Aggie's doing. In fact, he may be said to have eliminated himself. It happened in this way:

Mr. Hurst had been taking tea with Aggie one market-day. The others were all out, and he had the field to himself. She always remembered just how he looked when he did it. He was standing on the white mohair rug in the drawing-room and was running his fingers through his hair for the third time. He had been telling her how he had first taken up sheep-farming in Australia, how he'd been a farm-hand before that in California, how he'd always set his mind on that one thing—sheep-farming. Because he had been born and bred in the Cotswolds. Aggie's dark-blue eyes were fixed on him, serious and intent. That flattered him, and the gods, for his undoing, dowered him with a disastrous fluency.

"QUACK, QUACK!" SAID ARTHUR, AND IT MADE THE BABY NEARLY CHOKE WITH LAUGHTER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He had a way of thrusting out his jaw when he talked, and Aggie noticed the singular determination of his chin. It was so powerful as to be almost brutal. (The same could certainly not be said of Mr. Gatty's.)

Then, in the light of his reminiscences, a dreadful thought came to her.

"John," she said suddenly, "did you ever kill a pig?"

He answered absently, as was his way when directly addressed:

"A pig? Yes, I've killed one or two in California."

She drew back in her chair; but, as she still gazed at him, he went on, well pleased:

"I can't tell you much about California. It was in Australia I learned sheep-farming."

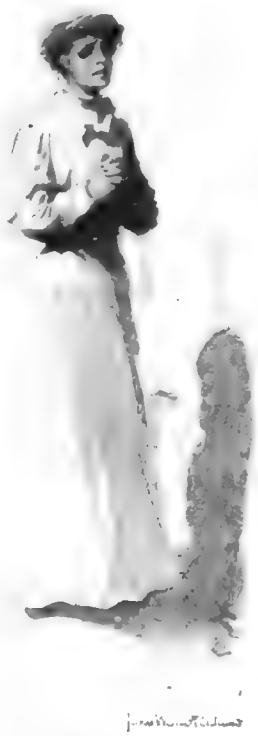
"So, of course," said Aggie frigidly, "you killed sheep, too?"

"For our own consumption —yes."

He said it a little haughtily. He wished her to understand the difference between a grazier and a butcher.

"And lambs? Little lambs?"

"Well, yes. I'm afraid the little lambs had to go, too, sometimes."



SHE LISTENED WITHOUT A SCRUPLE, JUSTIFIED BY HER MOTHERHOOD.

"How could you? How could you?"

"How could I? Well, you see, I just had to. I couldn't shirk when the other fellows didn't. In time, you get not to mind."

"Not to mind?"

"Well, I never exactly enjoyed doing it."

"No. But you did it. And you didn't mind."

She saw him steeped in butcheries, in the blood of little lambs, and her tender heart revolted against him. She tried to persuade herself that it was the lambs she minded most. But it was the pig she minded. There was something so low about killing a pig. It seemed to mark him.

And it was marked, stained abominably, that he went from her presence. He said to himself, "I've dished myself now with my silly jabber."

Young Arthur Gatty, winged by some divine intuition, called at the Laurels the next afternoon. The gods were good to young Arthur; they breathed upon him the spirit of refinement and an indestructible gentleness that day. There was no jarring note in him. He rang all golden to Aggie's testing touch.

When he had gone a great calm settled upon her. It was all so simple now. Nobody was left but Arthur Gatty. She had just got to make up her mind about *him* — which would take a little time—and then—either she was a happy married woman or, said Aggie coyly, a still happier old maid in Queningford forever.

It was surprising how little the alternative distressed her.

It was the last week in April, and Mr. Gatty's Easter holiday was near its end. On the Monday, very early in the morning, the young clerk would leave Queningford for town.

By Friday his manner had become, as Susie Purcell expressed it, "so marked" that the most inexperienced young lady could have suffered no doubt as to the nature of his affections. But no sooner had Aggie heard that he was going than she had begun to doubt, and had kept on doubting (horribly) up to Saturday morning. All Friday she had been bothering Susie. Did Susie think there was any one in town whom he was in a hurry to get back to? Did Susie think such a man as Mr. Gatty could think twice about a girl like her? Did Susie think he only thought her a forward little minx? Or did she think he really *was* beginning to care? And Susie said: "You goose! How do I know, if you don't? He hasn't said anything to me."

And on Saturday morning Aggie all but knew. For that day he asked permission to take her for a drive, having borrowed a trap for the purpose.

They went up to a northern slope of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Cotswolds, and during the drive Arthur found a moment when with a solemnity impaired by extreme nervousness, he asked Miss Purcell if she would accept a copy of Browning's Poems, which he had ventured to order for her from town. He hadn't brought it with him, because he wished to multiply pretexts for calling; besides, as he said, he didn't know whether she would really care——

Aggie cared very much, indeed, and proved it by blushing as she said so. She had no need now to ask Susie anything. She knew.

Aggie's memory retained every detail of the blessed day that followed. A day of spring sunshine, warm with the breath of wall-flowers and violets. Arthur, walking in the garden with her, was so mixed up with those delicious scents that Aggie could never smell them afterward without thinking of him. A day that was not only all wall-flowers and violets, but all Arthur. For Arthur called first thing before breakfast to bring her the Browning, and first thing after breakfast to go with her to church, and first thing after dinner to take her for a walk.

They went into the low-lying Queningford fields beside the river. They took the Browning with them; Arthur carried it under his arm. In his loose gray overcoat and soft hat he looked like a poet himself, or a Socialist, or Something. He always looked like Something. As for Aggie, she had never looked prettier than she looked that day. He had never known before how big and blue her eyes were, nor that her fawn-colored hair had soft webs of gold all over it. She, in her clean new clothes, was like a young Spring herself, all blue and white and green, dawn-rose and

"NOW, ISN'T IT A PITY FOR YOU TO BE GOING, DEARIE?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"THERE ISN'T AN UNSWEET, UNSOUND SPOT IN ONE OF THEM."

radiant gold. The heart of the young man was quick with love of her.

They found a sheltered place for Aggie to sit in, while Arthur lay at her feet and read aloud to her. He read "Abt Vogler," "Prospice," selections from "The Death in the Desert" (the day being Sunday); and then, with a pause, and a shy turning of the leaves, and a great break in his voice, "O Lyric Love, half Angel and half Bird," through to the end.

Their hearts beat very fast in the silence afterward.

He turned to the fly-leaf, where he had inscribed her name.

"I should like to have written something more. May I?"

"Oh, yes. Please write anything you like."

And now the awful question for young Arthur was: Whatever should he write? "With warmest regards" was too warm; "kind regards" was too cold; "good wishes" sounded like Christmas or a birthday; "remembrances" implied that things were at an end instead of a beginning. All these shades, the warmth, the reticence, the inspired audacity, might be indicated under the veil of verse. If he dared——

"I wish," said Aggie, "you'd write me something of your own." (She knew he did it.)

What more could he want than that she should divine him thus?

For twenty minutes (he thought they were only seconds) young Arthur lay flat on his stomach and brooded over the Browning. Aggie sat quiet as a mouse, lest the rustle of her gown should break the divine enchantment. At last it came.

"Dear, since you loved this book, it is your own—" That was how it began. Long afterward Arthur would turn pale when he thought of how it went on; for it was wonderful how bad it was, especially the lines that *had* to rhyme.

He did not know it when he gave her back the book.

She read it over and over again, seeing how bad it was and not caring. For her the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

beginning, middle, and end of that delicate lyric were in the one word, "Dear."

"Do you mind?" He had risen and was standing over her as she read.

"Mind?"

"What I've called you?"

She looked up suddenly and his face met hers.

"Ah," said Arthur, rising solemn from the consecration of the primal kiss, and drawing himself up like a man for the first time aware of his full stature, "that makes *that* seem pretty poor stuff, doesn't it?"

Young Arthur had just looked upon Love himself, and for that moment his vision was purged of vanity.

"Not Browning?" asked Aggie a little anxiously.

"No. Not Browning. Me. Browning could write poetry. I can't. I know that now."

And she knew it, too; but that made no difference. It was not for his poetry she loved him.

"And so," said her mother, after Arthur had stayed for tea and supper, and said his good-by, and gone, "so that's the man you've been waiting for all this time?"

"Yes, that's the man I've been waiting for," said Aggie.

Three days later Queningford knew that Aggie was going to marry Arthur Gatty, and that John Hurst was going to marry Susie.

Susie was not pretty; but she had eyes like Aggie's.

THOUGHTS CAME TO HIM, TERRIBLE THOUGHTS.

After all, Susie was married before her eldest sister; for Aggie had to wait till Arthur's salary rose. He thought it was going to rise at midsummer, or if not at midsummer, then at Lady Day. But midsummer and Lady Day passed, Christmas and Easter, too, and Arthur's salary showed no sign of rising. He daren't tell Aggie that he had been obliged to leave off reading the classics in the evenings, and was working feverishly at shorthand in order to increase his efficiency. His efficiency increased, but not his salary.

Meanwhile, he spent all his holidays at Queningford, and Aggie had been twice to town. They saw so little of each other that every meeting was a divine event, a spiritual adventure. If each was not exactly an undiscovered country to the other, there was always some territory left over from last time, endlessly alluring to the pilgrim lover. Wherever Arthur found in Aggie's mind a little bare spot that needed cultivating, he planted there a picture or a poem, that instantly took root, and began to bloom as it had never (to his eyes) bloomed in any other soil. Aggie, for her part, yielded all the treasure of her little kingdom as tribute to the empire that had won her.

Many things were uncertain, the rise of Arthur's salary among them, but of one thing they were sure, that they would lead the intellectual life together. Whatever happened, they would keep it up.

They were keeping it up as late as August year, when Arthur came down for the Bank Holiday. He was still enthusiastic, but uncertainty had dimmed his hope. Marriage had become a magnificent phantasm, superimposed upon a dream, a purely suppositious rise of salary. The prospect had removed itself so far in time that it had parted with its substance, like an object retired modestly into space.

They were walking together in the Queningford fields, when Arthur stopped suddenly and turned to her.

"Aggie," he said, "supposing, after all, we can never marry?"

"Well," said Aggie calmly, "if we don't, we shall still lead our real life together."

"But how, if we're separated?"

"It would go on just the same. But we shan't be separated. I shall get something to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

do in town and live there. I'll be a clerk, or go into a shop—or something."

"My darling, that would never do."

"Wouldn't it, though!"

"I couldn't let you do it."

"Why ever not? We should see each other every evening, and every Saturday and Sunday. We should always be learning something new, and learning it together. We should have a heavenly time."

But Arthur shook his head sadly. "It wouldn't work, my sweetheart. We aren't made like that."

"I am," said Aggie stoutly, and there was silence.

"Anyhow," she said presently, "whatever happens, we're not going to let it drop."

"Rather not," said he with incorruptible enthusiasm.

Then, just because he had left off thinking about it, he was told that in the autumn of that year he might expect a rise.

And in the autumn they were married.

Aggie left the sweet gardens, the white roads and green fields of Queningford, to live in a side street in Camden Town, in a creaking little villa, built of sulphurous yellow brick, furred with soot.

They had come back from their brilliant fortnight on the south coast, and were standing together in the atrocious bow-window of their little sitting-room, looking out on the street. A thick gray rain was falling, and a dust-cart was in sight.

"Aggie," he said, "I'm afraid you'll miss the country."

She said nothing; she was lost in thought.

"It looks rather a brute of a place, doesn't it? But it won't be so bad when the rain clears off. And you know, dear, there are the museums and picture-galleries in town, and there'll be the concerts, and lectures on all sorts of interesting subjects, two or three times a week. Then there's our Debating Society at Hampstead—just a few of us who meet together to discuss big questions. Every month it meets, and you'll get to know all the intellectual people——"

Aggie nodded her head at each exciting item of the program, as he reeled it off. His heart smote him; he felt that he hadn't prepared her properly for Camden Town. He thought she was mourning the first perishing of her illusions.

His voice fell humbly. "And I really think, in time, you know, you won't find it quite so bad."

She turned on him the face of one risen rosy from the embraces of her dream. She put a hand on each of his shoulders, and looked at him with shining eyes.

"Oh, Arthur *dear*, it's all too beautiful. I couldn't say anything, because I was so happy. Come, and let's look at everything all over again."

And they went, and looked at everything all over again, reviving the delight that had gone to the furnishing of that innocent interior. She cried out with joy over the cheap art serges, the brown-paper backgrounds, the blue-and-gray drugget, the oak chairs with their rush bottoms, the Burne-Jones photogravures, the "Hope" and the "Love Leading Life" and the "Love Triumphant." Their home would be the home of a material poverty, but to Aggie's mind it was also a shrine whose austere beauty sheltered the priceless spiritual ideal.

Their wedded ardor flamed when he showed her for the tenth time his wonderful contrivance for multiplying book-shelves, as their treasures accumulated year by year. They spoke with confidence of a day when the shelves would reach from floor to ceiling, to meet the inevitable expansion of the intellectual life.

They went out that very evening to a lecture on "Appearance and Reality," an inspiring lecture. They lived in it again (sitting over their cocoa in the tiny dining-room), each kindling the other with the same sacred flame. She gazed with adoration at his thin, flushed face, as, illumined by the lecture, he developed with excitement his theory of life.

"Only think," he said, "how people wreck their lives, just because they don't know the difference between appearance and reality. Now we *do* know. We're poor; but we don't care a rap, because we know, you and I, that that doesn't matter. It's the immaterial that matters."

Spiritually he flamed.

"I wouldn't change with my boss, though he's got five thousand a year. He's a slave—a slave to his carriage and horses, a slave to his house, a slave to the office——"

"So are you. You work hard enough."

"I work harder than he does. But I keep myself detached."

"Some more cocoa, dearie?"

"Rather. Yes, three lumps, please. Just think what we can get out of life, you and I, with our tiny income. We get what we put

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

into it—and that's something literally priceless, and we mustn't let it go. Whatever happens we must stick to it.'

"Nothing can take it away from us," said Aggie, rapt in her dream.

"No; no outside thing can. But, Aggie—we can take it from each other, if we let ourselves get slack. Whatever we do," he said solemnly, "we mustn't get slack. We must keep it up."

"Yes," said Aggie, "we must keep it up."

They had pledged themselves to that.

Heavens, how they kept it up! All through the winter evenings, when they were not going to lectures, they were reading Browning aloud to each other. For pure love of it, for its own sake, they said. But did Aggie tire on that high way, she kept it up for Arthur's sake; did Arthur flag, he kept it up for hers.

Then, in the spring, there came a time when Aggie couldn't go to lectures any more. Arthur went, and brought her back the gist of them, lest she should feel herself utterly cut off. The intellectual life had, even for him, become something of a struggle. But, tired as he sometimes was, she made him go, sending, as it were, her knight into the battle.

"Because now," she said, "we shall have to keep it up more than ever. For *them*, you know."

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,
And it was full of pretty things for Baby and for me.

Aggie always sang that song the same way. When she sang "for Baby" she gave the baby a little squeeze that made him laugh; when she sang "for me" she gave Arthur a little look that made him smile.

There were raisins in the cabin, sugared kisses in the hold,

(Here the baby was kissed crescendo, prestissimo, till he laughed more than ever.)

The sails were made of silver and the masts were made of gold.
The captain was a duck, and *he* cried——

"Quack, quack!" said Arthur. It was Daddy's part in the great play, and it made the baby nearly choke with laughter.

Arthur was on the floor, in a posture of solemn adoration somewhat out of keeping with his utterances.

"Oh, Baby!" cried Aggie, "what times we'll have when Daddy's ship comes home."

The intellectual life had lapsed; but only for a period. Not for a moment could they contemplate its entire extinction. It was to be resumed with imperishable energy later on; they had pledged themselves to that. Meanwhile, they had got beyond the stage when Aggie would call to her husband a dozen times a day, "Oh, Arthur, look! If you poke him in the cheek like that, he'll smile."

And Arthur would poke him in the cheek, very gently, and say, "Why, I never! What a rum little beggar he is. He's got some tremendous joke against us, you bet."

And a dialogue like this would follow: "Oh, Arthur, look, look, *look* at his little feet!"

"I say, do you think you ought to squeeze him like that?"

"Oh, he doesn't mind. He likes it. Doesn't he? My beauty, my bird!"

"He'll have blue eyes, Aggie."

"No, they'll change; they always do. And his *nose* is just like yours."

"I only wish I had his head of hair."

It was a terrible day for Arthur when the baby's head of hair began to come off, till Aggie told him it always did that, and would grow again.

To-day they were celebrating the first birthday of the little son. At supper that night a solemn thought came to Aggie.

"Oh, Arthur, only think. On Arty's next birthday" (they had been practising calling him "Arty" for the last fortnight) "he won't be a baby any more."

"Never mind; Arty's little sister will be having *her* first birthday very soon after."

Aggie blushed and smiled. She hadn't thought of that. But how sad it would be for poor baby not to be *the* baby any more.

Arthur gave an anxious glance at Aggie in her evening blouse. His mind was not set so high but that he liked to see his pretty wife wearing pretty gowns. And some of the money that was to have gone to the buying of books had passed over to the gay drapers of Camden Town and Holloway.

"You know what it means, dear? We shall have to live more carefully."

"Oh, yes, of course I know that."

"Do you mind?"

"Mind?" She didn't know what he was talking about, but she gave a sad foreboding glance at the well-appointed supper-table, where coffee and mutton-chops had succeeded cocoa. For Arthur had had a rise of salary

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that year; and if Aggie had a weakness, it was that she loved to get him plenty of nice nourishing things to eat.

"We shan't be able to have quite so many nice things for supper. Shall *you* mind?"

"Of course I shan't. Do you take me for a pig?" said Arthur gaily. He hadn't thought of it in that light. Wasn't he always saying that it was the immaterial that mattered? But it had just come over him that pretty Aggie wouldn't have so many pretty clothes to wear, because, of course, whatever money they could save must go to the buying of books, and the maintenance of the intellectual life. For the home atmosphere was to be part of the children's education.

"We will have lots of nice things," said Aggie, "won't we, when Daddy's ship comes home?"

Daddy's ship never did come home.

"Quack, quack!" said Aggie, and three shrill voices echoed her.

Aggie had to be the duck herself now; for Daddy had long ago given up his part in the spirited drama.

They had been married six years, and Aggie had had six children. There was Arty and Catty and Willie and Dick and Emmy (the baby of the year); and a memory like a sword in her mother's heart, which was all that was left of little Barbara; who had come after Dick.

It seemed as if there was not much left of Aggie, either. Her delicate individuality had shown signs of perishing as the babies came, and the faster it perished the faster they took its place. At each coming there went some part of pretty Aggie's prettiness; first the rose from her cheeks, then the gold from her hair, till none of her radiance was left but the blue light of her eyes, and that was fainter. Then, after Barbara's death, her strength went, too; and now, at the end of the day, she was too tired to do anything but lie on the sofa, and let the children crawl all over her, moaning sometimes when they trampled deep. Then Arthur would stir in his arm-chair and look irritably at her. He still loved Aggie and the children, but not their noises.

The evenings, once prolonged by gas-light and enthusiasm to a glorious life, had shrunk to a two hours' sitting after supper. They never went anywhere now. Picture-galleries and concert-halls knew them no more. The Debating Society at Hampstead had long ago missed the faithful, inseparable pair; the pair who never spoke; who sat in the background listening with shy, earnest faces, with innocence that yearned, wide-eyed, after wisdom, while it followed, with passionate subservience, the inane. Arthur had proved himself powerless to keep it up. If an archangel's trump had announced a lecture for that evening it would not have roused him from his apathy.

And as they never went to see anybody, nobody ever came to see them. The Hampstead ladies found Aggie dull, and her conversation monotonous. It was all about Arthur and the babies, and those ladies cared little for Arthur, and for the babies less. Of Aggie's past enthusiasm they said that it was nothing but a pose. Time had revealed her, the sunken soul of patience and of pathos, the beast of burden, sad-eyed, slow, and gray.

The spirit of the place, too, had departed, leaving a decomposing and discolored shell. The beloved yellow villa had disclosed the worst side of its nature. The brown wall-paper had peeled and blistered, like an unwholesome skin. The art serge had faded; the drugget was dropping to pieces, worn with many feet; the woodwork had shrunk, and drafts, keen as knives, cut through the rooms and passages. The "Hope" and the "Love Leading Life" and the "Love Triumphant," like imperishable frescoes in a decaying sanctuary, were pitiful survivals, testifying to the death of dreams.

Saddest of all, the book-shelves, that were to have shot up to the ceiling, had remained three feet from the floor, showing the abrupt arrest of the intellectual life.

It was evident that they hadn't kept it up.

If anything, Arthur was more effaced, more obliterated than his wife. He, whose appearance had once suggested a remarkable personality, a poet or a thinker, now looked what he had become, a depressed and harassed city clerk, no more. His face was dragged by deep downward lines that accentuated its weakness. A thin wisp of colorless mustache sheltered, without concealing, the irritability of his mouth. Under his high sallow forehead, his eyes, once so spiritual, looked out on his surroundings with more indifference than discontent. His soul fretted him no longer; it had passed beyond strenuousness to the peace of dulness. Only the sounds made by his wife and children had power to agitate him.

He was agitated now.

"That will do," he said, looking up from

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the magazine he was trying to read, not because it interested him in the least, but because it helped to keep the noises out.

But the children were clamoring for an encore. "Again, again!" they cried; "oh, Mummy, *do* do it again!"

"Hsh-sh-sh. Daddy's reading." And Aggie drew the children closer to her, and went on with the rhyme in her sad weak whisper.

"If you must read aloud to them, for goodness' sake speak up and have done with it. I can't stand that whispering."

Aggie put down the picture-book, and Arty seized one half and Catty the other, and they tugged, till Catty let go and hit Arty, and Arty hit Catty back again, and Catty howled.

"Can't you keep those children quiet?"

"Oh, Arty, shame! to hurt your little sister!"

At that Arty howled louder than Catty.

Arthur sat up in his chair.

"Leave the room, sir! Clear out this instant!" His weak face looked weaker in its inappropriate assumption of command.

"Do you hear what I say, sir?"

Arty stopped crying, and steadied his quivering infant mouth till it expressed his invincible determination.

"I'll g-g-g-go for Mummy. But I w-w-won't go for Daddy. I doeshn't 'ike him."

"Hsh-sh—poor Daddy—he's so tired. Run away to the nursery, darlings, all of you."

"I can't think why on earth you have them down here at this time," said their father, as the door slammed behind the last retreating child.

"My dear, you said yourself it's the only time you have for seeing them. I'm sure you don't get much of them."

"I get a great deal too much sometimes."

"If we only had a big place for them to run about in——"

"What's the use of talking about things we haven't got and never shall have? Is supper ready?"

She raised herself heavily from her sofa and went to see, trailing an old shawl after her. Arthur, by way of being useful, put his foot upon the shawl as it went by.

After supper he felt decidedly better, and was inclined to talk.

"I met Davidson this morning in the city. He said his wife hadn't seen you for an age. Why don't you go and look her up?"

Aggie was silent.

"You can't expect her to be always running after you."

"I can't run after her, I assure you. I haven't the strength."

"You used," he said reproachfully, "to be strong enough."

Aggie's mouth twisted into a blanched, unhappy smile—a smile born of wisdom and of patience and of pain.

"My dear, you don't know what it is to have had six children."

"Oh, don't I? I know enough not to want any more of them."

"Well—then—" said Aggie.

But Arthur's eyes evaded her imploring and pathetic gaze. He turned the subject back to Mrs. Davidson. A clumsy shift.

"Anyhow, it doesn't take much strength to call on Mrs. Davidson, does it?"

"It's no good. I can't think of anything to say to her."

"Oh, come, she isn't difficult to get on with."

"No, but I am. I don't know why it is I always feel so stupid now."

"That," said Arthur, "is because you haven't kept it up."

"I haven't had the time," she wailed.

"Time? Oh, rubbish, you should make time. It doesn't do to let things go like that. Think of the children."

"It's because I'm always thinking of them."

They rose from their poor repast. (Coffee and mutton-chops had vanished from the board, and another period of cocoa had set in.) He picked up her shawl that had dropped again, and placed it about her shoulders, and they dragged themselves mournfully back into their sitting-room. She took up her place on the sofa. He dropped into the arm-chair, where he sat motionless, looking dully at the fire. His wife watched him with her faded tender eyes.

"Arthur," she said suddenly, "it's the first meeting of the Society to-night. Did you forget?" They had never admitted, to themselves or to each other, that they had given it up.

"Yes," said Arthur peevishly, "of course I forgot. How on earth did you expect me to remember?"

"I think you ought to go, dear, sometimes. You never went all last winter."

"I know."

"Isn't it a pity not to try a little—just—to keep it up? If it's only for the children's sake."

"My dear Aggie, it's for the children's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sake—and yours—that I fag my brain out, as it is. When you've been as hard at it as I've been, all day, you don't feel so very like turning out again—not for that sort of intellectual game. You say you feel stupid in the afternoon. What do you suppose I feel like in the evening?"

His accents cut Aggie to the heart.

"Oh, my dear, I know. I only thought it might do you good, sometimes to get a change; if it's only from me and my stupidity."

"If there's one thing I hate more than another," said Arthur, "it is a change."

She knew it. That had been her consolation. Arthur was not as the race of dreamers to which he once seemed to have belonged. There was in him a dumb, undying fidelity to the tried and chosen. From the first, before this apathy came on him, he had hardly ever left her to an evening by herself. He had had neither eyes nor ears nor voice for any other woman. And though her face had become the face of another woman, and he hated changes, she knew that it had never changed for him. He loved her more than any of the six children she had borne him.

"After all," said Aggie, "do you think it really matters?"

"Do I think what matters?"

"What we've lost."

He looked suspiciously at her, his heavy brain stirred by some foreboding of uncomfortable suggestion; she had been thinking of Barbara, perhaps.

"I don't know what you mean."

He didn't. The flame in the woman's heart was not wholly dead, because he had kindled it, and it was one with her love of him. The dream they had dreamed together had lived on for her, first as an agony, then as a regret. But the man had passed over into the sensual darkness that is seldom pierced by pain. Of the pleasures that had once borne him, buoyant and triumphant, on the crest of the wave, none were left but such sad earthly wreckage as life flings up at the ebbing of the spiritual tide.

They had come to the dark shores, where, if the captain wavers, the ships of dream founder with all their freight.

A dull light was already kindling under his tired eyelids.

"I don't know what *you* feel like," said he, "but I've had enough sitting up for one night. Don't you think you'd better go to bed?"

She went, obediently.

A year passed. It was winter again, and the Gattys had had sickness in their house. Aggie had been ailing ever since the birth of the baby that had succeeded Emmy. And one evening the doctor had to be summoned for little Willie, who had croup. Willie, not four years old, was the last baby but three. Yes, he was only a baby himself; Aggie realized it with anguish, as she undressed him and he lay convulsed on her lap. He was only a baby; and she had left him to run about with Arty and Catty, as if he were a big boy. She should have taken more care of Willie.

But the gods took care of Willie, and he was better before the doctor could arrive; and Aggie got all the credit of his cure.

Aggie couldn't believe it. She was convinced the doctor was keeping something from her; he sat so long with Arthur in the dining-room. She could hear their voices booming up the chimney, as she mended the fire in the nursery overhead. It was not, she argued, as if he ever cared to talk to Arthur. Nobody ever cared to talk to Arthur long, nor did he care to talk to anybody.

So when the clock struck seven (the doctor's dinner-hour), and the dining-room door did not open, Aggie's anxiety became terror, and she stole down-stairs. She had meant to go boldly in, and not stand there listening; but she caught one emphatic word that arrested her, and held her there, intent, afraid of her own terror.

"Never!"

She could hear Arthur's weak voice sharpened to a falsetto, as if he, too, were terrified.

"No, never. Never any more."

There was a note almost of judgment in the doctor's voice; but Aggie could not hear that, for the wild cry that went up in her heart. "Oh, never what? Is Willie—my Willie—never to be well any more?"

Then she listened without a scruple, justified by her motherhood. They were keeping things from her, as they had kept them before—as they had kept them when little Barbara sickened.

"And if—if—" Arthur's voice was weaker this time; it had a sort of moral powerlessness in it; but Aggie's straining ears caught the "if."

"There mustn't be any 'ifs.'"

Aggie's heart struggled in the clutches of her fright.

"That's not what I mean. I mean—is there any danger now?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"From what I can gather so far I should say—none."

Aggie's heart gave a great bound of recovery.

"But if," the doctor went on, "as you say——"

"I know," cried Arthur, "you needn't say it. You won't answer for the consequences?"

"I won't. For the consequences, a woman—in the weak state your wife is in—may answer herself. With her life."

Aggie was immensely relieved. So they were only talking about her all the time!

That night her husband told her that her release had come. It had been ordained that she was to rest for two years. And she was to have help. They must have a girl.

"Arthur," she said firmly, "I won't have a girl. They're worse than charwomen. They eat more; and we can't afford it."

"We *must* afford it. And oh, another thing— Have you ever thought of the children's education?"

Thought of it? She had thought of nothing else, lying awake at night, waiting for the baby's cry; sitting in the daytime, stitching at the small garments that were always just too small.

"Of course," she said submissively. She was willing to yield the glory of the idea to him.

"Well," he said, "I don't know how we're going to manage it. One thing I do know—there mustn't be any more of them. I can't afford it."

He had said that before so often that Aggie had felt inclined to tell him that she couldn't afford it either. But to-night she was silent, for he didn't know she knew. And as she saw that he (who did know) was trying to spare her, she blessed him in her heart.

If he did not tell her everything that the doctor had said, he told her that Willie was all right. Willie had been declared to be a child of powerful health. They weren't to coddle him. As if any one *had* coddled him! Poor Aggie only wished she had the time.

But now that her release had come, she would have time, and strength, too, for many things that she had had to leave undone. She would get nearer to her children and to her husband, too. Even at four o'clock in the morning, Aggie had joy in spite of her mortal weariness, as she rocked the sleepless baby on the sad breast that had never suckled him. She told the baby all about it, because she couldn't keep it in.

"My beauty," she murmured, "he will always be my baby. He shan't have any little brothers or sisters, never any more. There—there—there, did they? Hsh-sh-sh, my sweet pet, my lamb. My little king—he shall never be dethroned. Hush, hush, my treasure, or he'll wake his poor Daddy, he will."

In another room, on his sleepless pillow, the baby's father turned and groaned.

All the next day, and the next, Aggie went about with a light step, and with eyes that brightened like a bride's, because of the spring of new love in her heart.

It came over her now how right Arthur had been, how she ought to have kept it up, and how fearfully she had let it go.

Not only the lectures (what did they matter?), but her reading, her music, everything, all the little arts and refinements by which she had once captured Arthur's heart—"Things," she said, "that made all the difference to Arthur." How forbearing and constant he had been!

That evening she dressed her hair, and put flowers on the supper-table. Arthur opened his eyes at the unusual appearance, but said nothing. She could see that he was cross about something—something that had occurred in the office, probably. She had never grudged him his outbursts of irritability. It was his only dissipation. Aggie had always congratulated herself on being married to a good man.

Coffee, the beloved luxury they had so long renounced, was served with that supper. But neither of them drank it. Arthur said he wasn't going to be kept awake two nights running, and after that Aggie's heart was too sore to eat or drink anything. He commented bitterly on the waste. He said he wondered how on earth they were going to pay the doctor's bills, at that rate.

Aggie pondered. He had lain awake all night, thinking of the doctor's bills, had he? And yet that was just what they were to have no more of. Anyhow, he had been kept awake; and, of course, that was enough to make him irritable.

So Aggie thought she would soothe him to sleep. She remembered how he used to go to sleep sometimes in the evenings when she played. And the music, she reflected with her bitterness, would cost nothing.

But music, good music, costs more than anything; and Arthur was fastidious. Aggie's fingers had grown stiff, and their touch

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

had lost its tenderness. Of their old tricks they remembered nothing, except to stumble at a "stretchy" chord, a perfect bullfinch of a chord, bristling with accidentals, where in their youth they had been apt to shy. Arthur groaned. "Oh, Lord, there won't be a wink of sleep for either of us if you wake that brat again. What on earth possesses you to strum?"

But Aggie was bent, just for the old love of it, and for a little obstinacy, on conquering that chord.

"Oh, stop it!" he cried. "Can't you find something better to do?"

"Yes," said Aggie, trying to keep her mouth from working, "perhaps I could find something."

Arthur looked up at her from under his eyebrows, and was ashamed.

She thought still of what she could do for him; and an inspiration came. He had always loved to listen to her reading. Her voice had not suffered as her fingers had; and there, in its old place on the shelf, was the Browning he had given her.

"Would you like me to read to you?"

"Yes," he said, "if you're not too tired." He was touched by the face he had seen, and by her pathetic efforts; but oh, he thought, if she would only understand.

She seated herself in the old place opposite him, and read from where the book fell open of its own accord.

O, lyric Love, half angel and half bird.

Her voice came stammering like a child's, choked with tenderness and many memories.

And all a wonder and a wild desire——

"Oh, no, I say, for Heaven's sake, Aggie, not that rot."

"You—you used to like it."

"Oh, I dare say, years ago. I can't stand it now."

"Can't stand it?"

Again he was softened.

"Can't understand it, perhaps, my dear. But it comes to the same thing."

"Yes," said Aggie, "it comes to the same thing."

And she read no more. For the first time, for many years, she understood him.

That night, as they parted, he did not draw her to him and kiss her; but he let her tired head lean toward him and stroked her hair. Her eyes filled with tears. She laid her forehead on his shoulder.

"Poor Aggie," he said, "poor little woman."

She lifted her head suddenly.

"It's poor you," she whispered, "poor, poor dear."

"Now, isn't it a pity for you to be going, dearie? When the place is doing you so much good, and Susie back in another week, and all."

Aggie folded up a child's frock with great deliberation, and pressed it, gently but firmly, into the portmanteau.

"I must go," she said gravely. "Arthur wants me."

Mrs. Purcell was looking on with unfeigned grief at her daughter's preparations for departure. Aggie had gone down to Queningford, not for a flying visit, but to spend the greater part of the autumn. She and Arthur had had to abandon some of the arrangements they had planned together; and, though he had still insisted in general terms on Aggie's two years' rest, the details had been left to her. Thus it happened that a year of the rest-cure had hardly rolled by before Aggie had broken down in a way that had filled them both with the gravest anxieties for the future. For if she broke down when she was resting, what would she do when the two years were up, and things had to be more or less as they were before? Aggie was so frightened this time that she was glad to be packed off to her mother, with Willie and Dick and Emmy and the baby. The "girls," Kate and Eliza, had looked after them, while Aggie lay back in the warm lap of luxury, and rested for once in her married life.

All Aggie's visits had ended in the same way. The same letter from home, the same firm and simple statement, "Arthur wants me, I must go," and Aggie was gone before they had had a look at her.

"John and Susie will be quite offended."

"I can't help it. Arthur comes before John and Susie, and he wants me."

She had always been proud of that—his wanting her; his inability to do without her.

"I don't know," she said, "what he *will* have done without me all this time."

Her mother looked at her sharply, a look that, though outwardly concentrated on Aggie, suggested much inward criticism of Aggie's husband.

"He must learn to do without you," she said severely.

"I'm not sure that I want him to," said Aggie, and smiled.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Her mother submitted with a heavy heart.

"My dear," she whispered, "if you had married John Hurst we shouldn't have *had* to say good-by."

"I wouldn't have taken him from Susie for the world," said Aggie grimly. She knew that her mother had never liked poor Arthur. This knowledge prevented her from being sufficiently grateful to John for always leaving his trap (the trap that was once to have been hers) at her disposal. It was waiting to take her to the station now.

Aggie had only seen her sister, Mrs. John Hurst, once since they had both married. Whenever Aggie was in Queningford John and Susie were in Switzerland, on the honeymoon, that for the happy, prosperous couple renewed itself every year.

This year it was agreed that when the Hursts came up to Islington for the Grand Horse Show, they were to be put up at the Gattys' in Camden Town.

Aggie was excited and a little alarmed at the prospect of this visit. Susie was accustomed to having everything very nice and comfortable about her, and she would be critical of the villa and its ways. And then, it would be awkward seeing John. She smiled. It always had been awkward seeing John.

But when the spring came a new terror was added to Aggie's hospitable anxiety, a new embarrassment to the general awkwardness of seeing John.

After all, the Hursts put up at a hotel in town. But Susie was to come over for tea and a long talk with Aggie, John following later.

Aggie prepared with many tremors for the meeting with her sister. She made herself quite sick and faint in her long battling with her hair. She had so little time for "doing" it, that it had become very difficult to "do," and, when it was "done," she said to herself that it looked abominable Her fingers shook as they strained at the hooks of the shabby gown that was her "best." She had found somewhere a muslin scarf, that, knotted and twined with desperate ingenuity, produced something of the effect that she desired.

Up-stairs in the nursery, Catty, very wise for six years old, was minding the baby, while the little nervous maid got tea ready. Aggie sat in the drawing-room waiting for her sister. Even as she waited she dared not be idle. There was an old coat of Arthur's that she had been lining, taking advantage of a change to milder weather; it was warmer than the one he was wearing, and she was afraid to let it go another day, lest the wind should turn round to the northeast again. In such anxieties Aggie moved and had her being. For the rest she had given the little maid a lesson in the proper way of showing Mrs. John Hurst into the room when she arrived.

Mrs. John Hurst arrived a little late. She came in unannounced (for her appearance had taken the little maid's breath away); she came with a certain rustle and sweep which was much more important than anything Susie had ever done in the old days when Aggie was the pretty one.

Aggie was moved at seeing her. She uttered a cry of affection and delight, and gave herself to Susie's open arms.

"Darling!" said Mrs. John Hurst. "Let me have a good look at you."

She kissed her violently, held her at arm's length for a moment, and then kissed her again, very gently. In that moment Aggie had looked at Susie, and Susie at Aggie, each trying to master the meaning of the other's face. It was Susie who understood first. Prosperity was very becoming to Susie. She was the pretty one now, and she knew it. Marriage had done for her what maidenhood had done for her sister, and Susie was the image of what Aggie used to be.

But Aggie herself! Nothing was left now of the diminutive distinction that had caused her once to be adored in Queningford. Susie was young at two-and-thirty, and Aggie, not three years older, was middle-aged. Not that there were many wrinkles on Aggie's face. Only a deep crescent line on each side of a mouth that looked as if it had been strained tight with many tortures. It was as if Nature had conceived a grudge against Aggie, and strove, through maternity, to stamp out her features as an individual.

"Poor darling," said Susie under her breath.

A moment later Aggie turned away, found the old coat she had been lining, and spread it on her lap. Susie's eye roamed and rested on the coat, and Aggie's followed it.

"Do excuse my going on with this. Arthur wants it."

Susie smiled in recognition of the familiar phrase. Ever since he had first appeared in Queningford, Arthur had always been wanting something. But, as she looked at the poor coat, she reflected that one thing he had never wanted, or had never asked for, and that was help.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Aggie," she said, "I do hope that if you ever want a little help, dear, you'll come to me."

Susie, preoccupied with the idea of liberality, could not see that she had chosen her moment badly. Her offer, going as it did, hand in hand with her glance, reflected upon Arthur.

"I don't want any help, thank you," said Aggie. "Arthur's doing very well now. Very well, indeed."

"Then," said Susie, "why on earth do you break your back over that stitching, if there's no need? That's not my notion of economy."

Susie was a kind-hearted woman, but nine years' solid comfort and prosperity had blunted her perceptions. Moreover, she had an earnestly practical mind, a mind for which material considerations outweighed every other.

"My dear Susie, your notion of economy would be the same as mine, if you had had seven children."

"But I haven't," said Susie sadly. She was humbled by the rebuff she had just received. "I only wish I had."

Aggie looked up from her work with a remorseful tenderness in her tired eyes. She was sorry for poor Susie, who had lost her only child.

But Susie had already regretted her momentary weakness, and her pride was up. She was a primitive woman, and had always feared lest reproach should lie upon her among the mothers of many children. Besides, she had never forgotten that her John had loved Aggie first. Aggie, with her seven children, should not set her down as a woman slighted by her husband.

"I haven't had the strength for it," said she; and Aggie winced. "The doctor told John I mustn't have more than the one. And I haven't had."

Poor Aggie hardened her face before Susie's eyes, for she felt that they were spying out and judging her. And Susie, seeing that set look, remembered how badly Aggie had once behaved to her John. Therefore she was tempted to extol him.

"But then," said she magnificently, "I have my husband." (As if Aggie hadn't hers!) "Nobody knows what John is but me. Do you know, there hasn't been one unkind word passed between us, nor one cross look, ever since he married me eight years ago."

"There are very few who can say that." Aggie tried to throw a ring of robust congratulation into her flat tones.

"Very few. But there's no one like him."

"No one like you, either, I should say."

"Well, for him there isn't. He's never had eyes for any one but me, never."

Aggie cast down her eyes demurely at that. She had no desire to hurt Susie by reminding her of the facts. But Susie, being sensitive on the subject, had provided for all that.

"Of course, dear, I know, just at first, he thought of you—a fancy. He told me all about it; and how you wouldn't have him, *he* said. He said he thought you didn't think him gentle enough. That shows how much you knew about him, my dear."

"I should always have supposed," said Aggie coldly, "he would be gentle to any one he cared for."

She knew, and Susie knew, that she had supposed the very opposite; but she wished Susie to understand that John had been rejected with full realization of his virtues, because, good as he was, somebody else was still better. So that there might be no suspicion of regret.

"Gentle? Why, Aggie, if that was what you wanted, he's as gentle as a woman. And there aren't many women, I can tell you, who have the strength that goes with his gentleness."

Aggie bent her head lower yet over her work. She thought she could see in Susie's speech a critical and vindictive intention. All the time she had, Aggie thought, been choosing her words judicially, so that each unnecessary eulogy of John should strike at some weak spot in poor Arthur. She felt that Susie was not above paying off her John's old scores by an oblique and cowardly blow at the man who had supplanted him. She wished that Susie would either leave off talking about John, or go.

But Susie still interpreted Aggie's looks as a challenge, and the hymn of praise swelled on.

"My dear—if John wasn't an angel of goodness and unselfishness— When I think how useless I am to him, and of all that he has done for me, and all that he has given up——"

Aggie was trembling. She drew up the coat to shelter her.

"—why, it makes my blood boil to think that any one should know him and not know what he is."

Aggie dropped the coat in her agitation.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

As she stooped to pick it up, Susie put out an anxious arm to help her.

Their eyes met.

"Oh, Aggie, dear—" said Susie. It was all she *could* say. And her voice had in it consternation and reproach.

But Aggie faced her.

"Well?" she said steadily.

"Oh, nothing—" It was Susie's turn for confusion. "Only you said—and we thought—after what you've been told——"

"What was I told?"

Horror overcame Susie, and she lost her head.

"Weren't you told, then?"

Her horror was reflected in her sister's eyes. But Aggie kept calm.

"Susie," she said, "what do you mean? That I wasn't told of the risk? Is that what you meant?"

"Oh, Aggie—" Susie was helpless. She could not say what she had meant, nor whether she had really meant it.

"Who *should* be told if I wasn't? Surely I was the proper person?"

Susie recovered herself. "Of course, dear, of course you were."

"Well?" Aggie forced the word again through her tight, strained lips.

"I'm not blaming you, Aggie dear. I know it isn't your fault."

"Whose is it, then?"

Susie's soft face hardened, and she said nothing.

Her silence lay between them; silence that had in it a throbbing heart of things unutterable; silence that was an accusation, a judgment of the man that Aggie loved.

Then Aggie turned, and in her immortal loyalty she lied.

"I never told him."

"Never told him? Oh, my dear, you were very wrong."

"Why should I? He was ill. It would have worried him. It worried me less to keep it to myself."

"But—the risk?"

"Oh," said Aggie sublimely, "we all take it. Some of us don't know. I did. That's all."

She drew a deep breath of relief and satisfaction. For four months, ever since she had known that some such scene as this must come, she had known that she would meet it in this way.

"Hush," she said. "I think I hear the children." They came in, a pathetic little procession of three golden-haired couples, holding each other's hands. First, Arty and Emmy, then Catty and Baby, then Willie and Dick, all solemn and shy. Baby turned his back on the strange aunt and burrowed into his mother's lap. They were all silent but Dick. Dick wanted to know if his auntie liked birfdays, and if people gave her fings on her birfday; pausing to simulate a delicate irrelevance before he announced that *his* birfday was to-morrow.

"Dickie dear," said his mother nervously, "we don't talk about our birthdays before they've come."

She could not bear Susie to be able to say that one of her children had given so gross a hint.

The children pressed round her, and her hands were soon at their proud and anxious work; coaxing stray curls into their place; proving the strength of the little arms; slipping a sock, to show the marbled rose of the round limbs.

"Just feel Emmy's legs. She's as firm as firm. And look at Baby, how beautifully he's made. They're all healthy. There isn't an unsweet, unsound spot in one of them."

"No, no, they look it. They're magnificent. And they're you all over again."

"Barbara wasn't. She was the very image of her father." Her love of him conquered the stubborn silence of her grief, so that she did not shrink from the beloved name.

"Susie," she said, when the little procession had, at its own petition, filed solemnly out again, "you can't say you've seen too much of them."

Susie smiled sadly as she looked at the wreck that was poor Aggie. "No, my dear; but I haven't seen quite enough of you. There isn't much left of you, you know."

"Me?" She paused; and then broke out again, triumphant in her justification: "No matter if there's nothing left of me. *They're* alive."

She raised her head. Worn out and broken down she might be; but she was the mother of superb children. Something stronger and more beautiful than her lost youth flamed in her as she vindicated her motherhood. She struck even Susie's dull imagination as wonderful.

Half an hour later Aggie bent her aching back again over her work. She had turned a stiff set face to Susie as she parted from her. John had come and gone, and it had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

not been awkward in the least. He was kind and courteous (time and prosperity had improved him), but he had, as Susie said, no eyes for any one but his wife.

As Aggie worked she was assailed by many thoughts and many memories. Out of the past there rose a sublime and patient face. It smiled at her above a butchery of little lambs.

Yes, Susie was right about her John. There was no weak spot in him. He had not a great intellect; but he had a great heart and a great will. Aggie remembered how once, in her thoughtful maiden days, she had read in one of the vicar's books a saying, which had struck her at the time, for the vicar had underlined it twice: "If there is aught spiritual in man, it is the Will." She had not thought of John as a very spiritual person. She had dimly divined in him the possibility of strong passions, such passions as make shipwreck of men's lives. And here was Arthur—he, poor dear, would never be shipwrecked, for he hadn't one strong passion in him; he had only a few weak little impulses, incessantly frustrating a will weaker than them all. She remembered how her little undeveloped soul, with its flutterings and strugglings after the immaterial, had been repelled by the large presence of the natural man. It had been afraid to trust itself to his strength, lest its wings should suffer for it. It had not been afraid to trust itself to Arthur; and his weakness had made it a wingless thing, dragged down by the suffering of her body.

She said to herself, "If I had known John was like that——"

She stopped her brain before it could answer for her, "You wouldn't be sitting here now stitching at that coat."

She stitched on till she could see to stitch no more; for tears came and blinded her eyes, and fell upon the coat.

That was just after she had kissed it.

It was Easter, three weeks after Susie's visit; and Arthur was going away for a fortnight, his first real holiday in seven years. For some time he had been lengthening out his office hours, and increasing his salary, by adding night to day. And now he had worn himself out by his own ferocious industry. He knew, and Aggie knew, that he was in for a bad illness if he didn't get away, and at once. He had written in his extremity to a bachelor brother, known in the little house at Camden Town as the Mammon of Unrighteousness. The brother had a big house down in Kent; and into that house, though it was the house of Mammon, Arthur proposed that he should be received for a week or two. He took care to mention, casually, and by way of a jest after the brother's own heart, that, for those weeks, he, Arthur, would be a lonely widower.

The brother was in the habit of remembering Arthur's existence once a year, at Christmas. He would have had him down often enough, he said, if the poor beggar could have come alone. But he barred Aggie and the children. Aggie, poor dear, was a bore; and the children, six, by Jove (or was it seven?), were just seven (or was it six?) blanked nuisances. Though uncertain about the number of the children, he always sent seven or eight presents at Christmas, to be on the safe side. So when Arthur announced that he was a widower, the brother, in his bachelor home, gave a great roar of genial laughter. He saw an opportunity of paying off all his debts to Arthur in a comparatively easy fashion, all at once.

"Take him for a fortnight, poor devil? I'd take him for ten fortnights. Heavens, what a relief it must be to get away from 'Aggie'!"

And when Arthur got his brother's letter, he and Aggie were quite sorry that they had ever called him the Mammon of Unrighteousness.

The brother kept good company down in Kent. Aggie knew that, in the old abominable Queningford phrase, he was "in with the county." She saw her Arthur mixing in gay garden scenes, with a cruel spring sun shining on the shabby suit that had seen so many springs. Arthur's heart failed him at the last moment, but Aggie did not fail. Go he must, she said. If the brother was the Mammon of Unrighteousness, all the more, she argued, should he be propitiated—for the children's sake (the Mammon was too selfish ever to marry, and there were no other nieces and nephews). She represented the going down into Kent as a sublime act of self-sacrifice, by which Arthur, as it were, consecrated his paternity. She sustained that lofty note till Arthur himself was struck with his own sublimity. And when she told him to stand up and let her look at him, he stood up, tired as he was, and let her look at him.

So, for three days of blinding labor, Aggie applied herself to the propitiation of Mam-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mon, the sending forth of her sacrificial lamb, properly decked for the sacrifice. There never had been such a hauling and overhauling of clothes, such folding and unfolding, such stitching and darning and cleansing and pressing, such dragging out and packing of heavy portmanteaus, such a getting up of shirts that should be irreproachable.

Aggie did it all herself; she would trust no one, least of all the laundress. She had only faint old visions of John Hurst's collars to guide her; but she was upheld by an immense belief, born of her will to please, and Arthur by a blind reliance, born of his utter weariness. At times these preparations well-nigh exasperated him. If going meant all that fuss, he said, he'd rather not go. But if he had been told that anything would happen to prevent his going, he would have sat down and cursed or cried. His nerves clamored for change now; any change from the office and the horrible yellow villa in Camden Town.

All of a sudden, at the critical moment, Aggie's energy showed signs of slowing down; and it seemed to both of them that she would never get him off.

Then, for the first time, he woke to a dreary interest in the packing. He began to think of things for himself. He thought of a certain suit of flannels which he must take with him, which Aggie hadn't cleaned nor mended, either. In his weak state it seemed to him that his very going depended on that suit of flannels. He went about the house, inquiring irritably for it. He didn't know that his voice had grown so fierce in its quality that it scared the children; nor that he was ordering Aggie about like a dog; nor that he was putting upon her bowed and patient back burdens heavier than it should have borne. He didn't know what he was doing.

And he did not know why Aggie's brain was so dull, and her feet were so slow; nor why her hands, which were incessantly doing, seemed now incapable of doing any one thing right. He did not know, because he was stupefied with his own miserable sensations, and Aggie had contrived to hide from him what Susie's sharp eyes had discovered. Besides, he felt that, in his officially invalid capacity, a certain license was permitted him.

So, when he found his flannels in the boot cupboard, he came and flung them on to the table where Aggie bent over her ironing-board. A feeble fury shook him.

"Nobody but a fool," he said, "would ram good flannels into a filthy boot cupboard."

"I didn't," said Aggie, in a strange uninterested voice. "You must have put them there yourself."

He remembered.

"Well," he said placably, for he was, after all, a just man, "do you think they could be made a little cleaner?"

"I—can't—" said Aggie in a still stranger voice; a voice that sounded as if it were deflected somehow by her bent body, and came from another woman rather far away. It made Arthur turn in the doorway and look at her. She rose, straightening herself slowly, dragging herself upward from the table with both hands. Her bleached lips parted; she drew in her breath with a quick sound like a sob, and let it out again on a sharp note of pain.

He rushed to her, all his sunken manhood roused by her bitter, helpless cry.

"Aggie darling, what is it? Are you ill?"

"No, no, I'm not ill, I'm only tired," she sobbed, clutching at him with her two hands, and swaying where she stood.

He took her in his arms and half dragged, half carried her from the room. On the narrow stairs they paused.

"Let me go alone," she whispered.

She tried to free herself from his grasp, failed, and laid her head back on his shoulder again; and he lifted her and carried her to her bed.

He knelt down and took off her shoes. He sat beside her, supporting her while he let down her long thin braids of hair. She looked up at him, and saw that there was still no knowledge in the frightened eyes that gazed at her; and when he would have unfastened the bodice of her gown, she pushed back his hands and held them.

"No, no," she whimpered. "Go away. Go away."

"Aggie——"

"Go away, I tell you."

"My God!" he moaned, more smitten, more helpless than she. For, as she turned from him, he understood the height and depth of her tender perjury. She had meant to spare him for as long as it might be, because, afterward (she must have felt), his own conscience would not be so merciful.

He undressed her, handling her with his clumsy gentleness, and laid her in her bed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He had called the maid; she went bustling to and fro, loud-footed and wild-eyed. From time to time a cry came from the nursery where the little ones were left alone. Outside, down the street, Arty and Catty ran hand in hand to fetch the doctor, their sobbing checked by a mastering sense of their service and importance.

And the man, more helpless than any child, clung to the woman's hand and waited with her.

As he waited, he looked round the shabby room, and saw for the first time how poor a place it was. Nothing seemed to have been provided for Aggie; nothing ever was provided for her; she was always providing things for other people. His eyes fastened on the Madonna di Gran Duca fading in her frame. He remembered how he had bought it for Aggie seven years ago. Aggie lay under the Madonna, with her eyes closed, making believe that she slept. But he could see by the fluttering of her eyelids that her spirit was awake and restless.

Presently she spoke.

"Arthur," she said, "I believe I'm going to have a nice quiet night after all. But when—when the time does come, you're not to worry, do you hear? And you're to go away to-morrow, just as if nothing had happened."

She paused.

"The flannels," she said, "shall be washed and sent after you. You're not to worry."

She was providing still.

"Oh, Aggie—darling—don't."

"Why not? *You* ought to go to bed, because you'll have to get up so early to-morrow morning."

She closed her eyes, and he watched and waited through minutes that were hours. It seemed to him that it was another man than he who waited and watched. He was estranged from his former self, the virtuous, laborious self that he had once known, moving in its dull and desolate routine. Thoughts came to him, terrible, abominable thoughts that could never have occurred to it.

"It would have been better," said this new self, "if I had been unfaithful to her. *That* wouldn't have killed her."

As if she had heard him through some spiritual sense, she pressed his hand and answered him.

"Thank God," she whispered hoarsely, "that you've always loved me."

She struggled with her voice for a moment; and then it came, brave and clear.

"Listen, Arthur. I wrote to mother three weeks ago. About this. I've made her think that it was I who wanted the children, always, from the very first. She'll understand that I couldn't be happy without a baby in my arms. It *is* different. They're never quite the same after the first year. Even Arty wasn't. Mother will understand. She won't be hard."

She had provided for everything.

If she had not lied— It was her lie that proved the extremity of her fear, her foreboding. Somehow, in the eight years of his married life, he had never seen this calamity in front of him. His dreams had always been of a time when their children should be out in the world, when he should be walking with his wife in some quiet country place, like Queningford. If she had not lied— He sought for calm words wherewith to support her; but no words came. He clutched at the bedclothes. His eyes were blind with tears, his ears deafened by the sound of his own pulses.

In a moment the eight years were unveiled. He had a sudden vision of Aggie's incorruptible love and divine tenderness, before his grief closed over him.

Her eyes were resting upon his.

"I'm not afraid," she said, "not the least little bit. I'd rather you went away to-morrow. I don't—mind—being left."

But when to-morrow came, it was he who was left.

He was sitting in the room underneath Aggie's. He had a pen in his hand, and his mind was unusually calm and clear. He had just telegraphed to his brother that he couldn't go, because Aggie was dead. Now he was trying to write to Aggie's mother to tell her to come, because Aggie was dead.

He had a great many things to see to, because Aggie was dead.

All at once he raised his head, he listened; he started up with a groan that was a cry, and went from the room.

Up-stairs in the nursery a child's voice was singing:

> I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,
> And it was full of pretty things—for Baby—
> and for me.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Orealis McGoogin and the Fighting Wallaby

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

THERE!" observed Limpy Hawes as he turned away from the stunned canvasman, who was slowly crawling out from under the parrot wagon where the old trainer's mighty fist had sent him in a heap. "There! You *will* steal my rub-down alcohol, will you? Go 'long to the canteen and git some real licker, you rascally stake-pounder. Drinkin' up the dope for the camel's rheumatiz! Say, you pig-brained son of a weak-minded goat, if anybody asts ye, that was a Wallaby wallop I give you. *Next* time I ketch you in the critter tent, I'll hand you the McGoogin poke. Now, git out and mind that."

I looked at the veteran's face as he sat down beside me. There was a hard light in his eyes, but no other sign of anger did he show, though he had whipped Razzle Fogarty soundly a moment before. Not even the tone of his voice was changed. I understood something of his mastery over the men of the show. None of them but dreaded his knuckles. What had interested me most was the short, sharp, infighting blow that had sent Fogarty down and out. It was new to me, and, I assumed, was what the veteran meant by the Wallaby wallop. And what was the McGoogin poke? I knew better than to ask, but I ventured a lead on the wallop.

"That new one is a good right-handed blow," I said.

"New one? My boy, that punch is as old as you be."

There was a five minutes' silence; then he sent his quid hurtling over the backs of the elephant herd and I realized with joy that I had provoked one of his rare tales.

"Old Staplinghan says, 'Don't rouse me ire,'" he began. "Rafferty says, 'Don't wake up me Irish.' They both mean one and the same. Ire and Irish. If they didn' name the one for the tother, by heck, there's a connectin' cord, anyway. I jest now menshuned the name McGoogin—pore old Orealis McGoogin, the finest little specimen of real red-headed Irish ire I ever seen. His name mebbe was Pat, or it might 'a' been Dennis or Terry, but no one knowed, for he got his name Orealis the first day he jined.

"Ye see he was green as grass but was makin' a bluff, specially about critters. Says Doc Smith to him:

"'Now there is some strange and delikit animals with this show. I bet you never even heard of an aurora borealis.'

"'*Oi* niver hard iv wan iv *thim?*' says he. 'Me respicted sir, whoile a-huntin' out West Oi've shot more orealis thin Oi've fingers and toes, and that same is the livin' truth.'

"So they called him Orealis then and therefrom. But I'm a-goin' too fast, for in this yarn about Orealis and the Wallaby, the Wallaby comes first.

"The Old Man's nephew Artie had been off snoopin' around where he could spend the most axpense money and show the least results in new attrackshuns, as usual, and this particklar time when the dang young dude showed up he brung an Austraylian kangaroo. This was so fur back that they didn' call 'em kangaroos yet, though, an' this one was the first that ever come into the show. He was a big feller, seven foot six from tip to tip, an' Artie'd picked him up in Singapore off o' some British sailor man who had larnt him how to box and fight with the little gloves they wore them days. He'd got so he could go a heap sight faster with his two fists than the sailor man could with both of his 'n' a club, and they wanted to sell him.

"They called him Sockdolager, and I tell ye what, he was a socker too. You had to hit him jest onct on the ear and then, by the jumps o' Juno, you had to be keerful and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

pick out the soft spots to fall down on; and you had to look out to keep him from breakin' your shins with his tail, too. You know Slicker Allen and Doc Smith ain't neither one no slouches with the gloves, and the day after Artie fetched him to us in Evansville, Indiany, we cleared the smallest round dressin'-tent—all sod under foot it was—and turned Sockie loose in there with a pair of five-ouncers on his paws. By Gosh A'mighty, he chased Early Jim Butts up the center pole in forty seconds, broke a rib for Nonesuch Rafferty, and Slicker Allen and Doc Smith had all they could do to stay two rounds apiece.

"'By Judas,' says Doc when he come out, 'we got to have a *per-fessional*.'

"Well, we hit Cincinnaty the next day, and jest before the parade the Old Man calls the performers, critter wallopers, and razor-backs together and says:

"'Boys, I want a first-class poogilist to stack up agin my new Fightin' Wallaby, the comin' greatest attrackshun in this or any other show in this or any other country. Pass the word along when ye're down-town to-day and we'll see if we can scare one out of the tall Ohier grass.'

"Well, sir, there wasn' no results by the time the afternoon performance got goin', but about six o'clock that evenin' Jiggers Dolman, bein' about half sweet-pickled in red-eye, come up from down-town and says he'd found a man, the champeen of all the West.

"'Champeen pie eater?' says the Old Man sarcasticish.

"'No, honest, champeen light weight.'

"'What's his name?'

"'McGoogin.'

"'That's the right brand,' says the Old Man. 'Go down an' bring him up.'

"Now, ye see times warn't jest the liveliest in Cincinnaty, and, as come out in the second bilin' of this wash, Orealis McGoogin had been out of a job so long that a silver dollar looked as big to him as a pearl-handled dish-pan. He was willin' for anythin', but drivin' pigs in Ireland and a coal-cart in Cincinnaty was the limit of his edgekashun in the higher branches of enlightenment. He was Irish, though, as I s'pose you've guessed.

"When he was standin' at one end of a bar on lower Walnut Street he hears Jiggers Dolman, who was standin' at the t'other, sayin' to the mixer-man:

"'D'ye know of a A No. 1, first-class poogilistic gent that wants a job at ten dollars a day fightin' a ferocious wild animal one-fourth rabbit, one-fourth mule, and two-thirds John L. Sullivan? He can hit ye and then jump six foot in the air. Say, do ye?'

"'*Oi* do thot,' says McGoogin, comin' up.

"'And where is he?'

"'Shure, you're lookin' at 'im.'

"Jiggers looks at the size of 'im.

"'And who are you?'

"'Champeen McGoogin, unconquisted loight weight of the Wist,' says the Irishman, makin' a few passes in the air and dancin' around some.

"'Is that straight?' says Jiggers to the barkeep.

"The barkeep, not knowin' nothin,' but bein' agreeable, by nature of his business, to anythin' that didn' cost nothin', says:

"'Sure, *I've* never seen him whipped.'

"The same was true.

"'Well, now, McGoogin,' says Jiggers, who couldn' fight a tame clothes-rack, 'don't take no offense at what I say. I'm your *friend*. But you're durned little, and goldurned worse lookin'—now, now, now, wait till I get through—your charms of face is something like those of a mildewed red punkin—whoa-up—stay where you are jest a minnit—but I'm goin' to git you the job. It's with the circus and I'm goin' back to the lot and see the Old Man. You be around here to-night.'

"I've told you that the Old Man said to

"ARTIE'D PICKED HIM UP IN SINGAPORE OFF O' SOME BRITISH SAILOR MAN."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

bring up McGoogin. Well, sir, Jiggers went down and got him after supper. I was out by the ticket wagon after the crowd had gone in and jest then the two of 'em showed up. The Irishman looked like his carpenters had struck when he's about fourteen. But he was full of spring and bounce. His hair and beard was about the color of one of them tangerine oranges and he had little shiny blue eyes same as one of them lay-me-down-to-sleep dolls. His teeth resembled horse-corn on the cob and he shut his mouth over them as if they was hard to git all in. 'Peared as though he done it with a draw string. He come walkin' up like a bantam rooster, his stummick stuck out, his hat on one ear and his two hairy paws made into fists.

"The Old Man, Doc Smith, and some more of the staff, was standin' there when Jiggers Dolman fetched in his champeen.

"'This is him, sir,' says Jiggers; 'this is Mister McGoogin.'

"Well, sir, in about ten minnits they had named him Orealis, signed him, scheduled him and the Fightin' Wallaby for the side show, and turned him over to me to edgecate in show larnin'.

"'Sufferin' Jews, *ain't* he ugly!' says the Old Man. 'But he looks like he can fight. Well, if he can, all right—and if he can't—well—all right,' and he grins and goes inside.

"Now, my boy, when you been handlin' a bunch o' critter wallopers as long as I have, you'll come purt' near pickin' a man when you see one. The minnit I laid my two eyes on Orealis I knowed that Jiggers Dolman had fetched to the circus—*trouble*—yes, sir-e-e—trouble ripe and ready to drop for somebody. But I got to work. We had to rig up a sort of a round cage with pads on the bars for the two to git together in and Orealis had to git a costume. He wouldn' cut his pink whiskers, but it didn' make much difference them days, smooth faces bein' skeerce.

"The next day was Sunday and the cage bein' ready, I gets Slicker Allen, who was goin' to do the barkin', and Jiggers Dolman, an' while everybody else was takin' a mornin' off down-town and out on the river steamboats, we three sets up the cage and gets ready to give the Fightin' Wallaby and Champeen McGoogin their first rehearsal. I found an old pair of tights for Orealis that was a dang sight too big for him. He kept a-swellin' out tryin' to fill 'em till he's red in the face. We was in the center of the big animal tent, the four of us all alone by ourselves in the echoin' solitude, with the critters lookin' on. Slicker was backin' the kangaroo's box up so as to let him into the cage, while Jiggers and I was fixin' Ory and puttin' on his gloves. He took one look at them, then he says:

"'Bejee, Misther Hawes, now how the divvle kin Oi spit in me ha-ands?'

"Jiggers give me one pitchus look, and purty soon he pulled me one side.

"'This is awful,' he groaned. 'Somethin' *told* me he'd never had 'em on before. Don't tell the boys, Limpy, don't tell the boys. Besides, the little red-headed fake has borried twenty dollars off me. I been a friend of yours a long time, Limpy. Don't tell the Old Man. You won't see me stuck, now will ye, Limpy? Let's keep him in the game till pay night. I don't care if he gets seven different colors o' black an' blue before that. But keep him in.'

"I thunk it over and said I would. Slicker hadn' heard, an' I didn' say nothin' to him; I 'uz askeered I'd bust 'f I tried to say anythin' to anybody.

"We let Sock into the cage and tied his gloves on.

"HE CHASED EARLY JIM BUTTS UP THE CENTER POLE."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Ory looked at him a minnit; then he walked clost up to the cage and looked at him agin.

"'Is *thot* the baste?'

"'That's the great boxer,' says I.

"'And phwat may be the name iv it?' says he, wettin' his lips as if they's dry.

"'The great Fightin' Wallaby, named Sockdolager,' says I.

"He watched him jumpin' around the cage for a minnit.

"'Wallaby!' says he. 'An' phwat do Oi *do* to him?'

"Jiggers looked like he was goin' to cry.

"'You git in there, put up your dukes, and box with him till the gong rings. You must fight him hard.'

"'Oh, yis, Oi see, Oi foight him ha-ard. Oh, yis, Oi will foight him dommed hard, thot's phwat *Oi* do to *him*. An' say, Misther Hawes, phwat will *he* do to *me*?'

"'Gosh only knows,' says I.

"'Are ye ready, McGoogin?' yells Slicker Allen. 'All right. Git up here. Now s'pose this is the platform out in front. I'll open up like this:

"'"*Oh-hoy! Oh-hoy! Blood-stirrin' Battle Betwixt Man and a Boundin', Batterin', Boxin' Beast. Champeen McGoogin and the Wonderful Wallopin' Wallaby. McGoogin is the victor in a thousand Sangweenary Set-toes in Slashing Style. He has whipped*"—say, McGoogin, who *have* ye whipped?'

"'Oh,' says Ory, careless like, 'most anny wan ye'd loike to minshun.'

"'The dirty little liar,' says Jiggers to me.

"'Shut up,' says I.

"'All right," Slicker Allen goes on, "I'll give 'em a string of names and line out the Wallaby's prevyus career and then I'll say:

"'"*Ladies and gents, I beg to present the peerless Champeen McGoogin.*" You smile sweet and bow. Understand? "*He will now defy danger and dare death—before your eyes.*" Then you step back. I open the cage door. You jump in. Jump in, you red-headed whisper of a real man. Right you are. Bing! I shut the door as if I 'uz afraid the critter would git out. Now you can do the rest. Say, Limpy, I want-a go down-town and I'm past all my part; you and Jiggers can finish up.'

"He'd got Orealis inside and now away he went.

"'Durn lucky for you,' says I to Jiggers.

"The Champeen McGoogin, when he seen the door was shut an' locked and the kangaroo a-sittin' up like a rabbit clean on the t'other side, squares off and begins hittin' and smashin' the air and jumpin' sideways. Mebbe he *had* seen a boxin' match onct. He kep' it up about a minnit, then I hollers:

"I FOUND AN OLD PAIR OF TIGHTS FOR OREALIS THAT WAS A DANG SIGHT TOO BIG FOR HIM."

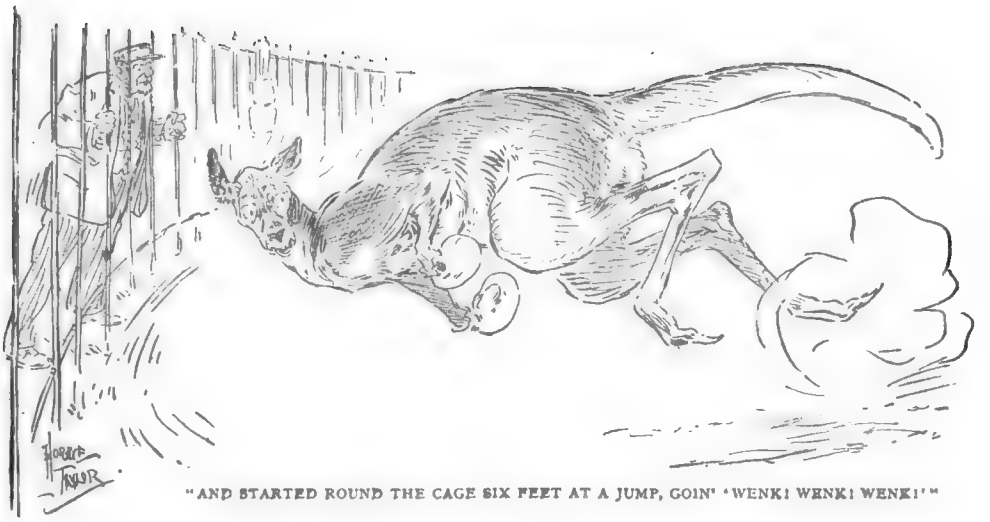
"'Say, you ain't s'posed to try to *scare* him to death. Go over an' hit 'im.'

"He dances a kind of a sailor's horn-pipe, makin' a reg'-lar buzz-saw out of his dukes, all the time whistlin' through his teeth and edgin' nearder and nearder the Wallaby, who didn' know jest what to make of this kind o' thing. Purty soon the Irishman got square in front of the critter and—bing!—he swung one on the beast that landed him agin the bars, smash! bang! He hit him in the neck agin, right and left, and the poor thing turned a summer-sault and started away around the cage six foot at a jump, goin' 'Wenk! Wenk! Wenk!'

"By Gosh A'mighty, Orealis had toted his bluff clean on to the Wallaby. Round and round they goes.

"'Come back here, yez Injy-rubber alligator or whativer yez be. Oi'll "wink" yez,' yells Ory. 'Come back and foight loike a man.'

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"AND STARTED ROUND THE CAGE SIX FEET AT A JUMP, GOIN' 'WENK! WENK! WENK!'"

"'Run the t'other way and ye'll meet him,' I shouts, but jest then the Wallaby lept up on the bars and stuck there, and Orealis was cussin' 'im and double-darin' 'im to come down and all that, when the Old Man himself stuck his head inside.

"'Great! Great!' says he, 'Old Sock *has* met his match, eh, Limpy? Stop it, McGoogin; remember it's only a poor dumb animal you're fightin' with your superior skill.'

"Superior skill! Oh, my golly!

"I gets McGoogin out. He was still boilin' with scrappin'-steam.

"'Mebbe you'd like to have a little spendin' money before we leave Cincy,' says the Old Man. 'Come over and I'll give ye a week's advance.'

"And away they went.

"'You go git your twenty,' says I to Jiggers.

"'Oh, my Crismus,' says Jiggers, shakin' his head, 'jest s'posin' he'd hit the Wallaby on the ear and got him mad, wouldn' it 'a' been awful?'

"'As I said before, you go git your twenty *now*,' says I.

"Well, sir, the Old Man was tellin' Doc Smith and everybody how he seen Champeen McGoogin finish off the kangaroo and how the Irishman was the ackshul reality; so that let Jiggers out. The Old Man orders special advertisin' in the Indianapolis papers, seein' as how we'd be there Wednesday and Orealis's costume would be ready so the champeen could make his dayboo. Nobody knowed the real works but Jiggers and me, and I never seen any man git the respect out the show that that Irishman done Monday and Tuesday. He really figgered he could whip most anythin' and seemed kind o' peevish with hisself for not havin' found it out sooner. He didn' act nasty, kep' his mouth shut, and minded his own bizzness, but tak' m' oath, when he'd come walkin' inta the chuck tent with one o' the Old Man's cigars in his mouth and swingin' a gold-headed cane that he said his Cincinnaty follerers had give him for farewell, he's the finest imitayshun o' hell-on-a-trolley I ever see.

"Well, sir, Indianapolis got what no other town ever got. The old King kept me purty busy, he bein' off his feed, and I only got away when I heard Slicker Allen barkin' like a Erie bass freight whistle.

"'*Oh-hoy! Oh-hoy! Behold the Blood-stirrin' Battle Betwixt the Boldest of Bravos and a Boundin', Batterin', Boxin' Beast!*'

"By the time I got out and round to 'em, he had told 'em all about the kangaroo and was introducin' Orealis:

"'*Ladies and gents, permit me to present to your flattered attention the unconquered Champeen McGoogin, holder of the lightweight title of the West. The man who whipped Ryan, Roberts, Ransom, Regan, Reedy, Ruddles, Robinson, Smith, Simmons, Samson, Solomon, Sturges, Thomas, Tabbits, Tertus, Trumper, Tyding, and—and—no one knows how many others. OH, the man whose mighty FIST can fell an OX, whose coursing COURAGE crowds his CHEST, whose eagle EYE unerring ESPIES his ENEMIES' embarrassment — OH, ladies and gents—the dashing, daring Champeen McGoogin.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"'COME BACK HERE, YEZ INJY-RUBBER ALLIGATOR.'"

"'Now bow and smile, durn ye,' says Slicker betwixt his teeth. Orealis, in a tight-fittin' green suit, with his hair plastered down with pomade and white shoes on his feet, steps forward, crooks his knees like a man dippin' for a low bridge and—smiles. I don't want-a say that word, but I want ye to know what I mean and I can't tell ye what it looked like.

"'*Now he will boldly brave the dire dangers of this dreadful encounter.*'

"He swings open the door and in pops Orealis. I thought I smelt a familiar breath and turned around. The Old Man had come up beside me to see how things went.

"The Wallaby set up jest like a rat in a corner, his eyes shinin' and watchful. When he seen that Mick in the shamrock green suit, he give one pitiful 'Wenk!' and crowded back agin the bars. He knowed Orealis and was *skeered* of him, by heck, he was skeered of him.

"'Don't be crool to the critter, McGoogin,' says the Old Man, as the dirty little bluffer come a-jiggin' around in clost to us, his head down, whistlin' in that funny way through his teeth, his fists goin' and a no-hope-for-ye look in his eye.

"One, two, three, and the champeen makes a rush like a bull pup after a cat, and smash! biff! bang! swat! he hit the Wallaby twict in the neck and twict in the stummick before the poor critter could git up his dukes.

"'Too *durn* perfessional. Reckon I better git an amateur,' says the Old Man.

"'Wenk! Wenk!' says Sockie, tryin' to git out backward through the bars.

"Smack! Bing! Orealis jabbed him twict in the chest. That was too much for Sockie. Away he went gallopin' around the areny. After him goes McGoogin hot foot, with the crowd yellin', 'Shame! Shame! Fake! Fake! Crool! Crool!'

"'Hey! Hey! McGoogin! McGoogin! This ain't no foot race,' hollers the Old Man, so mad he couldn't stand still.

"McGoogin slowed up and the Wallaby squatted clear acrost from him on the t'other side. 'Wenk! Wenk!' he says, lookin' around for a hole.

"'Hit 'im on the ear,' says I quiet-like to McGoogin.

"Orealis fiddles over slow, still a-whistlin' through his teeth, and then makes a quick jump and rap! rap! hits the kangaroo twict on the right ear.

"My Gosh A'mighty! My boy, my boy, that critter pushed out with both gloves, his hind feet off the ground and only his tail touchin' and, tak' m' oath, McGoogin lit clean over in front. Up he got, Irish ire a-poppin' out all over; and, zippity zing! he goes back at Sockie, and I never in all my life see such fast and hard hittin' as them two done, fightin', fightin' all over the place, give and take, until the Mick banged the critter's head agin the bars and then Sockie handed him that short cross jab I give Fogarty awhile ago and, as the hymn feller says:

"'In hallered rest he laid him down,
The peace that noble efforts crown.'

"WITH ONE O' THE OLD MAN'S CIGARS IN HIS MOUTH."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"They got the door open in a hurry and carried him out before the kangaroo could begin pulverizin' him with his tail or shearin' off any souvenirs with his scissor teeth.

"THE OLD MAN JEST STOOD STILL AND MADE HIS REMARKS."

"The Old Man jest stood still where he was and made his remarks. Tak' m' oath, I've seen him burn the paint offen the side of a buildin' with his langwidge, but this time he jest put out a line of impromptu angel-chasers that made the sparks come out o' my hair same as out of a cat's back. Oh, it was awful, awful, and my nerves is purty strong, too.

"Well, sir, 'course they was a small Irishman goin' down-town after a while with a towel around his head and his ears burnin' on the subject of light-weight champeenships and that kind o' glory. And now I got-ta take a little jump in my yarn—to git to the real part of it, which is pertainin' to the Irish and Irishness.

"I took the Wallaby in hand after that and I watched him clost till I had that wallop down fine. I got a great big six-foot-six Pennsylvany railroader that'd done some fightin', and seein' as how he had arms on him like a rang-atang, he could outreach Sockie. Sailin' under the name of McGoogin, he finished the season, goin' in and stayin' up agin the kangaroo for five minnits. Come September, Sockie was gittin' so wise with his fists the giant couldn't stay more'n three minnits, and twict—onct in Richmond, onct in Savannay—we had to haul him out o' the cage.

"That winter the Old Man farmed the kangaroo out to variety, and he was stacked up agin all the best boxers round New York, Philadelphy, and Boston, and he come back in the spring jest a plumb rip-snorter. He was a mighty handy blacksmith and he knowed it. It cost the Old Man three hundred a week to git Kid Ryan to leave the stage 'n' come go 'long to hold that dang hoppin' devil down for two minnits. 'Course it paid, the people goin' jest plumb crazy over the fight.

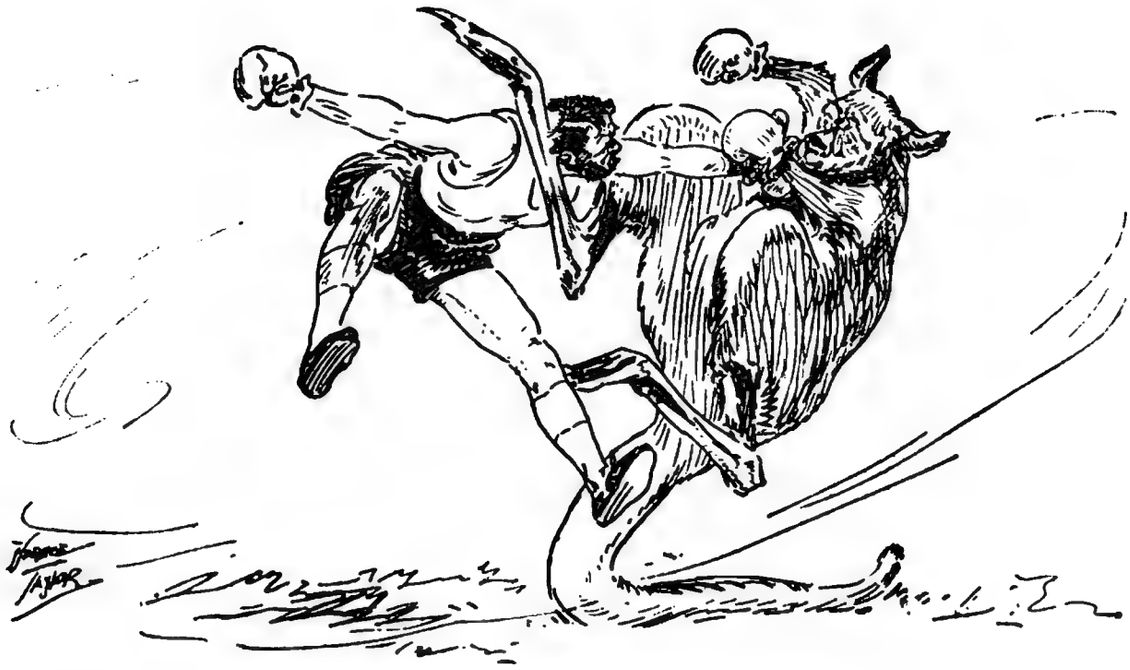
"Well, sir, 'long in July Ryan resigned, sayin' he was sick, and I guess he was. The great Billy Smith took his place, and it was nip-and-tuck betwixt him an' the Wallaby.

"One day, somewhere, no one never remembered where, Ole Hoss Georges was short-handed with the razorbacks, and a feller come along and Ole Hoss put him on haulin' canvas and poundin' stakes.

"'Say, Limpy,' says Ole Hoss to me that night as we's turnin' in, 'I got a wonder in my gang. He don't show his lines till you look at him twict. He ain't got nothin' to say but he's jest plumb tarnation on the job. He outworked everybody two to one to-day and

"'HE'S JEST AN ANIMAL AND I HATE TO HIT HIM.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"BING! BIFF! BING! THEY PASSES 'EM BACK AND FORTH."

he moves like a kitten, he's that smooth and easy. I tell ye he's a wonder.'

"'Aw, shucks,' says I, 'what's he doin' in the stake 'n' chain line if he's such a much?'

"'Well, you come around and look him over. You'll see.'

"Jest out o' curiousness I *did* go round the next mornin'. The lad—his name was Henry—*didn'* look much at first peek. He was sawed off and foolish-lookin', but I noticed he jest stuck out in lumps in the right places under his dirty old clothes. His head was cropped over bare to the skin and he wore a big black mustache, one o' these reg'lar umbrellas fer yer chin. I watched him goin' about not sayin' nothin' to nobody and I seen how easy and clever he handled everythin' and how he swung a stake sledge, and I reckoned Ole Hoss was right. Says I:

"'I hain't had the pleasure of meetin' Mr. Henry in a soschul way, but let me tell ye, Ole Hoss, him an' me are goin' to be friends, if I've got my say, when we *do* meet.'

"Well, sir, Henry never had no trouble with nobody nor nothin'. He never said two words a day, but there warn't a man in the show but what give him all the room he needed. Nobody ever seen him show any sign of fight, but he'd 'a' had unanimous backin', by heck, if he'd ever said 'boo.'

"Jest about now the Wallaby broke Billy Smith's jaw, and there wasn't no pug uglies we could pick up any place that'd stay for more'n one fight with the critter. 'He don't know nothin' about the rules.' 'He's just an animal and I hate to hit him.' 'He's got too much brace with that tail.' 'I don't want-a be crool,' and so on, they says, but I knowed durn well every one of 'em was glad to git away. Three days in one week the Wallaby was out of the bill and fourth day Ole Hoss comes to the Old Man and says:

"'I got a feller named Henry in my gang, sir, that reckons he can stay in the areny a couple o' rounds with Sock to-day if you want him.'

"'What! A razorback with this show willin' to fight that critter! Well, I'll be blamed! Put 'im in and we'll see some fun.'

"Well, sir, that afternoon the Old Man comes by and tells me to come along, and we goes out. We's a little late and I didn' hear Slicker Allen's announcement, but jest steppin' into the cage was that feller Henry. He was in a plain black suit o' tights, and I tell ye what, it was a fine show of muscular development. He stepped in quiet and easy. Old Sockie was growsin' around the t'other side o' the cage payin' no attention, he bein' dead tired of lickin' new bruisers every day. All to onct he set up listenin' an' then he jumped around. Henry was whistlin' soft through his teeth. Sockie didn' like that. Maybe it made him think how Orealis had bluffed him more'n a year before. Anyhow, he squares off and looks nasty, and Henry edges up to him.

"Biff! The razorback hit the Wallaby *right plumb on the ear*, and was back out of reach so quick you could hardly see it. Sock

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

give one of his big jumps at Henry, but the man wasn't there and Sock got a jim dandy in the neck from the side for his trouble.

"'Great! Great!' says the Old Man. 'Jest a common razorback, too.'

"Bing! biff! bing! they passes 'em back and forth, jumpin', side-steppin', and racin' 'crost, around and 'crost. Sockie was jest crazy and was gittin' the worst of it all the time, but kep' a pushin' into the mix-up. He had got so used to lickin' all creation he couldn' understand it. Now they was fair in the center of the areny and all of a sudden Henry stoops a little and pokes in and up like a cannon-shot. Over goes the Wallaby—tail or no tail to brace him—and he lit agin the pads. There he wobbled a minnit, then he begun to holler, 'Wenk! Wenk! Wenk!' and went a-staggerin', jumpin' away around the cage.

"'Licked, by thunder!' says the Old Man. 'Say, wasn' that a peach of a poke? That's a new one. That man kin stay right with us if he wants to.'

"Henry was waitin' to see if Sock would come back at him, but he didn', so he says in thick Irish as he fires his gloves at the pore critter:

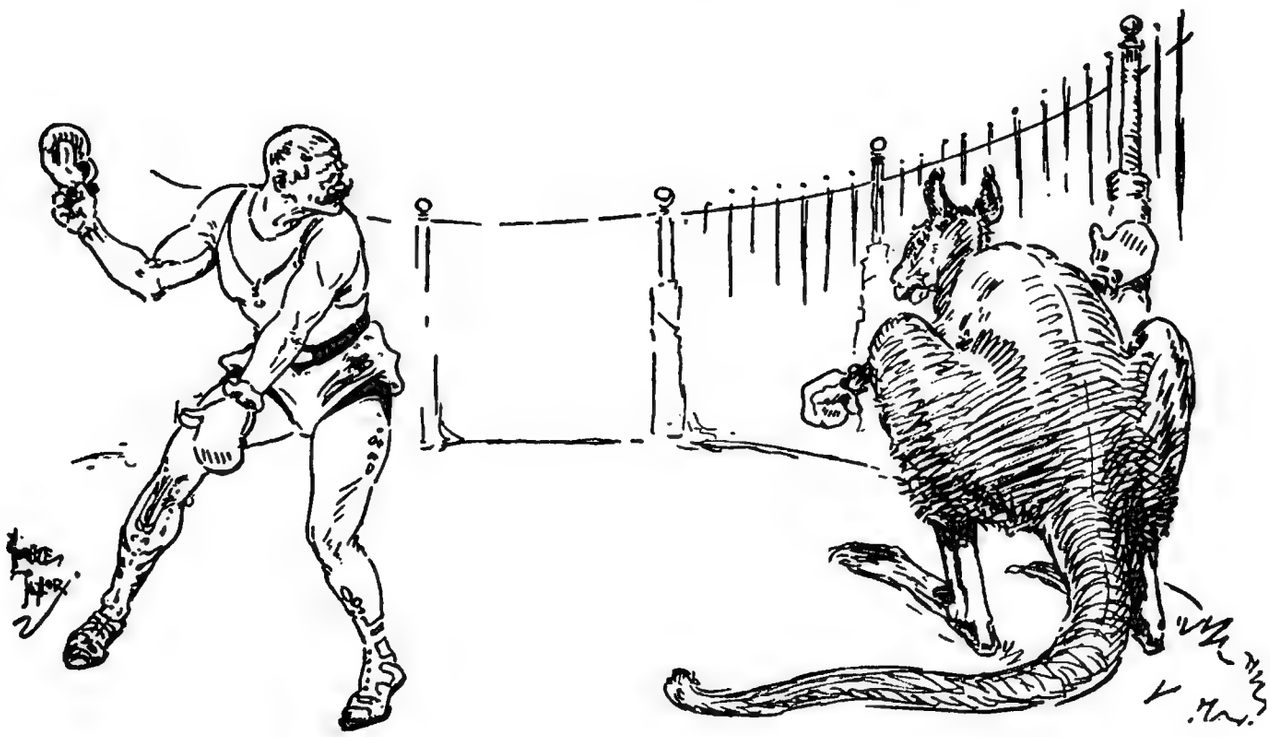
"'Dom yez. Yez will be tryin' your Owstralian wallops on your betters. Oi've taught yez the McGoogin poke *now*. How d'ye loike it?'

"'McGoogin! McGoogin!' hollers the Old Man. 'What do you know about McGoogin?'

"'Wid the koindly assistance of a little trainin' and a bit iv hair-dye on me mustache, *Oi* am Hinnery McGoogin, champeen loight-weight iv the Unoited Sta-ates, bejee. Oi've licked 'em all but *him* and now *he's* off me moind.'

"By jingy hickles! It *was* McGoogin—we didn' call him Orealis this time—and what's more, he really was champeen light-weight, under another name. We looked him up careful, rememberin' how he'd bluffed us before.

"Well, sir, no money'd keep him with the show. But it's plain to me his actshul aim had been to git fit to lick Sockie and he'd jest got to be champeen kind o' on the side. Well, that's the Irish of it. Havin' got his aim, he kind o' dropped back and prosperity was too much for him. Somebody licked him next year and I suppose he's keepin' bar some place now—or maybe drivin' a coal-cart in Cincinnati."



"'OI'VE TAUGHT YEZ THE McGOOGIN POKE *NOW*.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Real Naturalists on Nature Faking

By EDWARD B. CLARK

EDITOR'S NOTE.—President Roosevelt's quoted comments on Nature Fakers, in the June EVERYBODY'S, provoked a heated controversy. In this the President did not intend to take any part, except to append a note on the subject to a forthcoming volume of his public papers. But, upon being informed that EVERYBODY'S meant to continue the discussion by presenting a symposium of the opinions of established naturalists on nature faking, he decided to publish the projected note in these columns, as a contribution to the controversy. The symposium, which precedes President Roosevelt's article on "Nature Fakers," is made up of the opinions of men who are the most eminent working naturalists in America, and whose positions at the head of our leading scientific institutions, together with their practical work, give to their statements indubitable authority.

IN an interview given to me and published in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for June, President Roosevelt asserted that some of the stories of certain nature writers, although vouched for by them as the truth, were fiction rather than fact. The retort from one of the criticized was that the President was no naturalist and therefore had no right to sit in judgment. Mr. Roosevelt, however, *is* a naturalist, the best kind of a naturalist, for his studies have been followed in the field and not in the closet. Reiteration of this statement may be useless, for the men who deny probably will stick to their denials. There are men in the country, however, whose right to be called naturalists is of international record. Some of these naturalists have a word to say now about nature faking and nature fakers.

What these scientists have set forth here is said voluntarily. Not long ago, in a New England paper, there appeared a statement from one of the writers who had felt the sting of Mr. Roosevelt's criticism, to the effect that the President was writing to some of the naturalists of the country to ask from them support for his published opposition to nature faking.

This assertion was absolutely untrue.

To go straight to the facts in the case, let me say that, early in June, I received a letter from Edward W. Nelson, who for nearly twenty years has been a field naturalist connected with the Biological Survey. The scientists of the country know Mr. Nelson well. In his letter to me he said this:

In common with other American naturalists, I have been much displeased with the persistent misrepresentations of the fake natural history writers. The recent article in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE expresses my sentiments and those of my naturalist friends. Heretofore the actual working naturalists whose lives have been spent mainly in the trained observation of animal life, have scarcely been heard from in this controversy. In view of the outrageous character of the claims set up by the fakers, it seems to me that a kind of symposium of the opinions of working naturalists on the subject of the Long style of natural history would be of some service in putting the matter on its proper basis. I have consulted various naturalist friends, and they coincide, and express a willingness to furnish material for such a set of statements.

As a direct result of Mr. Nelson's letter, the opinions of the men who know nature as it is have been collected and are herewith presented. Mr. Roosevelt knew nothing of the intention of these working field-students to say their word of rebuke to those who falsify nature's records, until he learned of it by accident some time after Mr. Nelson's letter to me was written.

The contributions from the naturalists are exhaustive, covering nearly every point in the matter that has been in controversy. I regret that it is impossible within the space at command to print these letters in full. Extracts only are given. The belief is that they will be found sufficient for their purpose.

William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, says:

Contrary to the rule of indignant naturalists generally, I must say a good word for William J. Long. His books (of which I have five) have furnished me much amusement. His fiction tale

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of "Wayeeses, the White Wolf" is on its face nothing but a plain fairy story, and the blunders in it are of little consequence, one way or another; but in the other four—modest-looking little school books, selling at forty-eight cents each—he has left "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Baron Munchausen" far behind him.

Whenever Mr. Long enters the woods, the most marvelous things begin to happen. There is a four-footed wonder-worker behind every bush and a miracle every hour. His animals are of superhuman intelligence, and the "stunts" they do for him surpass all that have been seen by all the real naturalists of the world added together. Furthermore, his tongue and pen are so plausible and entertaining that thousands of persons now believe in him and swear that what he says "rings true." Look at L. F. Brown of the Canadian Camp—who writes by the yard about fishing and the woods—writing to the *Times* to indorse Long!

Apparently there is no imaginable intimacy with wild beasts and birds that this gentleman has not struck up. To judge by "Wilderness Ways," "Wood Folk at School," "Ways of Wood Folk," and "A Little Brother to the Bear," only God himself could know the wild creatures as the Rev. William J. Long claims to know them, and only the Omnipotent eye could see all the things that Mr. Long claims to have seen.

Mr. Hornaday, in his communication, takes up story after story in Mr. Long's books and puts each where it belongs, in the realm of fiction. The bear and her cubs; the caribou school; Cloud Wings, the Eagle; the woodcock that set its broken leg; the kingfishers that taught their young to catch fish, and others of the wilderness and waterside characters of Mr. Long's books, are touched upon scientifically, if mercilessly. In closing, Mr. Hornaday says:

In my opinion, any board of education which places W. J. Long's books in the schools under its control, or leaves them there after they have found their way in, is recreant to its duty and deserves severe censure. An unqualified approval of Long's books is, in my opinion, a sure index of profound ignorance regarding wild animals, their mental capacities and their ways.

Dr. J. A. Allen, curator of mammalogy and ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, entitles his contribution, "The Real and the Sham in Natural History." In part Dr. Allen says:

Omitting for the moment any reference to the many extraordinary things Long has said in his own defense, it has been evident to the naturalist that most of Mr. Long's defenders show by their own statements their thorough incompetence as judges in the case. They proclaim as facts of their own observation statements as impossible as those of Mr. Long. They attempt thus to defend him, but they really show that, while posing as experienced observers, they are not able properly to distinguish the very species of animals they suppose themselves to be writing about—as when in one case a writer attributes to a tree squirrel structural characteristics and habits that pertain only to the ground squirrel.

Touching Mr. Long's theory of the basis of the opposition of the naturalists to his stories, Dr. Allen writes:

From his point of view, it is due to his success (commercially) as a writer of nature books; his wares, he claims, are forcing theirs out of the market and they are consequently envious and revengeful, and call him bad names to injure him with the great public to which he so successfully appeals. Unfortunately for this explanation, the naturalists who have watched the incoming of Long with deepest regret and concern, do not write popular books on natural history and are thus in no way his commercial competitors. In their opinion, the Long style of nature books is pernicious; hence and solely, their opposition.

Edward W. Nelson, who spent four years in scientific explorations in Alaska, who was the Government's scientist accompanying the Corwin during her cruise on the Arctic search for the Jeannette, and who has studied the birds and beasts in nearly every North American and Central American field, calls the writers whom President Roosevelt condemned, "the animal novelists." He says:

A number of the so-called nature writers have earned the hearty contempt of all naturalists and others who know and love the truth, by their persistence in claiming the exact truthfulness of every detail in their exaggerated animal novels. The animal heroes of these tales are often credited with sentiments which exist only among the more cultivated members of the human race. They are credited also with a marvelous degree of wisdom and prowess. Even granting the impossible and accepting the animals as described, there follows the necessity of believing in the equally amazing powers apparently possessed by these writers alone—that of getting at will into the closest and most intimate and prolonged companionship with even the shyest of the wood folk. No such birds and beasts as appear in these books have been met by any of my many naturalist and hunting friends nor by myself, in all our wanderings from Arctic to tropic America; and yet the least of these writers must be able, if taken at his word, to find them on almost any vacation morning.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The claims made by the authors of these wonder tales of having actually witnessed such remarkable doings, may be accounted for in one of two ways: either the animal novelists have the mystic power of creating about them a wonderland in which the ordinary birds and beasts become gifted beyond the gifts of men, or they are overworking their imaginative powers. . . .

The attractive style of some of the writers of false natural history gives their books a wide popularity. This renders it the more imperative that all who know the truth and who care for honest nature study or for literary honesty should raise their voices against such writings.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who has been chief of the United States Biological Survey since the year 1885, writing on "The Rev. W. J. Long and His Nature Fables," says:

After prolonged study, I have at length hit upon what I flatter myself is the real secret of the process by which W. J. Long endows animals with new cunning and new habits. The Rev. Dr. Long is possessed of that rare gift which Dr. Carroll D. Wright called the Creative Memory. Now, the Creative Memory is not taught in the schools. Its germ is inborn and susceptible of development.

A nature writer blessed with the Creative Memory does not have to go about wasting valuable time waiting and watching for animals to appear and do something. For him it is quite sufficient to walk in the woods or fields until an animal is seen, or, if the animal is shy, until its track or other evidence of its presence is encountered. He may then hie homeward with the assurance that the Creative Memory will do the rest. For when he is ready to write, all he has to do is to press his finger on the proper cerebral button and set the Creative Memory going. This tells him promptly, and with the minutest attention to details, just what the animal did, when, where, and under what circumstances, and what it was thinking about before and afterward.

Frederick A. Lucas, curator-in-chief of the Museums of Brooklyn Institute, uses the word "humanizer" instead of "faker" for the writers of certain kinds of nature books, and discusses the difference between the humanizer and the real naturalist. At the close of his article, the Brooklyn scientist writes this:

"Well," says the reader, "after all, if the writer of nature books does make statements of doubtful accuracy, what harm is done?" Now in spite of the depravity of the age, of which we read so much in the daily papers, there is a general impression that it is best to tell the truth, and the naturalist merely asks that "nature books" shall present facts, and not give any one's ideas or impressions as being facts. He regards this as an important matter, since these books are being widely introduced as reading books in public schools, and, knowing the importance of early impressions, he believes children should have the truth, and not fiction in the guise of truth. If good stories merely are wanted, we have Kipling, and no nature writer, *me judice*, has succeeded so well as Kipling in "'Er Majesty's Servants" in apparently looking at the world through the eyes of animals.

A man holding an important position in a Western school said that although the "humanizers" might be wrong in their statements, he would use their books in teaching natural history on account of their interest. It so happens that this same man is a teacher of history, and one cannot but wonder if he considers that the same rule applies to his own branch of study. Personally, "I'd rather not know so much than know so many things that ain't so."

Barton W. Evermann, who is the author of a number of standard works on the fishes of North America and who is in charge of the scientific inquiry department of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, takes strong exception to several of William J. Long's salmon stories. Of one of them he says:

In the National Bureau of Fisheries and in various State Fish Commissions are many fish-culturists and naturalists, men trained in the methods of science and skilled as observers, who have for years been studying the Atlantic salmon and the other species of the salmon family. They have studied the adult fish in the streams and on their spawning-beds and have hatched millions upon millions of salmon eggs in fish hatcheries. They have also watched the eggs hatching in the streams and have followed the migrating fish from salt water to their spawning-beds far toward the head-waters of our northern streams. They have camped on these streams for weeks and months solely for the purpose of learning the habits of the salmon, which they watched day and night. . . . So regularly and carefully are these observations made and so frequently has each one of them been repeated and verified, that these fish-culturists and naturalists have come to believe that they know fairly well the facts in the life-history of the salmon.

But it has remained for Mr. Long, a man evidently wholly unfamiliar with the methods of science and equally untrained in the methods of accurate observation, to see many things in the life-history of the Atlantic salmon which no fish-culturist ever saw or believes to be true.

Salmon have hitherto not been regarded as possessed of any great amount of wisdom or common sense. Yet Mr. Long has evidently found them otherwise. Only a few of the astonishing things which his salmon do can be mentioned here. When ascending a stream and encountering a fall, before attempting to ascend

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

it, they first jump out of the water a few times—simply "to get a good look at the falls" and pick out the best place to make the try, "to study the place and see where they must strike in order to succeed." Later, the salmon "springs out, flies in a great arc up to the rim of the falls, just touches the falling sheet, plunges over the brim, and disappears . . . into the swift water above." And the place selected was where the "water was thinnest, so that his tail could strike the rock beneath, and, like a bent spring, recoil from under him."

And if, perchance, he knocks off a few scales, and bacteria get into the wound, he at once turns tail and starts for salt water, knowing, wise being that he is, that a salt-water bath will kill the bacteria and heal the wound; and, further, "he feels within him the need of recuperation," that he may have strength to perform the long journey to the sea, so he begins eating everything in sight, a thing which, according to our author, he never does unless injured!

On the spawning-bed the female deposits her eggs and the male carefully covers them to "keep the current from washing them away." Fish-culturists have found that the covering of the eggs is a purely incidental result of other acts.

Then follows a marvelous account of the development of the little salmon in the egg. "Beginning his life with hunger, he had first eaten all that was left inside the egg besides himself, and was nibbling at the shell when it broke and let him out. . . . As the egg-shell wavered on his tail he whirled like a wink and swallowed it!"

Fish-culturists tell us that salmon come out of the egg tail first, not head first, and that they are totally unable to eat until many days after hatching.

The salmon that Mr. Long saw must, indeed, have been an exceptional and remarkable salmon. We are glad William J. Long saw it; for if we had seen it, we should not have believed it. But Dr. Long says that he saw it, and that "every smallest incident is as true as careful and accurate observation can make it."

The following letter is from George Shiras, 3d, who has hunted and photographed animals in Michigan and Central Canada for thirty-six years, and whose ingenuity in securing flashlight pictures of wild animals by night has been of great value to naturalists:

W. J. Long's latest book, "Northern Trails," is largely devoted to the wonderful antics of the timber wolf, with Newfoundland for its stage.

In a long trip through the wild, northwestern portion of Newfoundland I saw no signs of wolves and understood from the guides and trappers that they likewise had been unable to find any trace of these animals in recent years. Considering this, the beginning of the doctor's recent tale of the Newfoundland wolf will prove amusing, if not instructive. Here is what he says: "We came careening in through the tickle of Harbor Woe. There, in a disconsolate, rock-bound refuge of the Newfoundland coast, the Wild Duck swung to her anchor . . . while far away, like a vague shadow, a handful of gray houses hung like barnacles to the base of the great bare hill . . . A long interval of profound silence had passed, and I could just make out the circle of dogs sitting on their tails, on the open shore, when suddenly faint and far away an unearthly howl came rolling down the mountain. . . . Suddenly Noel pointed upward and my eye caught something moving swiftly on the crest of the mountain. A shadow, with the slinking trot of a wolf, glided along the ridge between us and the moon, turned a pointed nose up to the sky, and the terrible howl of the great White Wolf tumbled down upon the husky dogs and set them howling as if possessed."

So here we have the keen-eyed doctor, pen in hand, sitting expectantly on the deck of a schooner and telling his readers just how a wolf looked and acted at night, half a mile or more away on the mountain top, behind the fishing village. An owl with a telescope over each eye could not have done better. Having looked this midnight wolf over carefully, the doctor then remarks: "This was my first glimpse of Wayeeses, the huge white wolf which I had come a thousand miles over land and sea to study." "All over the Long Range of the Northern Peninsula," he goes on, "I followed him, guided sometimes by rumor, a hunter's story or a postman's fright." Since the island of Newfoundland is considerably larger than Ireland, the idea of hunting a particular wolf by rumor or the aid of letter-carriers smacks of an originality that is most charming. As letter-carriers, wolves, and rumors were then unknown in the interior of Newfoundland—the doctor's triple alliance was a strong one.

He also tells how wolves round up great flocks of migratory plover; how the wild ducks, overcome with curiosity by the wolves' playful antics on the beach, swim close enough to be seized by these hungry gymnasts; how they catch the wary wild goose at night and "trot back to the woods, each with a burden on his shoulders"; how they chase alleged seals all over the low outlying reefs, in the broad glare of the sunlight, and how one "big seal tumbled into the tide, where the sharks following his bloody trail soon finished him." Next he writes of a big bull caribou viciously assaulting a band of wolves and tells how they considerately side-step each deadly lunge—because, as the doctor says, "the caribou's time had not come yet: besides he was too tough." From the fleet-winged plover to the tough venison, all this is frenzied fiction, as rare as it is raw.

Then he writes about the fearful raids made by the wolf upon certain fishing villages in Newfoundland and relates how "by night the wolf

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

would come stealthily to prowl among the deserted lanes, and the fishermen sitting close by the stoves, behind barred doors, would know nothing of the huge, gaunt figures that flitted noiselessly past frosted windows. If a cat prowled about or an uneasy dog scratched to be let out, there would be a squall, a yelp—and the cat would not come back and the dog would never scratch the door again." This is really pathetic, and accounts for the "barred doors" of the stove-hugging inhabitants.

On the Newfoundland coast there reside about 250,000 brave, sturdy people, none of whom has ever seen a wolf or even a wolf track in the back yard, though they may have heard of these animals years ago from the lips of the midwinter trapper. The doctor, however, seeks to justify these wolf raids on the domestic pets by telling his readers that midwinter is the season of starvation for the wolf; although in fact, this is the very time when the myriad of caribou in Newfoundland would be utterly helpless, when, with the lakes and rivers frozen over, they could not escape the timber wolf if pursued. Ninety per cent of the deer killed by wolves meet their fate in midwinter for this very reason.

About five hundred American and English sportsmen hunt big game in the island of Newfoundland every year, and as none of these has killed a wolf, nor even seen one in recent years, they will unanimously vote that the doctor, having abandoned his degree of D.D., should have conferred upon him the new one of P.P.—Patron Prevaricator—of the Ancient Order of Ananias.

"Nature Fakers"*

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN the Middle Ages there was no hard-and-fast line drawn between fact and fiction even in ordinary history; and until much later there was not even an effort to draw it in natural history. There are quaint little books on beasts, in German and in English, as late as the sixteenth century, in which the unicorn and the basilisk appear as real creatures; while to more commonplace animals there are ascribed traits and habits of such exceeding marvelousness that they ought to make the souls of the "nature fakers" of these degenerate days swell with envious admiration.

As real outdoor naturalists, real observers of nature, grew up, men who went into the wilderness to find out the truth, they naturally felt a half-indignant and half-amused contempt both for the men who invented preposterous fiction about wild animals, and for the credulous stay-at-home people who accepted such fiction as fact. A century and a half ago old Samuel Hearne, the Hudson Bay explorer, a keen and trustworthy observer, while writing of the beaver, spoke as follows of the spiritual predecessors of certain modern writers:

> I cannot refrain from smiling when I read the accounts of different authors who have written on the economy of these animals, as there seems to be a contest between them who shall most exceed in fiction. But the compiler of the "Wonders of Nature and Art" seems, in my opinion, to have succeeded best in this respect; as he has not only collected all the fictions into which other writers on the subject have run, but has so greatly improved on them, that little remains to be added to his account of the beaver besides a vocabulary of their language, a code of their laws, and a sketch of their religion, to make it the most complete natural history of that animal which can possibly be offered to the public.
>
> There cannot be a greater imposition, or indeed a grosser insult on common understanding, than the wish to make us believe the stories [in question] . . . a very moderate share of understanding is surely sufficient to guard [any one] against giving credit to such marvelous tales, however smoothly they may be told, or however boldly they may be asserted by the romancing traveler.

Hearne was himself a man who added greatly to the fund of knowledge about the beasts of the wilderness. We need such observers; much remains to be told about the wolf and the bear, the lynx and the fisher, the moose and the caribou. Undoubtedly wild creatures sometimes show very unexpected traits, and individuals among them sometimes perform fairly startling feats or exhibit totally unlooked-for sides of their characters in their relations with one another and with man. We much need a full study and observation of all these animals, undertaken by observers capable of seeing, understanding, and recording what goes on in the wilderness; and such study and observation cannot be made by men of dull mind and limited power of appreciation. The highest type of student of nature should

* *Special copyright, 1907, by The Ridgway Company.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

be able to see keenly and write interestingly and should have an imagination that will enable him to interpret the facts. But he is not a student of nature at all who sees not keenly but falsely, who writes interestingly and untruthfully, and whose imagination is used not to interpret facts but to invent them.

TRUE NATURE LOVERS

We owe a real debt to the men who truthfully portray for us, with pen or pencil, any one of the many sides of outdoor life; whether they work as artists or as writers, whether they care for big beasts or small birds, for the homely farmland or for the vast, lonely wilderness, whether they are scientists proper, or hunters of game, or lovers of all nature—which, indeed, scientists and hunters ought also to be. John Burroughs and John Muir, Stewart Edward White, and Frederic Remington, Olive Thorne Miller, Hart Merriam, William Hornaday, Frank Chapman, J. A. Allen, Ernest Ingersoll, Witmer Stone, William Cram, George Shiras—to all of these and to many like them whom I could name, we owe much, we who love the breath of the woods and the fields, and who care for the wild creatures, large or small. And the surest way to neutralize the work of these lovers of truth and nature, of truth in nature-study, is to encourage those whose work shows neither knowledge of nature nor love of truth.

The modern "nature faker" is of course an object of derision to every scientist worthy of the name, to every real lover of the wilderness, to every faunal naturalist, to every true hunter or nature lover. But it is evident that he completely deceives many good people who are wholly ignorant of wild life. Sometimes he draws on his own imagination for his fictions; sometimes he gets them second-hand from irresponsible guides or trappers or Indians.

YELLOW JOURNALISTS OF THE WOODS

In the wilderness, as elsewhere, there are some persons who do not regard the truth; and these are the very persons who most delight to fill credulous strangers with impossible stories of wild beasts. As for Indians, they live in a world of mysticism, and they often ascribe supernatural traits to the animals they know, just as the men of the Middle Ages, with almost the same childlike faith, credited the marvels told of the unicorn, the basilisk, the roc, and the cockatrice.

Of all these "nature fakers," the most reckless and least responsible is Mr. Long; but there are others who run him close in the "yellow journalism of the woods," as John Burroughs has aptly called it. It would take a volume merely to catalogue the comic absurdities with which the books of these writers are filled. There is no need of discussing their theories; the point is that their alleged "facts" are not facts at all, but fancies. Their most striking stories are not merely distortions of facts, but pure inventions; and not only are they inventions, but they are inventions by men who know so little of the subject concerning which they write, and who to ignorance add such utter recklessness, that they are not even able to distinguish between what is possible, however wildly improbable, and mechanical impossibilities. Be it remembered that I am not speaking of ordinary mistakes, of ordinary errors of observation, of differences of interpretation and opinion; I am dealing only with deliberate invention, deliberate perversion of fact.

"UNCLE REMUS" WOLVES

Now all this would be, if not entirely proper, at least far less objectionable, if the writers in question were content to appear in their proper garb, as is the case with the men who write fantastic fiction about wild animals for the Sunday issues of various daily newspapers. Moreover, as a writer of spirited animal fables, avowed to be such, any man can gain a distinct place of some importance. But it is astonishing that such very self-evident fiction as that which I am now discussing should, when advertised as fact, impose upon any person of good sense, no matter how ignorant of natural history and of wild life. Most of us have enjoyed novels like "King Solomon's Mines," for instance. But if Mr. Rider Haggard had insisted that his novels were not novels but records of actual fact, we should feel a mild wonder at the worthy persons who accepted them as serious contributions to the study of African geography and ethnology.

It is not probable that the writers in question have even so much as seen some of the animals which they minutely describe. They certainly do not know the first thing about their habits, nor even about their physical structure. Judging from the internal evi-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dence of their books, I should gravely doubt if they had ever seen a wild wolf or a wild lynx. The wolves and lynxes and other animals which they describe are full brothers of the wild beasts that appear in "Uncle Remus" and "Reynard the Fox," and deserve the same serious consideration from the zoological standpoint. Certain of their wolves appear as gifted with all the philosophy, the self-restraint, and the keen intelligence of, say, Marcus Aurelius, together with the lofty philanthropy of a modern altruist; though unfortunately they are hampered by a wholly erroneous view of caribou anatomy.

STORY-BOOK BEASTS

Like the White Queen in "Through the Looking-Glass," these writers can easily believe three impossible things before breakfast; and they do not mind in the least if the impossibilities are mutually contradictory. Thus, one story relates how a wolf with one bite reaches the heart of a bull caribou, or a moose, or a horse—a feat which, of course, has been mechanically impossible of performance by any land carnivore since the death of the last saber-toothed tiger. But the next story will cheerfully describe a doubtful contest between the wolf and a lynx or a bulldog, in which the latter survives twenty slashing bites. Now of course a wolf that could bite into the heart of a horse would swallow a bulldog or a lynx like a pill.

In one story, a wolf is portrayed as guiding home some lost children, in a spirit of thoughtful kindness; let the overtrustful individual who has girded up his loins to believe this think of the way he would receive the statement of some small farmer's boy that when lost he was guided home by a coon, a possum, or a woodchuck. Again, one of these story-book wolves, when starving, catches a red squirrel, which he takes round as a present to propitiate a bigger wolf.* If any man seriously thinks a starving wolf would act in this manner, let him study hounds when feeding, even when they are not starving.

The animals are alternately portrayed as actuated by motives of exalted humanitarianism, and as possessed of demoniac prowess and insight into motive. In one story the fisher figures in the latter capacity. A fisher is a big marten, the size of a fox. This particular story-book fisher, when pursued by hunters on snow-shoes, kills a buck by a bite in the throat, and leaves the carcass as a bribe to the hunters, hoping thereby to distract attention from himself! Now, foxes are continually hunted; they are far more clever than fishers. What rational man would pay heed to a story that a fox when hunted killed a good-sized calf by a bite in the throat, and left it as a bribe to the hounds and hunters, to persuade them to leave him alone? One story is just as possible as the other.

In another story, the salmon is the hero. The writer begins by blunders about the young salmon which a ten minutes' visit to any government fish hatchery would have enabled him to avoid; and as a climax, describes how the salmon goes up a fall by flopping from ledge to ledge of a cliff, under circumstances which make the feat about as probable as that the fish would use a step-ladder. As soon as these writers get into the wilderness, they develop preternatural powers of observation, and, as Mr. Shiras says, become themselves "invisible and odorless," so that the shyest wild creatures permit any closeness of intimacy on their part; in one recent story about a beaver colony, the alternative to the above proposition is that the beavers were both blind and without sense of smell.

FACT-BLINDNESS

Yet these same writers, who see such marvelous things as soon as they go into the woods, are incapable of observing aright the most ordinary facts when at home. One of their stories relates how the eyes of frogs shine at night in the wilderness; the author apparently ignoring the fact that frog-ponds are common in less remote places, and are not inhabited by blazing-eyed frogs. Two

* This particular incident was alleged to have taken place in Newfoundland, the wolf being the same as the hero of the caribou-heart-bite episode. Mr. George Shiras had informed me that there were no red squirrels in Newfoundland, and that wolves were so scarce as to be practically non-existent, if they existed at all. He now writes me under date of July 19th as follows:

"I enclose a copy of a recent letter received from my guide—in Newfoundland—which shows that I did not err regarding the wolves and red squirrel.

"When Dr. Long alleges he was following, for weeks at a time, wolves in Newfoundland, this animal was extinct, or practically so. Squires is one of the best and most reliable trappers on this island, being one of the few who permanently reside in the interior, trapping in the most northerly and wildest portions of the country, where wolf sign would be instantly detected were the animals to be found on this island. Such audacity on the part of Dr. Long is simply astounding."

The letter from the guide, W. T. Squires, runs in part as follows:

"There are no squirrel of any kind here. Neither have I seen any sign of wolf in the last ten years."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of our most common and most readily observed small mammals are the red squirrel and the chipmunk. The chipmunk has cheek pouches, in which he stores berries, grain, and small nuts, whereas the red squirrel has no cheek pouches, and carries nuts between his teeth. Yet even this simple fact escapes the attention of one of the writers we are discussing, who endows a red squirrel with cheek pouches filled with nuts. Evidently excessive indulgence in invention tends to atrophy the power of accurate observation.

FABLE WEAVERS AND BELIEVERS

In one story a woodcock is described as making a kind of mud splint for its broken leg; it seems a pity not to have added that it also made itself a crutch to use while the splint was on. A Baltimore oriole is described as making a contrivance of twigs and strings whereby to attach its nest, under circumstances which would imply the mental ability and physical address of a sailor making a hammock; and the story is backed up by affidavits, as are others of these stories. This particular feat is precisely as possible as that a Rocky Mountain pack rat can throw the diamond hitch. The affidavits in support of these various stories are interesting only because of the curious light they throw on the personalities of those making and believing them.

If the writers who make such startling discoveries in the wilderness would really study even the denizens of a barnyard, they would be saved from at least some of their more salient mistakes. Their stories dwell much on the "teaching" of the young animals by their elders and betters. In one story, for instance, a wild duck is described as "teaching" her young how to swim and get their food. If this writer had strolled into the nearest barnyard containing a hen which had hatched out ducklings, a glance at the actions of those ducklings when the hen happened to lead them near a puddle would have enlightened him as to how much "teaching" they needed. But these writers exercise the same florid imagination when they deal with a robin or a rabbit as when they describe a bear, a moose, or a salmon.

It is half amusing and half exasperating to think that there should be excellent persons to whom it is necessary to explain that books stuffed with such stories, in which the stories are stated as facts, are preposterous in their worthlessness. These worthy persons vividly call to mind Professor Lounsbury's comment on "the infinite capacity of the human brain to withstand the introduction of knowledge." The books in question contain no statement which a serious and truth-loving student of nature can accept, save statements which have already long been known as established by trustworthy writers. The fables they contain bear the same relation to real natural history that Barnum's famous artificial mermaid bore to real fish and real mammals. No man who has really studied nature in a spirit of seeking the truth, whether he be big or little, can have any controversy with these writers; it would be as absurd as to expect some genuine student of anthropology or archeology to enter into a controversy with the clumsy fabricators of the Cardiff Giant. Their books carry their own refutation; and affidavits in support of the statements they contain are as worthless as the similar affidavits once solemnly issued to show that the Cardiff "giant" was a petrified pre-Adamite man. There is now no more excuse for being deceived by their stories than for being still in doubt about the silly Cardiff hoax.

THE GUILTY ONES

Men of this stamp will necessarily arise, from time to time, some in one walk of life, some in another. Our quarrel is not with these men, but with those who give them their chance. We who believe in the study of nature feel that a real knowledge and appreciation of wild things, of trees, flowers, birds, and of the grim and crafty creatures of the wilderness, give an added beauty and health to life. Therefore we abhor deliberate or reckless untruth in this study as much as in any other; and therefore we feel that a grave wrong is committed by all who, holding a position that entitles them to respect, yet condone and encourage such untruth.

Theodore Roosevelt

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* *Editor* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

With "Everybody's" Publishers

LAST month Mr. Frothingham told you of the way in which he has trained his force to creep up stealthily and surround a wild but desirable advertisement, and how other attractive "ads." have succumbed to years of patient kindness, and have become so tame that they will almost walk into the back pages of the magazine by themselves.

The month before, the editor, Mr. Cosgrave, presented some of the problems of the editorial department in the pursuit of elusive copy, and showed you the patient sifting process by means of which barrels of manuscript are gradually reduced in volume to the dimensions of a periodical that you can tuck into your side coat-pocket.

This month, thinking you might be interested in hearing something about the illustrations, we have urged on the head of the art department, Mr. Ray Brown, the necessity of defending his hand. Let's listen to him:

Some liberal-minded people will admit to you that a slight preliminary training is required before a serious attempt is made to criticize music, but almost anybody with eyes is willing to embark buoyantly on the job of tearing a picture to pieces. This seems to be because the picture will stand without hitching. Moreover, it will patiently submit to all the verbal harpoons you find time and strength to throw, and the average friendly critic will find sufficient of both to make even a reasonably good painting look like a cross between a fourteenth-century St. Sebastian and a hedgehog.

Music, on the contrary, is both prolonged and evanescent, and by the time the composition is finished and the applause has quieted down, the critic has forgotten most of the good things he intended to say to its detriment.

But the picture *stays*, irritating you by its mere passive endurance to the point where, after a while, you feel that if you don't say something to destroy its smug self-complacency, it will go on thinking that it's all right.

So then you begin to work over it, and you say, "Yes, I see now; it looked pretty good at first, but that arm is hopelessly bad, and I don't quite like the face." There's nothing to be done if you don't "quite like the face"; there's no answer to that proposition. It's a clincher. Rembrandt himself couldn't have stood up against it. If some duke of his day had sauntered up to Rembrandt's finest portrait and said, "I don't think I quite like the face," Rembrandt would have wilted, and probably would have given up trying to be an "old master."

The getting of good illustrations is one of the problems of magazine-making; pictures that shall not only be intrinsically good in themselves but shall also contain some of the germs of popularity for a large and varied mass of picture lovers.

Merely to avoid stepping on the corns of our friends, to refrain from giving needless and apparently gratuitous offense, is a task. Politics, religion, art, the sciences, and the professions, all figure in illustration at one time or another; and when the finished result is submitted to several million people, somewhere in that vast throng arises each month the expert with the critical mind, who points the accusing finger at us and says: "Now you've done it; don't you know anything at all about the commonest things of life?"

An astronomer writes anent a luckless picture, in stern condemnation: "The full moon," says he, "is not at that altitude above the horizon at eleven o'clock on the night of December 25th, nor on the 25th of any other

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

month in the year." That settles it; he knows. A cleric, in fervent but decorous English, condemns a pictorial surplice, claiming, indeed, that it is on hind side before. The picture is so tiny that we didn't even know it had a surplice. But he did; surplices are his business.

Occasionally a critic in clear, curt speech informs us that the pictures in a mining story portray a stope, where a shaft is clearly indicated in the story by the formation of the lode and the locality of the scene.

Or some honest sailorman writes in pained surprise to inquire why in a ship picture the artist rove the port mizzen royal buntline through the main-brace bumkin block instead of through the fair lead.

And the pretty girl problem. You know how hard it is in real life to collect even a corporal's guard out of a whole church fair who will openly acknowledge that any one girl is really pretty. And, at that, the real-life girl is able occasionally to vary the monotony of her appearance in degrees ranging from a change in expression to a violent alteration in the way of wearing her hair, whereas the poor magazine girl, once done, is done forever, and can present only the same unblushing, monotonous face for praise or blame.

Now and then the clothes as well as the girl come in for a share of trouble. The artist overlooks a single line, perhaps, and the picture, widely separated from the vital sentence, goes blithely past the guards in the editorial rooms and you have a result like this:

The story says: "Her bare arms stole softly about his neck." You turn over to the picture to see how her dress is made—having troubles of your own—and find that her sleeves come beyond her wrists, with perhaps a frill of lace all but covering the hands. Maybe she is wearing mittens.

But, on the other side, every now and then a simple picture or a set of illustrations wakes a wide response. Some echo of the maker's enthusiasm or loving care seems to touch everybody, as if the artist had actually laid a persuasive finger on their very hearts.

To glance back for a moment at some of these successes: you remember Mucha's paintings of the "Beatitudes" with their quaint foreign flavor, their gorgeous color, and their sincere feeling of devotion. And you can't have forgotten the "Dollies' Prayer," first published in EVERYBODY'S, for reproductions of it are still being sold all over the world. The artist has acquired a handsome bank account in royalties from that one picture alone.

And Vernon Howe Bailey's beautiful pictures of San Francisco, coming, as they did, only a month after the earthquake—you may have wondered at their timeliness. In fact we did some wondering ourselves. We have more of his work coming.

Next month we are starting a new series of pictures by Wm. Balfour Ker, which he calls "The Story of an American Home." They are full of the most enchanting sentiment, varied by touches of delicious humor. They fairly radiate love and light and cheerfulness, and we feel sure you are going to be enthusiastic over them.

Dan Smith has done more of his horse and hunting pictures, which go with such a rush that you can almost feel the wind. And Will Crawford—if you could only see the more than Oriental splendor with which his Western drawings arrive—anywhere from a week to a month late, usually, but borne in grandeur by a magnificent full-blooded Sioux, who is Mr. Crawford's model, *fidus Achates*, and, one is sometimes tempted to think, his trustee and board of directors as well. And there is Horace Taylor with his irresistibly funny ideas about folks that wouldn't be funny at all to us if he hadn't seen them first; and Martin Justice, with his perfectly probable people in the most absolutely impossible situations, and Karl Anderson and Edmund Frederick with their swagger *grandes dames*, and Herbert Dunton, Hermann C. Wall, Charles Falls, Thornton Oakley, Blanche Greer, and a host of others so good that not to recall their names to you seems almost high treason.

EVERYBODY'S, from small beginnings, has struggled up to a place of its own in the artistic world; and though we sometimes sacrifice what might be called "pure art" for the sake of sentiment, or action, or humor, the magazine has reached a position where artistic names of the highest order are no strangers to its pages, while the clever young people look hopefully to it as a powerful aid in making their reputations.

Just one word more. If, in reading this, you get a slight impression that it has an apologetic tone, rest assured that it does not. It's explanatory, that's all. The art department is still hopeful and impenitent.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN